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THE DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

This issue includes

Palestine Ablaze

BY DOUGLAS V. DUFF

Experiences and Reflections

BY DON LUIGI STURZO

At the Grande Chartreuse

BY ALGAR THOROLD

Pio Nono

BY REV. HUMPHREY JOHNSON

LONDON

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THE DUBLIN REVIEW

July, August, September,
1936

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DOUGLAS V. DUFF, the author of several interesting books on modern Palestine, had actual experience there as a member of the Palestine Police after his adventurous career in the Great War.

FATHER HUMPHREY JOHNSON, of the Birmingham Oratory, has made a special study of modern Italy and has published important books on "The Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy" and "Vatican Diplomacy in the World War".

DON LUIGI STURZO describes his experiences as founder and leader of the Popular Party in Italy, which was suppressed by the Fascist organization, as its most serious rival, after Signor Mussolini's advent to power.

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN, K.C., a prominent supporter of the Catholic Social Guild, has been for some years Honorary Secretary of the Thomas More Society.

J. L. BENVENISTI, a keen student of social and economic questions, is organizing secretary of the Catholic Fund for the Homeless and Destitute in London.

MISS MONICA GARDNER, sister of the late Professor Edmund Gardner, has published a number of important studies of Polish history.

SHANE LESLIE, a former editor of the "Dublin Review" from 1916 to 1925, has written the official Life of Cardinal Manning and numerous volumes concerning modern English history.

FATHER CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J., is the principal expert among the English Jesuits on Scriptural questions, and is General Editor of the Westminster version of the Sacred Scriptures.

FATHER HENRY TRISTRAM, of the Birmingham Oratory, recalls the extraordinary reverence with which Bishop Butler's writings were regarded by the leaders of the Oxford Movement, and shows his surprising influence in affecting their conversion.

HENRY COATES, a distinguished musical critic and composer, has had much practical experience of church music as an organist.

ALGAR THOROLD, editor of the "Dublin Review" from 1926 to 1934, contributed to it in 1892 the description of his experiences as a novice at the Grande Chartreuse which is here reprinted.

DOM BASIL WHELAN, of Belmont Abbey, Hereford, was regarded by the late Abbot Butler as one of the ablest young historians among the English Benedictines and was persuaded by him to write his forthcoming volume on the Historic Convents of England.

MR. ALGAR THOROLD

WITH Mr. Algar Thorold's death on 6 June there passed one of the most distinguished Catholic laymen of his generation, who had given eight years of devoted work to editing the DUBLIN REVIEW. A tribute to his editorship by Mr. E. I. Watkin in the last issue of the REVIEW described the remarkably wide range of his interests and his unusual gift of discovering and encouraging new writers.

The only son of a famous Anglican prelate who was Bishop of Rochester and afterwards of Winchester, Algar Thorold was born in 1866. Educated at Eton, he went to Christ Church but left Oxford after a few months on becoming a Catholic at the age of eighteen. After trying his vocation unsuccessfully at the Grande Chartreuse, he found scope for his natural bent towards mysticism in his masterly edition of the *Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena*. His other earlier work included a selection of essays entitled *Six Masters in Disillusion*, and the admirable biography of his uncle, Henry Labouchere.

He was appointed editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW in 1926, and set himself to reviving its older tradition as a learned and philosophical quarterly. He wrote little himself in the following years, but published numerous translations from French spiritual writers, particularly the Jesuit Père de Caussade. He welcomed in the DUBLIN REVIEW contributions from a considerable number of Anglican writers. One of these, the Rev. Watkin Williams, sends the following tribute to his memory :

"There must be not a few of us, of an 'ecclesiastical appurtenance'—to use a phrase of his beloved prophet, Friedrich von Hügel—other than his own, to whom the passing of Algar Thorold leaves a sad blank. One's thoughts go back to his father and to the episcopal hospitality of Selsdon Park in days when the Anglican Bishop Thorold, heavily handicapped in more ways than one, was quickening the spirituality

of South London, in his own way but with something of the anxious zeal of a Dupanloup ; and one reflects that it was from this home that the son came, the only son, endowed with its deep piety and its sober common-sense ; both these run, as it were, in the mould of the best that the name of Labouchere stands for, its humour, its honesty, its directness, its penetration.

"It was only on the morning which brought me news of his death that I received a letter from him written in his own characteristic, firm, neat hand. He comments on his recent reading and speaks of a book which some of us may know, *The Revival of Pascal* ; he refers to the author, not long deceased, 'a prodigy of holiness and learning', as not of his own Communion 'though broadened at the ends, so to speak !' He mentions his enjoyment in reading and reviewing, also within the last few weeks, a work on *St. Bernard of Clairvaux* written by an Anglican friend. All this is like him, and like his master, von Hügel ; this spirit it was which distinguished his eminent editorship of the DUBLIN REVIEW. If he prayed for and sought for—as we know he did—a remedy which might restore in this country the old conditions of a truly Catholic England, it was along every avenue which led to personal friendship, knowing that it is only in the atmosphere of personal friendship that love makes, always Socratically and never eristically, its points of intellectual, moral, and spiritual contact ; thus absorbing the whole being of a friend in the inwardness of the truth which it is its own privilege to share. This is the abiding lesson which Algar Thorold taught ; it is a work wrought by him these last few years in long and distressing suffering ; it is the best of the works which will surely follow him."

The present issue includes a reprint of Mr. Thorold's earliest contribution to the DUBLIN REVIEW in June 1892, describing his experiences at the Grande Chartreuse.

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1936

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The Dublin Review

JULY, 1936

No 398

PALESTINE ABLAZE

IT is a very tiny country, this Palestine we govern, but the importance of the Holy Land is not one of magnitude or the vastness of population. Moslem, Jew, and Christian alike look upon its rocky, thirst-stricken hills and dusty plains with an affection and a reverence that no other territory can ever possess. Yet, in this land very little larger than Yorkshire, with a population barely one-eighth of that of London, you have a perfect continent in miniature, both in diversity of climates, scenery, and peoples. In a forty-mile journey you may pass from the tropical heat of the summer-smitten Jordan Valley, across the temperate zone of the Judean Hills, to the sub-tropical warmth of the coastal Plain of Sharon. Stand at the Jaffa Gate on a Saturday evening, and you may hear every tongue of the world spoken by the people who throng in and out of the City of Jerusalem.

And now Palestine is ablaze from end to end. Rebellion, murder, and deadly ambush stalk its roads and valleys. It is courting death to travel alone and unprotected. Every night cottages and harvested crops go up in sudden, dastardly, incendiary flame. Bombs are thrown at motor-vehicles and at public buildings; open assassination is the order of the day. The country is filled with troops, with armoured cars and field-guns; war-planes roar overhead; lorries crammed with armed police, a-bristle with the ugly snouts of machine-guns, thunder past you. Anxious-eyed Jewish colonists, and people afear'd for the safety of their loved ones, anxious about the security of their property and the prospects of their harvest, flit down the narrow lanes like pale ghosts. What is the reason for this terrible state of affairs after nearly two decades of British occupation? Have we accomplished nothing in this land for which so many thousands of our men fought, where so many of them lie taking their last sleep?

It is a most difficult question to answer. At first glance it would seem as though we had failed, crashingly and disastrously. It appears that we have broken faith with everyone, with Jew and Arab alike, that both have the right to point accusing fingers at us and denounce us as double-dyed liars and cowards. Thus a cursory glance; but, if one looks deeper, one will see that we have indeed accomplished much, though, unfortunately, a great deal of it has been done in a most negative fashion.

The very fact that the Arabs are so staunch in their resistance to the utmost force that we can level against them is, in itself, commendatory, strange though that contradiction may sound. But consider the facts as they are. Palestine has never been a nation since that sad day when Titus Flavius Caesar saw the smoke of the Holy Place staining the clear air above the Mount of Olives, or when, sixty years later, Hadrian made an end of the false Messiah, Joshua Bar Cochva, and finally extinguished Judah as a nation in its own homeland. Now, after close on two thousand years of slavery, racial disintegration, and subjection, Palestine is feeling the first stirrings of nationhood at work within her womb. Ten years ago there was still no trace of what we can see so clearly today, no sign that the Holy Land would ever feel that she was the homeland of a race apart.

Perhaps the fact that the children, who were only five or six years old at the time of Allenby's capture of Jerusalem, have now grown to man's estate, is the deciding factor in this matter. It does, however, speak well for us that they have grown up feeling that they are a nation; that the Palestinian, that seemingly artificial race we have tried so hard to form, is at last taking shape, though it is doing so in a manner that we did not foresee, or, rather, that our politicians did not foresee, plain though the indications were for any person of common sense. It has done this in despite of our worst, though well-meant, bungling, despite our utmost efforts to bend the aspirations we fostered into a highly artificial channel. Our intended plan was ridiculous from the outset. Our vaunted purpose of making a Palestinian nation where Moslem, Christian, and Jew

would forget their differences of creed, race, and tradition and all lie down peacefully together, remembering only that they were Palestinians, was fatuous and hopeless. We have proceeded too far on the theory that the Asiatic is exactly similar in aspirations and culture to ourselves, totally forgetting the ancient roots of those races, that they had a culture when our forefathers were still using woad and practising a primitive liturgy of mistletoe and human sacrifices. We have tried to reverse the whole trend of thousands of years of gradual development in a couple of decades. It is little wonder that we have failed.

The Immigration Laws, apart from their significance in so far as the entry of Jews into the country is concerned, have gone far to kill what little chance of forming a Palestinian nation, according to our plan, ever existed. Most of the Arab people have relatives who emigrated, generally to the Latin countries of South America, long before the War. These people suddenly found that they were without any nationality whatsoever, that they were homeless outcasts. Up to the War they had Ottoman nationality, they had consuls and a diplomatic machinery to help them. Suddenly they had no status whatsoever. Palestine under British Mandate does not accept them as nationals, and, because their country is mandated, they cannot claim status as British colonials. Worse, many of them are refused permission, because they have not complied with the almost impossible conditions of the Palestinian Nationality Laws, either to return to their own land, or to remain there permanently when they have been admitted as "tourists". The Arab sees his own blood-relations, his own family, refused the right to come home, and yet sees hordes of stranger Jews given full and free permission to settle on his land. Can one wonder that bitterness and strife have arisen? That the British conception of Palestinian nationality has been still-born?

But that is only one of many minor grievances, the complete sum of which have accomplished, despite ourselves, what we had set out to do. Make no mistake, there is a feeling of intense patriotism aflame today in

Palestine. The young man, just come to maturity, loves his ancient land and pictures her as his motherland. You will find little of that political jobbery, that shameless opportunism, which has so disgraced the country ever since the institution of Civil Government in 1920. The old political firebrands have lost their authority. The men who in 1921, 1929, and 1933 fomented rebellion for their own selfish ends, who roused the peasants and the young townsmen to bare their breasts to the British bayonet, and then made large fortunes out of betraying their dupes, caring little whether these spent the remainder of their lives in prison or died upon the great gallows of Acre prison, have no power and little authority in the present troubles. The young men can now see most clearly how they have been betrayed in the past, and this time they are determined that the old sorry tale shall not be repeated. There is not one of these professional trouble-makers who is not in deadly fear of assassination at the hands of his own subordinates, and in even deadlier fear of an outraged Government. This time they will have to bear the responsibility of their own misdeeds, there will be no escape for them. They are truly men who have sown the wind, and are now scared at the harvest that they are receiving. A terrible position is theirs, afraid of themselves, afraid of their followers, and scared to the marrow of what the Government might do to them. Not a man of them who is not rich, not one of them who has not waxed fat on the fears of the Zionists and the Administration, and now the accounting has come. At present they are riding the lip of the wave, but they are most terribly frightened that they will not be doing so very much longer.

The young men are in most deadly earnest. No half-measures will satisfy them on this occasion. There will be no vague promises of good to come, or half-veiled threats to frighten them. They all remember the Royal Commission of 1929, which investigated the disturbances of that unhappy year. They were promised that Jewish immigration would be greatly restricted, they believed it, and now they have seen, in a single year, no less than 60,000 of that race admitted. True, these were refugees

from Nazi Germany, but that is of little satisfaction to the young, intensely patriotic Arab, the man who has no land to sell to the Jews, no advantage to be gained from them, and who is genuinely afraid that in a few years he and his brothers in blood will be swept from his own land, and have to wander the face of the earth as a stranger. He will die before he will submit.

And the rights of the matter? Let us look into it as fairly as we can. There is no doubt that the Arab is quite within his rights—but, then, so is the Jew. Both have complete justice and fairness on their sides, both have an unquestioned claim upon Britain for equity and the fulfilment of the promises made to them, when their aid was called for in the darkest hours of Britain's need. The Arabs point to the MacMahon Agreement, which antedates the Balfour Declaration by some two years, and say that they were promised, in return for their aid, that Palestine should be a free and independent Arab state as soon as the War was satisfactorily ended. One hears idle talk that they did nothing to help us and so earn the rewards that were promised to them. There is only one answer to that—you may find it on the loaded gallows which stood for months before the Damascus Gate and the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, upon the crowded squares of Jaffa and Haifa, within the bloodstained walls of St. John of Acre. Hundreds of ardent young Arab patriots died, slowly strangled in the Turkish nooses, for what their masters considered treason. What was their treason but the aiding of our cause, the foe of Turkey? There is no need to mention the men who rode with Lawrence and Feisal. Again shoulders are shrugged and people say that the Arab army were men from the Hedjaz. So they were, many of them, but in every village of Palestine you can find at least one man who rode with "Aurans Bey", the little, mad Englishman who led them to the victorious entry of Damascus. No, the Arabs have Right and Justice with them!

Yet, as I have said, so, equally, have the Jews. These unfortunate people have thronged into their ancient homeland firmly believing in our plighted word that they would be allowed to rebuild Judah's National Home,

with their lives and peace guaranteed by Britain's might. The Jewish people, too, at the darkest hour of the World War, when help was urgently needed to prevent the Allied cause from drooping and dying, came mightily to our help, not only with the all-important financial aid, but with men and munitions. Many thousands of Jews fought in the armies of the Allied Powers, not a few of them won the most coveted decorations for valour, including the Victoria Cross, and there was not a man amongst the hundreds of Jewish soldiers who fell who did not believe that his own death was hastening the return of his folk to the Promised Land.

The promises in both cases are explicit enough. The trouble is that they are mutually contradictory. We have plainly promised Palestine to two opposing sets of people, for nigh on twenty years we have evaded implementing our promises; but now, at long, deferred last, the settling day has come. Now we can dodge the answer no longer. In good plain English, frankly facing facts, what can we do? There seem to be five different courses of action open to us:

(a) Resigning our Mandate and thus washing our hands of the whole affair. This would be a counsel of weakness and of flagrant injustice. By doing so we would consign three hundred thousand innocent people to massacre and sign our own death-warrant in the East. We nearly did so in the case of the Assyrians whom we so callously and treacherously abandoned to their fate in Iraq a few months ago. Their only crime was that they were an ancient Christian race and that they had been steadfastly loyal to Britain, believing implicitly in her word and in her promises to them. That is not forgotten in the unforgetting East. The spectacle of an ancient race betrayed was not a pretty one; the way in which we jettisoned our faithful friends, merely because they were of no further use to us, is not calculated to heighten British prestige in Asia. We dare not, even for this reason, leaving alone all question of a world outcry against us, abandon the Jewish settlers who have entered Palestine because they believed in our sworn promise.

(b) Declare the Holy Land to be a Crown Colony.

The time for this is long past, and today we dare not do it. Apart from the question of what France would then do in Syria, it is hardly possible that even Britain could do such a thing after the screaming we have been doing in Geneva against Italy's annexation of Abyssinia. The Crown Colony would answer many objections and, by bestowing a common British nationality on both Jew and Arab, might, probably, have a soothing effect on the situation for a few years at least.

(c) Make a peace of the Roman kind by ruthlessly suppressing the Arabs. It would have to be a Roman peace indeed, for the young insurgents will not submit to anything else. Logically, and strategically, this is, of course, practicable. If we lay aside all the cant and humbug with which we have been enwrapped for so many years, if we avoid the trammels of the sham history dinned into us at our schools as children, it might seem to be the only feasible course. Stripped of all pretence and false romanticism, it would appear that we seized Palestine by the sword, and, undoubtedly, we remain there solely by virtue of the same weapon. All this talk of our governing the land for the sake of the governed, all this drivel of our being loved and respected by those we hold in subjection, receives its final answer by a mere glance at the facts. The Arabs are not in revolt against our kindness, but they *are* in arms because they consider we have not kept the promises we have made to them, and for the reason that they fear there soon will be no room for them in the land of their fathers. But to make such a peace is quite impossible in these days of ours. We have had quite enough to say about the Italians recently, without giving too glaring an instance of how easily we could copy them. Devoutly we play the part of the reformed rake, and shudder piously at the name of South Africa, Ireland, India, and half a dozen other lands where we have proclaimed ourselves to hold the same civilizing mission as that of the Duce.

(d) Suppressing Jewish immigration and complying with the Arabs' demands. This also is quite impossible, so badly have things been mismanaged in Palestine. One has only to visit Jerusalem and Tel Aviv to realize this.

Thousands of Jews have poured into the country, all of them possessed of some share of capital, which most of them appear to have invested in real estate. In four years the whole skyline of Jerusalem, the Jerusalem outside the ancient walls, has entirely changed. Huge new buildings, most of them most expensively constructed of hewn stone and embodying the latest devices against earthquake, soar for several storeys into the clear air. Fine roads, great edifices, blocks of luxurious flats, and suites of offices meet you on every hand, and the question at once rises to your mind, "What natural resources or industries are there in Palestine, to justify these palatial buildings?" And the answer is, briefly, "None." These places are built on the faith and credulity of the world, principally the Jewish world. So long as fresh money comes pouring into the country, for just so long will Palestine be prosperous. When it stops there will come the crash, and what an all-pervading crash it would be! A few hundred acres of citrus-plantations, a chemical-factory at the Dead Sea, and a few smaller industries such as making artificial teeth too expensively to compete successfully with European and American factories are not sufficient to justify all this tremendous and feverish over-development. The cement-factories are one of Palestine's most important industries, but they are in themselves unsound: they are dependent upon new buildings and new colonization; when that finishes they fail.

This is not the place to argue as to whether the saturation-point has not already been reached. It has if the present type of immigrants continues to flow in. The vastly greater percentage of them pour into the cities, merely serve to make Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa the greater, to cause an ever-increasing congestion. The old spirit of the *Halutzim*, though greater in numbers, is helpless before the shopkeeping instincts of the majority. These *Halutzim*, these clear-eyed, bronzed pioneers, these men and girls who have reached the heights of abnegation and self-sacrifice, are Israel's hope; the remainder are parasites, and for the Jews' own sake should never have been admitted. The

Halutzim are as fine a type of man and woman as one can find anywhere in the world. No one but a mighty-hearted idealist could even attempt to do what they have done in so noble a measure. Most of them are youngsters, or they were youngsters before they came to the back-breaking realization of their Ideal; nearly all of them are of the University-professional type. Realizing only too clearly that their race, rich in everything else, had the one fundamental lack of that class which alone can place them back amidst the landed peoples of the earth, they have voluntarily lowered themselves in social status to become the new peasantry.

They have gone further, for they are people of imagination and vision, these mighty-thewed pioneers. They have doomed their children to be peasants. Peasants of a new type, peasants who read and practise philosophy, who have a knowledge of the arts and sciences, but still peasants, people whose nose is kept very close to the fragrant furrows cut by their tractor-hauled ploughs, whose main interest is in the earth they till and the crops they produce. Not for them the cities and the pleasures of the town. An occasional visit to the opera, the theatre, the art-galleries, or even the cinemas; but, in the main, for the most of their toil-fraught lives, the daily round of the farm, the duties of the homestead, the hours of toil and the anxieties of drought and flood, not to mention that of predatory animals threatening their stock and fanatical men their lives. What they are accomplishing is permanent; at least it is permanent for so long as their safety from massacre can be assured. In a couple of generations they will be able to care for themselves, to be able to see to their own defence, but at present they still need protection. Saturation-point is still a long way off in so far as the *Halutzim* are concerned; it was passed a year ago for the townsman immigrant. There are vast stretches on Sharon, on Armageddon, and in the Kinnereth, that are still capable of development for farms; another half-million Jewish fugitives from European tyranny could find homes on these stretches of potentially fertile ground, which have stood desolate

ever since the last bedraggled Eagle of Imperial Rome disappeared over the sea-horizon. No one despises the townsman more than does his brother who works in the colonies; no one would be more glad to see the new Jewish cities made more in keeping with the real situation of the country.

If we accept this alternative and stop immigration we shall do the very worst possible service to the Arab. The stoppage of the flow of new capital will involve the Arab with the Jew in the crash that is bound to follow. The terrible depression that overtook the southern coasts of Florida when the real-estate boom ended will be repeated here. What is to be done, then? What use is it to prolong the present highly artificial prosperity of Palestine? None, except that it will gain a little extra time, give a few more years in which to look around. That is the policy that we have pursued ever since we entered Palestine, a hopeless, foolishly optimistic one of *laissez-faire*, and we are now so committed to it that we can do nothing else, or so it would appear. The system carries the seed of its own destruction within it. Just consider for a moment what happens in the vast majority of cases. A man and his wife arrive fresh from a European ghetto possessed of some little capital. This they invest either in some holding, a shop, or a building. Well and good. But what happens when they have a family, and the sons of Jacob are extremely prolific? The small, comparatively unproductive capital is not going to be sufficient for a swarm of sons and daughters, who have little chance of starting anything for themselves, so poor in natural resources is this country.

The consideration of these four different courses of action, all impossible or completely unpractical, brings us to a fifth. It is in the nature of a compromise between all of them, and like all compromises is a long way from being a counsel of perfection, but it appears to be the only one that is at all possible in the present extremely difficult situation. Thus we come to:

(e) The institution of a completely new State, which, for the purposes of reference we will call the Federated Cantons of Palestine, though, doubtlessly, a far better

name could be given. This involves the setting up of two Jewish, two Arab, and one Christian cantons, a Federal District, and a Crown Colony. The district of Haifa, with a frontier from Athlit Castle, running north from that point around the south-eastern foot of Mount Carmel to the present Syrian border, striking it at a spot about ten miles inland, would be made either into a British Crown Colony, or else be the area to which the Mandate would be restricted. This would give Britain all that she has a just right to demand, viz. a tangible reward for all the blood and treasure she has poured into the arid soil of the Holy Land ; a stronghold on the flank of any enemy attacking the Suez Canal ; an essential halting-place for aircraft on the Imperial network to Australia and the East ; a naval base in the Eastern Mediterranean ; the head of the Mosul oil-pipe line ; a convenient vantage-point from which to control the development of Palestine in a big brotherly manner ; and, finally, the control of the trade of the hinterland and the ownership of the fine new harbour only recently completed.

One Arab canton could be the whole chain of hills which form the backbone of Palestine, from the Jordan to their meeting with the Plains of Sharon and Armageddon, running as far south as Akaba. The other Arab canton would be the present Emirate of Transjordan, which is now under our Mandate. The Jewish cantons would be two in number : one to be the Plain of Sharon, its eastern border the foothills, its northern the frontier of the British Crown Colony, to the south bounded by the Sinai Desert ; the other to be the Plain of Armageddon, and then a sweep north, its western frontier a line five miles west of the Jordan and Sea of Galilee as far as the Syrian border. The Christian canton would be centred in Nazareth, and bounded by the Crown Colony, Armageddon, and the western border of the second Jewish canton. The Federal District would comprise the Municipal areas of Bethlehem and Jerusalem and would be held jointly by all of the three races, with an administration comparable to that of the District of Columbia in the United States.

The Jerusalem-Jaffa main road would have to be added to the Federal District, as also the Municipal areas of Jaffa, Ramleh, and Lydda, with the other preponderatingly Arab villages on the road, to prevent their being assimilated by the Jewish canton of Sharon.

The question of the government is a matter that would have to be settled by mutual agreement, but the broad outlines are easily laid down. Firstly they would have to be completely autonomous in so far as their domestic affairs are concerned. Matters of defence, of Customs, and of foreign relationships would be the province of the Federal Government, which would be constituted on a 2 : 2 : 1 basis of Arabs, Jews, and Christians, with an elected President taken in turn from each community. The constitution could be closely modelled on that of the United States or of Switzerland. Conscription for the first few years would be necessary. There are grave problems lying along the eastern frontiers of Transjordan, where nearly a million well-armed and equipped tribesmen would give almost everything for a chance to harry Palestine, either because they wish to loot it or to bring it within the fold of the Reformed Faith of Islam and to destroy what they consider to be idolatrous shrines that have sprung up in Jerusalem. The Wahabites, to whom I referred in a previous article in the DUBLIN REVIEW, are still a very real menace, one that the new State, if it is formed, will have to meet sooner or later.

Given a chance to prove their worth, engaged in the many problems that the new system of government will give them, freed from the shadow of alien domination, masters in their own household, the Palestinians will settle down, and, slowly, the real nationhood of the Holy Land will emerge. In the course of years the barriers between the water-tight compartments of the cantons will be broken down. With the growth of confidence the ancient fears will die, and, at long last, peace will reign in this troubled country that has known so little of peace since the days when it was the land-bridge between the rival Empires of Euphrates and the Nile. The younger generation of Arabs will be flattered

by being allowed to run their own administration. They have little voice in their government as at present constituted. A British High Commissioner and a council of British heads of departments is no governing body to appeal to the imagination of a young generation aflame with national pride, and feeling the resurrection of their ancient land leaping in their veins. There will, doubtlessly, be trouble to commence with, but we shall still be there, to encourage and to check from Haifa. An embargo on the tourist traffic, Palestine's one great industry, will soon bring Jerusalem to its knees. If that fails we can put a blockade on the luxuries to which the Arab of every class has now become accustomed with these years of prosperity. And if this measure is still short of success, there remains the old and horrible argument of the aeroplane and the armoured car.

All this may sound a very complicated and elaborate arrangement for so small a country, but, as was said at the beginning, Palestine cannot be judged by its territorial extent or by the size of its population.

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

A NEW STUDY OF PIO NONO

Italy in the Making, 1815-1846. By G. F.-H. Berkeley.
(Cambridge University Press, 15s.)

Italy in the Making, 1846-1848. By G. F.-H. & J. Berkeley.
(Cambridge University Press, 21s.)

The Irish Battalion in the Papal Army of 1860. By G. F.-H. Berkeley. (Talbot Press, Ltd., 15s.)

OF the three peninsulas which form the southern part of the continent of Europe, Italy is the most European. Spain is separated from Africa by a distance less than that between England and France, while the coast of the Balkan Peninsula approaches Asia so closely that the strip of water which intervenes seems hardly wider than that which divides the banks of the Rhine. Their geographical position has exposed both south-western and south-eastern Europe to the dominance of a non-European religion whose impress is made visible by such monuments as the Mezquita of Cordova, the Alhambra of Granada, and the Alcazar of Seville at one end of the continent, and the great mosques of Constantinople and Adrianople at the other. From the shores of Italy, however, no alien continent is visible. Her non-Christian religious monuments are not those of a non-Italian religion. Her invaders, with the exception of Pyrrhus, have come from beyond the Alps. They have come by this route even when they were Africans. In the Middle Ages, Islam, though it subdued Sicily, never obtained a sure foothold on the mainland. The result has been that before the advent of Fascism to power the Catholic Church was never in Italy, except perhaps to a small extent in the seventeenth century, a symbol of nationality, as she has been in Spain or as the Orthodox Church has been for the Christians of the Balkan Peninsula. In the conflict between the Church and the forces which unified Italy during the last century, it was even possible to depict the Church as inimical to Italian patriotism.

Today we have almost emerged from the period when the history of the struggle for Italian unity could be

written, whether by friends or foes of the movement, only in a polemical strain, no matter what was the author's nationality. For many years after the work of unification was achieved, hopes or fears that it might be undone lingered on. Even when it became apparent that the new Italy was something more than a transient political entity, the still-unsettled Roman Question, that unhappy legacy, bequeathed by the nineteenth century to the twentieth, made the writing of impartial history difficult. The story of the Roman Question is a story of a hundred and thirty-three years (1796-1929) and covers the reign of ten Popes. During this period the Temporal Power was four times overthrown, restored in its old form three times, and finally restored in a new form. Under the Napoleonic regime, Italian unity came nearer to realization than it had done since the days of the Roman Empire. The Congress of Vienna, however, imposed a retrograde settlement. The approach which had been made towards unity was retraced. The old pre-revolutionary state of affairs was restored, save that the republics of Venice and Genoa were not re-created, their territories being assigned respectively to Austria and to the House of Savoy. With Austria in possession of Venice as well as of Milan, Italy was less free than she had been in the eighteenth century, and the Italian patriot, as he contemplated the work of the Congress, could but be stirred by feelings such as found expression in Leopardi's line :

Che fosti donna or sei povera ancella.

The earlier phases of the Risorgimento have lately found in this country a careful, conscientious, and unusually impartial historian in Mr. G. F.-H. Berkeley. His first volume surveys the movement towards Italian unity, as it developed in Piedmont and in the Papal States between 1815 and 1846. During this period liberals in the south were more occupied with schemes of revolution or reform than with the problem of national unity. Two ideals of unification presented themselves to the minds of Italian patriots in these years : one was

that of union achieved through fusion, the other union by federation. Of the former Mazzini was the champion, though he wished United Italy to have a republican constitution. Of the various federalist plans the best known were those of Vincenzo Gioberti and Cesare Balbo, though a curious and less known scheme was sponsored by General (then Colonel) Giacomo Durando. The publication of Gioberti's *Primato* and of Balbo's *Delle Speranze d'Italia* took place towards the close of Gregory XVI's pontificate. Gioberti's book, which appeared towards the end of 1843, advocated a federation with the Pope as president, since it was impossible for him to be a subject. The scheme made no definite provision with regard to the fate of the Austrian provinces, but the author "assumed that his plan could be carried through without bloodshed" (*Italy in the Making*, I, p. 187). Balbo, on the other hand, was averse to the idea of a papal presidency, since it would be impossible for the Pope to take the lead in a war of liberation against Austria. The hegemony of Balbo's federal Italy was to be vested not in Rome, but in Turin, Austria was voluntarily to renounce her Italian provinces, accepting compensation in the Balkans, which the (supposedly imminent) disruption of the Ottoman Empire would render an easy matter. Lombardy and Venetia were to go to Piedmont, which in its enlarged form would constitute a barrier stretching across northern Italy and defending the country from foreign invasion. Balbo did not commit himself on the question of whether the Romagna should be detached from the Papal States and added to the north Italian kingdom to which it would geographically have belonged. The other Italian states, with the exception, perhaps, of Parma and Modena, could not look for territorial aggrandizement.

Mr. Berkeley considers that the differences between the ideals of Gioberti and those of Balbo concerning the proposed confederation frustrated any prospect of a serious effort to achieve Italian unity along federal lines. How an Italian federation might have worked suggests an interesting train of thought which he does not pursue. Neither the Swiss Confederation nor the German Empire

affords a clue, owing to the republicanism of the former and the fact that no Italian state could have occupied a place comparable to Prussia's in the latter. An Italian federation might have been the prelude to a pan-Italian republic. Yet, whatever form Italian unity might have taken, nothing could in the long run have prevented the political leadership of the country passing into the hands of the northern provinces with their more energetic population and higher level of culture. The third scheme for an Italian federation—that of Giacomo Durando—envisaged a tripartite division of Italy. There was to be a northern state named the Eridania, a second, embracing central and southern Italy, the Appenninica, and a third, the Insular. The Pope, whose dominions on the mainland were to be restricted to Rome and Civit  Vecchia, was to be compensated with Elba and Sardinia. Sicily was to go to the Tuscan branch of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Savoy and Nice were to be cut off from Piedmont and given by way of compensation to the rulers of Lucca and Tuscany. An interesting feature of Durando's proposals was that he included Trieste, Istria, and Gorizia in his United Italy. The Colonel's plan was published in March 1846, just three months before Cardinal Mastai-Ferreti's elevation to the supreme pontificate.

The second volume of *Italy in the Making*, in which the author has been assisted by the collaboration of his wife, is devoted to the first eighteen months of Pius IX's reign. During this period the new Pope enjoyed a degree of hero-worship almost comparable to that of which Garibaldi was the recipient some fifteen years later. In the enthusiasm of these early days there was but too little realization of the fact that a liberal Pope in anything but a very restricted sense of the word was an impossibility, and Pius's liberalism did not even go to the limits of what was theoretically possible for a Pope. The keystone of his policy was his determination to maintain the States of the Church with the boundaries with which he had inherited them and not to part with one iota of his sovereign administrative authority. In the light of subsequent history we can see that he was

aiming at the impossible. But his gifts of statesmanship, notwithstanding the generosity of his impulses, were not of so high an order as to enable him to discriminate between the attainable and the unattainable. This point is not, I think, sufficiently stressed by the authors. Within the limits, which he prescribed for himself, Pius IX was, however, sincerely desirous to serve the causes both of Italian unity and of internal reform.

In 1847 Richard Cobden toured Italy, descanting on the blessings of Free Trade. "At Florence," says Lord Morley, "he warmed the hearts of those who listened to him by saying that he had come to Tuscany with the feelings of a believer visiting the shrines of his faith."* For it was the Sienese economist, Sallustio Bandini, whose ideas on free trade in foodstuffs had in the preceding century inspired the fiscal policy of the Grand-Duke Leopold I. Pio Nono, though not the first Italian free-trader, was the first Italian ruler to endeavour to put into practice the idea of a customs union of Italian states on the lines of the *Zollverein*, which since 1834 had embraced the majority of the German ones. There was, of course, the problem of how to bring the Austrian provinces within the "*Lega doganale*". It was hoped that, once the League had been set up, Austria would bow to the inevitable and permit the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom to enter the Union. Economic separation from Vienna would, it was further hoped, have paved the way towards political detachment from the Empire, a step to which Austria could have with dignity agreed, had one of the archdukes been made independent ruler of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Italy could, perhaps, along these lines have been freed from alien rule without the shedding of a drop of blood; and it may be that, had an experiment similar to that which was tried some years later, when the amiable Archduke Maximilian was made Governor-General of the Italian provinces, been attempted at an earlier date, Pio Nono's ideal of an Italy, freed from foreign rule by peaceful means, might have been realized. The Pope's agent in the negotiations with

* *Life of Richard Cobden*, Nelson's ed., p. 237.

the governments of Florence and Turin was a young prelate of thirty-four, Mgr. Corboli-Bussi.

No attempt was to be made at the outset to bring Naples into the proposed union. At Florence all went well, but when Corboli-Bussi reached Turin, obstacles appeared in his path. Charles Albert conceived of himself as "an Italian Shamil", destined to assume in the struggle against Austria a role similar to that being played by the Circassian chief, in resisting the advance of the Russians in the Caucasus. The Pope's envoy found that the purpose of his mission was not understood and that people thought that he had come to negotiate a military alliance against the Hapsburg Empire. Even the King was disappointed. "His disappointment is not surprising. Pius' plan would have put an end to all the Piedmontese hopes and to the future of the House of Savoy" (Vol. II, p. 293). Corboli-Bussi hoped to get Charles Albert to accept the Pope's plans for a customs union by offering to accept proposals put forward by the King for a political league which would, on paper at least, be purely defensive in character. The suggested league was to be founded on the following three principles: The Italian princes were to proceed in mutual agreement with regard to the institutions which they were to give their peoples; this was to be a check on Pius' liberalism. The second was a curious anticipation of Fascist ideology. In forming these institutions they were to be guided by considerations based on Italian history and the national character rather than by foreign theories.

It is now ironical to reflect that it was from Piedmont that emanated the Constitution based on foreign inspiration, under which Italy was governed for sixty years. In maintaining these institutions and in the preservation of internal peace, the members of the league were to lend each other mutual support rather than rely on foreign aid. These proposals alarmed Pius, who had not been prepared to concede plenipotentiary authority to Corboli-Bussi. He saw in them a lever by means of which Piedmontese interference might be introduced into the States of the Church. He saw also that the league might mean war. However, Charles Albert

modified his opposition to the customs union. He had received a favourable report on the project from Genoa and two ministers hostile to it had resigned. On the occasion of the baptism of Charles Albert's granddaughter, the Princess Maria Pia,* to whom the Pope was standing as god-father, the King told Corboli-Bussi that he accepted the customs union in principle. However, there were still certain difficulties in the way. It was said that, while the reputation of the customs service in Piedmont was good, the reverse was the case in Tuscany and in the Roman States; also Piedmont was protectionist, Tuscany free trade, and the Papal States, something between the two. However, on 3 November 1847, a preliminary agreement between the three states was signed. Enthusiasm for Pius, as its author, was increased. Yet revolution was now but a few months ahead.

The customs league represents Pio Nono's contribution to the cause of Italian unity. The problem of internal reform presented greater difficulties. Pius believed that the Papal States were necessary for the Church and that he must not only transmit them to his successor with the same boundaries with which he had received them, but that he must also retain supreme civil authority within them. Hence there could be no question of his ruling as a constitutional monarch like the Queen of England, the King of the French, or the King of the Belgians. What, then, was he to do in the face of the growing popular clamour for reform? He sought to steer a middle course between parliamentary institutions and the administrative methods of Gregory XVI. This course took the form of the establishment of a *Consulta* or consultative assembly, a body consisting of twenty-four laymen with a cardinal as president. The members were to be selected by the Cardinal Secretary of State from lists furnished by the provincial councils and based ultimately on lists supplied by the communes. A *motu proprio* of 29 December, 1847, constituted a sort of upper chamber which was in reality a council of ministers

* This princess was afterwards the wife of King Luiz I of Portugal, and grandmother of Manoel II.

composed of the heads of the nine public departments and presided over by the Cardinal Secretary of State. At first all the ministers were to be ecclesiastics, but later, on Rossi's advice, three laymen were appointed. As the *Consulta* possessed no legislative power, what the Pope set up was not, of course, constitutional government in the strict sense.

An English historian of the Risorgimento less favourable to Pius IX than the authors of *Italy in the Making*, Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, says that the Pope merely offered his subjects sugar plums when they were in need of more solid fare. Yet Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley believe that "very soon the people would have had a very considerable say in the management of their own affairs ; and this", they add, "was the opinion of Pellegrino Rossi, the best contemporary judge of the situation" (ib., p. 324). The fact, however, that the constitution lasted such a short time makes it impossible to say how it would have worked. If the *Consulta* had been established by Pius VII on his restoration, by Leo XII, or by Gregory XVI on his election, it might have done useful work. Pius IX took a great step forward. He introduced a lay element into the administration, but he was as determined as his predecessors to refuse to his subjects all effective participation in the government. It was, so he felt, a sacred trust, to hand on to his successors, undiminished, the patrimony he had received, and which he was bound by a solemn oath to defend. Addressing the *Consultori*, Pius laid stress on their purely advisory functions. "Greatly deceived", he said, "is anyone who sees in the *Consulta* thus set up, some Utopia of his own, and the seeds of an institution incompatible with the pontifical supremacy" (ib., p. 330). The crux of the question, therefore, remained unfaced. Either the Pope must surrender something of what had been transmitted to him by his predecessors on the ground that what had in former times served to protect papal independence was now an incubus, or he must, by refusing concessions such as a nineteenth-century European community demanded, estrange from his rule the sympathies of the rising generation. Even had revolution not burst over Italy

in '48, this dilemma would soon have had to be faced. With the setting up of the *Consulta*, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley bring their second volume to a close, but leave us in grateful anticipation of a third, devoted to the stormy months to come.

On Pio Nono's return to Rome in 1850, though he had alienated the sympathies of an influential section of the intelligentsia, yet with the majority of his subjects his rule was not unpopular, as was evidenced by the enthusiasm which attended his last progress through his states a few years later. But the doom of the Temporal Power in its old form was already sealed. When Napoleon III drove to the Lyons station on his way to take command of the army in Italy in 1859, the anti-clerical workmen of Paris cheered. They were the only section of the population wholeheartedly in sympathy with the war. Cardinal Morlot ordered *Te Deums* to celebrate the victories of Magenta and Solferino, but the faithful who flocked to Notre Dame did so with heavy hearts. They knew too well that the battles in north Italy might be the death-knell of the Temporal Power. Eighteen months later three-quarters of the states of the Church had been wrested from the rule of Pius IX.

To an aspect of the brief campaign which terminated papal rule in Umbria and the Marches, Mr. Berkeley has devoted a third study of the *Risorgimento*, which is also a chapter in the history of his own country, deserving of record. This work, *The Irish Battalion in the Papal Army of 1860*, though published only in 1929, was begun as far back as 1911, when there were still survivors of the campaign to be found both in Ireland and in America with whom the author was able to get into touch either personally or by letter. At first lay Catholic opinion in Ireland was in sympathy with the national movement in Italy, and this pro-Italian sentiment reached its climax when the battle of Magenta which liberated Milan was won by a soldier of Irish ancestry, Patrice MacMahon. "Bonfires blazed on the hills of Clare, the ancient home of his family."* Soon, however, it became apparent that the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy would be

* *The Irish Battalion*, p. 17.

followed by an attack on the Papal States. The Pope appealed for volunteers to the Catholic populations of Europe. Recruiting began in Ireland in the spring of 1860. The Government eventually issued a proclamation against it under the *Foreign Enlistment Act*, but the situation was complicated by the fact that the Garibaldians were recruiting in England. The Irish recruits arrived in Italy by various routes between the end of May and the end of July. They were formed into a battalion of almost 1100 strong, consisting of eight companies, known as the battalion of St. Patrick, in the motley force which the Pope's Belgian War Minister, Mgr. de Mérode,* was hastily, but with inadequate resources, organizing for the defence of the Papal States against the threatened Piedmontese invasion. None of the recruits received more than three months' training, some only a few weeks. For in September the storm broke. The invasion was preceded by an intensive Press campaign such as that which prepared the way for the attack on Abyssinia last autumn.†

Had the League of Nations been in existence in 1860, the course of events would have been much the same. Cavour would have laid an indictment of papal rule before the areopagus of Geneva, would perhaps have asked for the expulsion of the Papal States from the League, while Antonelli would have called on the signatories of the Covenant to invoke sanctions against Piedmont. The overthrow of papal rule in Umbria and the Marches was a matter of seventeen days, the Piedmontese crossing the frontier on 11 September and completing the conquest by compelling the surrender of Ancona on the 28th.

The Irish contingent, or a portion of it, took part in the four engagements which make up the story of the campaign. In Schmidt's force at the defence of Perugia, where the first fighting took place, 145 Irishmen were to be found. But the engagement with which the name of

* Berkeley refers to him as "Cardinal de Mérode". Actually, however, he never received the hat, dying shortly before the consistory at which he was to have been promoted to the Sacred College.

† One is glad to learn that the calumnies uttered for propagandist purposes against the Pope's non-Italian troops at this time are now no longer repeated by the best Italian historians of the Risorgimento. (*The Irish Battalion*, pp. 42, 43.)

the battalion of St. Patrick is principally associated is the gallant defence of the Rocca of Spoleto on the 17th by Major O'Reilly, afterwards member for Longford and a popular figure in the House of Commons. No. 4 Company, the only Irish unit, forming part of Lamoricière's field force, was present at the best-known episode in the campaign, the battle of Castelfidardo on the day after the fall of Spoleto. After Lamoricière's defeat the papal government decided to make a final stand at Ancona. Four Irish companies took part in it. It was hoped that, if the city could hold out for some time, enthusiasm for the Pope's cause might be kindled outside of Italy. But an important and, as it proved, decisive factor was overlooked. The Piedmontese fleet under Admiral Persano, at first hoped by the Irishmen to be the Austrian one, appeared off the harbour. Steam-propelled vessels were now making their first appearance in naval warfare, and their superior mobility to that of the old sailing ships introduced an uncertain element into the situation. Not only was the moral effect enormous, but the fleet, besides completely outnumbering the guns of the defenders, "completely outranged them; some of the ships could throw a shell 3000 metres, whereas—according to their own accounts, at all events—the Papal artillerymen could only make effective shooting up to 2000 metres at the most" (*ib.*, p. 196). The end came on 28 September. With the fall of Ancona the historic Papal State, bestriding Italy from the Tyrrhene Sea to the Adriatic, which in one form or another had endured for eleven centuries, ceased to exist.

Many Catholics will now probably regret that Pius IX made this last appeal for foreign aid in a forlorn cause. Though the casualties of the campaign were small, we may ask ourselves whether the Pope would not have done better to have allowed the inevitable loss of his temporal dominions to have taken place without bloodshed, contenting himself with a protest, like that made by Luxemburg in 1914, since time has shown us that what he strove to defend was not necessary to the Church's welfare. Yet he may have felt, and much could be said in favour of this view, that to offer no resistance to an

unprovoked attack would have had the appearance of countenancing wrong-doing. There seems no doubt that Pio Nono's determination to abide strictly by his oath to defend the Temporal Power was a serious obstacle to a peaceable settlement. Yet perhaps sufficient weight was not given to the consideration that Pius VI had not thought it inconsistent with the papal oath to cede the Romagna to the Cisalpine Republic by the Treaty of Tolentino. The dominant opinion in Rome, however, refused to admit the inevitability of defeat, and to take a contrary view was to court unpopularity. It is related that when Cardinal Santucci, in the hope of facilitating a peaceful solution of the Roman Question, invited fourteen theologians to meet at his residence to discuss the extent to which it was lawful for a people to change its form of government, not one dared to express his real opinions out of fear of what the other thirteen would think. The question of the Pope's oath might perhaps have been got over on the ground that its fulfilment had become impossible. A more formidable difficulty was that Pius could not conscientiously hand over papal territory to a government ill-disposed towards the Church, and guilty of having confiscated ecclesiastical property on a large scale. Here, probably, rather than in the oath, lay the real crux of the matter.*

It must be remembered, however, that an anti-clerical movement was inevitable in Italy by way of reaction against the regime of the years 1815-46. All that the most sagacious of pontiffs could have done was to have limited its range. Would not Pius IX have diminished the anti-clericalism of the Risorgimento if by a less *intransigent* attitude he had endeavoured to detach the patriotic from the anti-Christian elements in the national movement? Whether this be the case or no, it is clear that the only possible solution of the Roman Question lay in a miniature papal state, conferring on the Pope what

* The view that religious orders were inconsistent with progress found expression on the Right as well as on the Left. Cavour, writing to Pepoli, the royal commissioner in Perugia, on 30 September, 1860, about the projected suppression of convents in Umbria, says that he does not see how the province can follow the path of progress, while it has to support the weight of 10,000 friars. *La Questione Romana, Carteggio del Conte di Cavour* (1929), I, p. 43.

Gibbon, writing of an earlier age, described as "an intermediate degree between the humble poverty of an apostolic fisherman and the royal state of a temporal prince whose dominions extend from the confines of Naples to the banks of the Po".* The merit of having realized this belongs to Napoleon III. Yet it is true that in the conditions which prevailed in 1860 something less diminutive than the Città del Vaticano of the Lateran Treaty would have been required to make the Pope appear independent in the eyes of the world. An interim solution was necessary.

Catholic opinion fed on a Press which had much to say of the wickedness of anti-clericalism, but less to say of the causes which had made anti-clericalism triumphant, became accustomed, but slowly, to the idea of the loss of the States of the Church. When it was clear that they could never be restored in their old form, it was maintained that at least Rome and its surrounding territory must be given back to the Pope. When this too faded into the region of impossibilities, it was asserted that the Leonine City and a corridor to the sea were necessary. The Lateran Treaty has now shown us that it is the fact of sovereignty and not its extent which is indispensable for preserving the independence of the Holy See in the modern world.

HUMPHREY JOHNSON.

* *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxv ; Bury's edition, Vol. III, p. 31.

EXPERIENCES AND REFLECTIONS

I WAS an ordinary professor, teaching philosophy and sociology in the Great Seminary of Caltagirone, and in my spare time occupied with Catholic Action, organizing students and workers, founding co-operatives among workers and peasants, and editing a Catholic weekly. My native city for about the last twenty years had been torn between two bitterly hostile factions, led by rich and powerful families. The artisans and working classes, who in Italy had only recently won the right to vote at the municipal and parliamentary elections, were to be found in either party, sharing their hatreds with ferocity (there were on occasion sanguinary encounters in which men were wounded and one was killed). What is more, they lent themselves to electoral bribery, to a sale of votes which had become an established system, for a third of the town councillors were re-elected every two years, and parliamentary elections were frequent owing to frequent dissolutions of the Chamber. In Sicily and Southern Italy only the priests (and not all of these) and a very few laymen observed the *non expedit* preventing Catholics from taking part in political life.

This was the position when a group of working men came to me saying that since I had formed co-operatives to fight usury and concerned myself with the training of boys and youths, why should I not also take in hand the civic education of the working classes. I made one condition: propaganda among the workers to induce them to redeem themselves from the sale of votes and party hatreds, and to acquire a moral and civic personality of their own. It was accepted. In a few years the majority of the workers of the city and a good portion of the peasants belonged to the Christian Democratic organizations. I resigned my post as professor and entered upon a period of intense life as journalist and organizer, involving municipal and later political struggles, always under the banner of the moralization of public life. The results were such as to convince me of the aptitude of the masses for education and of the possibility of dominating the mob element. It was not so much the

mob but the small groups, the cliques, the would-be *élites*, who proved most refractory to the rule of morality in public life, for group egotism develops more readily among the few than among the many. The few work in darkness, the many are obliged to work in light. It is from ruling groups that evil spreads to the masses, and not vice versa, and this is true in politics as in every field of collective life.

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Little by little, through my experiences and studies, I came to the conviction that any moral education in public life must rest on a sound conception of politics; otherwise we should build on sand. I speedily reached the conclusion that the modern State, as currently conceived, would always be an obstacle to Christian morality in political life unless its theory were changed and its practice amended.

The fundamental problem is that expressed in the term used by Hegelian Idealists, "the ethical State", which, as such, is today reflected in the spirit and aims of political parties. Once the State was envisaged as sole sovereign power, not merely as an expression of the will of the people but as the permanent mind and will of human society and an end unto itself, it assumed the character of an *ethical absolute*. No matter whether the prevailing political philosophy be that of Hobbes or Rousseau, Hegel or Comte, its ethical or pseudo-ethical substance is an immanent and absolute power. Where in Christian countries the State was conceived under a religious aspect, Catholic, Protestant, or Orthodox, the ethical premise was furnished by the religious conception, and disputes between the two powers of State and Church turned on the limits or overlapping of their spheres, or the predominance of the men invested with the offices of Pope, King, Bishop, or Prince. Once the State had broken away from positive religion—in our case from Catholic Christianity—the struggle between the two ethical conceptions was a logical and inevitable consequence.

The State has not a mind or will of its own. It is

the politico-judicial resultant of the minds and wills of its members. In it the theories of the ruling classes prevailing at a given period of history find realization. The formation of parties as the practical expression of theory and methods in respect of the State, is inherent in the nature of the modern State, whatever the form of government. It does not matter what aspect, potentialities, characters, or limits such parties assume. True parties are inspired by quasi-mystical motives and are based on a transcendental value, a faith. The liberal of 1848 was in this sense a mystic; so was the communard of 1870, the radical democrat of 1880, the nationalist of 1914; and so are the communists, fascists, and nazis of today.

In general, the quasi-mystical current coincides with an ideal to be realized and is therefore dynamic. When through achievement of power and the practice of government the ideal is shattered and what has been achieved appears in its human poverty and with its unsatisfying limitations, other ideals will take its place, to inflame the heart and stir the imagination.

Between the two poles of an ideal to be realized and the practical result achieved, political parties pursue their activities on the plane of the State. And since the modern State precisely in virtue of its ethical character seeks to monopolize the whole field of social life, family, schools, cultural currents, public and private morality, law, religion, economics, general interests, nor will it stop short on this road till it has reached a "totalitarianism" absorbing every value in its own end, in the same way political parties, if they are of any importance, take their stand on the same premises, seeking to ensure the predominance of their doctrines and their own ends. There is no serious modern party that does not aim at the mastery of a State envisaged as monopolizing for its own ends the whole activity of society. Where is the party that would deny State intervention in any and every domain of human personality, however sacred? Even the exponents of economic liberalism (if they still exist) do not hesitate to urge the State to interfere in religion and education. Not only Russia, Germany, and

Italy are given over to a finalistic totalitarianism, but France too and even England are set on the same path.

Faced with this state of affairs and with the continual impulse towards the deification of the State and the deification of parties through the various symbols representing their ends—for nationalists make a god of the nation, socialists of the class, nazis of the race, and so on—what is the duty of true Christians who will not worship any god but the True God?

This is the problem of Christian charity in political life, which I have felt always, the more deeply I went into active politics, and still feel today when I am remote from them. Why charity? Not only because of the duty of enlightening those who are in error, of bringing back to the right road those who have gone astray, of helping to raise those who have fallen, but in order to prepare suitable means for a healthy and Christian politico-ethical orientation of public life. So long as the modern State is not seen in its true colours as a Moloch to which all today burn continual incense, so long as the parties which make the State—or surrogates of the State such as nation, class, or race—their end are not seen in the same light, it will not be possible to speak seriously of morality, still less of charity, in political life. Indeed there is the danger that we too may go astray and set our grain of incense before these new and at the same time ancient divinities.

It was for this reason that the promoters of the Italian Popular Party, in launching their appeal to the country on 18 January, 1919, declared their will to substitute for the actual conception of the State a new conception: "For a centralizing State, seeking to restrict all organizing powers and all civic and individual activities, we would *substitute*, on a constitutional ground, a State truly *popular*, recognizing the limits of its activity, respectful of the natural centres and organizations—the family, classes, the Communes—respectful of the rights of human personality and encouraging private initiative. . . ."

The conception of the State which we called Popular, (in contradistinction to the *centralizing* State, today

* L. Sturzo, *Italy and Fascismo*, Faber & Gwyer, 1926, p. 92.

become *totalitarian*) is founded on the method of liberty, through an exigency not only political but also moral. Only in a regime of freedom will it be possible to wage war against *pan-statalism*, the absorption of all ethical and social values in the State, and against the application of the theory that the State is the end and individuals the means: "everything for the State". Under a modern authoritarian regime not only practical struggle but even theoretical struggle against State centralization is impossible (the experiences of Russia, Italy, and Germany are conclusive), for such States cannot admit of ethical dissent. The State in itself is ethics, in the sense that it is morality and the fount of morality, law and the fount of law. The State demands sterilization laws, racial marriages, pagan education, and all this is to be right and just because the State wills it.

When it is said that Catholics as members of the Church are free to choose their political conception, since this is a matter of opinion, the statement is absolutely true from the Christian standpoint, but always on condition that it is a question of the form of government apart from its content. In fact it is possible to have a constitutional monarchy as in England or Belgium, and an authoritarian republic as in France under Combes and . . . others.

The problem facing all true Catholics is not this but another: whether they can in conscience accept, or, worse, promote, a State regime that denies civil and political liberties, thus depriving themselves of the necessary instruments for asserting, or in any case defending, moral values in public life.

Frequent and violent attacks were made on the Popular Party on the question of our sincerity in defending a programme of freedom. We had made freedom our banner, for we held that under the post-war Italian State true freedom did not exist, through excess of State intervention and monopolies, extending to education, municipal government, and trade and regional representation. Our motto was *Libertas*, inscribed on our banners and on little shields, on the cross of the Guelf Communes of the Middle Ages. The proof of our

sincerity was provided by events ; our attitude towards Fascism was defended with courage and sacrifice. And yet even today there are ex-adversaries who repeat that apart from the sincerity of individuals, the *Popolari* did not and do not represent more than a political minority, alien to the thought and sympathies of Catholics of every country, who are nearly all for the authoritarian State.

It is true that the active groups among us have always been a *pusillus grex*, but this cannot be understood by adversaries alien to Christian thought. It is indisputable that not all Catholics realize that in the modern political system the choice does not lie between a so-called Christian or Catholic State (which is non-existent) and a liberal or agnostic State, nor even between the bourgeois State and the bolshevist State, but between a regime of law and opinion and a regime of dictatorial authority, whether of Right or Left. Let us be clear. Either regime today is founded on a monistic conception of the State, which we cannot approve, but in a regime of law and opinion the citizen can play his part, there is something he can say, while in the other his role is reduced to applause and adulation. In the first case he can still defend his principles in a legal way and organize in fighting groups, while in the second he cannot. In the first he may succeed by means of the political parties in gaining a place in the government or in directing it, upholding his own ideas, defending Christian morality, and seeking to give the State a less pagan ethos ; in the second he can do nothing but offer his personal sacrifice for the sake of a future today out of sight.

We will pass over the practical experiences of Catholics under dictatorships, for whom the problem of a choice no longer exists. It exists instead for the Catholics of France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and elsewhere, and even in England, where British Fascism finds no few sympathizers among young Catholics. Do Catholics find that the Fascisms of the various countries (whatever name they may adopt) possess that minimum of morality without which membership or even support must transform itself into a "co-operation in evil", in the sense in which the phrase is used by the moralists ?

Here is a grave problem which must be considered. From 1919 to 1922 in Italy it tormented those Catholics who, while dissenting from the programme and methods of the Popular Party, saw all the dangers implied by Fascism. If they were to become Fascists (and a certain number did so, while others, land-owners and bankers, gave money and support), they would have liked to see the revolver and the bludgeon used simply for intimidation and not in earnest. But a party of action cannot act merely as a scarecrow, especially when young men are supplied with a uniform, revolvers, and bludgeons, organized in militarized bodies and imbued with hatred of their adversaries and scorn of life, especially of the life of others. In the most acute period of the struggle in Italy statistics showed not less than a hundred dead a month, Fascists on the one hand, Socialists, Communists, and Catholics on the other, not to speak of the wounded, of the burning of co-operatives, the sacking and destruction of Catholic clubs, Popular Party offices, and private houses. The Pope made a famous gesture when he sent a large sum of money to the Catholic Young Men's Clubs in Brianza, which had been destroyed by the Fascists because of the result of the elections, in April 1924. None the less, Catholics, including a few priests and religious, might be seen in the Fascist ranks when in October 1922 they made their march on Rome.

My friends round Venice, who were most exposed to Fascist reprisals, often asked me whether it would not be well, for purely defensive purposes, to form bands of young men in *white* shirts, but I forbade it unequivocally. We had our victims, but no member of our organizations stained his hands in blood. The theory of "useful violence" is at the basis of every Fascism; the organization of armed bands is their means of winning power; the totalitarian conception of the State is fundamental to them. Does this allow room for Christian charity?

The question might seem fatuous, but from the day when Fascism won success in Italy, not a few Catholics have asked themselves whether it would not be better to accept a totally authoritarian regime in order that

religion should be respected (as it is believed to be respected in Italy today), rather than to have to deal with secular democracies which are often anti-clerical. To certain of my Spanish friends (not members of the *Ceda*) who a month before the revolt in the Asturias and Catalonia (October 1934) asked me if it would not be better to support a *coup d'état*, not so much to restore the Monarchy as to create a civil or military dictatorship and to prevent the domination of the Left, I replied (and I wrote an article to the same effect) that they had not the patience God has. They always want an immediate remedy for an evil present or seemingly to come. Hence they look benevolently on violent *coups*, while scorning or failing to appreciate in the same way the force of organization, education, persuasion in the civil and political field, for such methods are slow or take very long to show their effect, while the *coup d'état*, when it succeeds, gives an immediate impression of success and security.

Unhappily, as often as the champions of a good, honest, moral idea wish to impose it by force, they spoil it, and produce instead feelings of reaction and hatred. I do not question the use of force by the State in accordance with the law to preserve public order and repress crime; what I deny is the use of force, by the State, or worse still by private individuals, to obtain a political advantage or to enforce conformity.

If the problem is thus envisaged, Catholics of countries where the faculty of choice is still allowed them are obliged more often than they realize to choose between the method of liberty and that of force, or rather between constitutional and legal methods and revolutionary, illegal, and violent methods. Although for the most part Catholic moralists and writers will naturally opt for legality and against the use of force, at the same time the concealed or avowed sympathies of not a few, even among friars, monks, and priests, will be with the parties of the Right, which are well armed, are supported by the clamorous youth of the universities, and do not rule out violent *coups d'état*—those *coups d'état* that have often been the dream of certain Catholic circles that

have lost touch with reality. Of this France knows something, from the days of Napoleon Bonaparte onwards.

What may seem morally inconsistent is that they themselves would never take part in violent ventures, and perhaps have never had a revolver or a bludgeon in their possession. They would shrink from hitting a political adversary simply because he was an adversary; they would not hurt a fly. They would never go about cutting telegraph and telephone wires, or cutting off light and water. Ecclesiastics, moreover, by their nature shrink from bloodshed. But the men of whom we speak, with no remorse of conscience, would encourage, approve, and defend those like Hitler, Mussolini, Maurras, or the son of Primo de Rivera, or other *condottieri*, real or imagined, great or small, who collect arms and train young men for the desired *coup*. Such Catholics and ecclesiastics do not want the risks of Fascism, but they want its advantages. But do they believe that they are thus free from offence against Christian charity and morality, and cannot be charged with co-operating in evil? Or do they believe that the end, a given order in the State, justifies the illegal and violent means used by the various forms of Fascism for its attainment? Or do they believe that the order to be inaugurated will not imply that deification of the State that is in the spirit of totalitarianism, and must deprive Catholics themselves of all human means of combating State pantheism?

If we rule out the revolutionary parties of Right and Left, and the anti-clerical parties, Catholics on the Continent are left to choose between the old innocuous parties of the Right (for the the most part small personal groups, of a liberal and bourgeois mentality) and parties of social renovation inspired by Christian principles. For some time past there has been a curious lack of sympathy for such parties, particularly in Belgium. The German Centre, after its fall, came in for sharp criticism, even in England, and was accused of having prejudiced religious interests. A distrust of such parties is spreading in intellectual circles, especially among those who have

never taken an active part in political life, or in Catholic trade-union and economic organizations.

If justice is to be done to what have been known as the "Catholic" parties (the custom of calling them so is most regrettable, but had at one time its justification), it must not be forgotten how great a function they have fulfilled, from 1848 onwards, in the defence of Catholic principles. Today a confessional party is no longer desirable; the Popular Party was non-confessional, and never compromised either the Holy See or the Italian Episcopate. It could therefore assume weighty political responsibilities and fall under the blows of Fascism *at its own risk*. Such indeed was the phrase used by Cardinal Gasparri in December 1918, when he gave me leave to found the party before the raising of the *non expedit*. The *non expedit* was rescinded only in November 1919.

Catholics in constitutional countries have three paths open to them. They may form a party of their own (as in Belgium, Holland, Spain, Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland), distinct from Catholic Action and with no political dependence on the Episcopate. Or they may join the legally constituted parties of the Right, at the same time forming groups of their own, inspired by Christian aims, as in France. Or they may belong indifferently to all and any of the parties of the country, as in Great Britain and the United States. The last case is a singular one, because here Catholics are a minority and must avoid creating any political hostility towards the Catholic Church, none of the established parties are anti-religious in the Continental sense, and members of parties have the right to dissent publicly from their policies. What my experience has invariably shown me is that when, on the Continent, Catholics become members of purely political parties, they not only lose the sense of a moral and social apostolate possessed by parties of Christian inspiration, but they become too attached to the material and utilitarian aims of politics, failing to discern honest methods from those that may be described as questionable, and often finding themselves an ineffectual minority, overwhelmed by a majority at once too material-minded and . . . realistic. For Catholics

a party means not merely a political instrument, but an ideal and ethical content.

The December evening of 1918, when a group of forty friends, assembled at Rome in the Via dell'Umiltà (a name suited to a *pusillus grex*), decided on the foundation of the Popular Party remains unforgettable for all. It was midnight when we came away. On a spontaneous impulse, as we passed the neighbouring church of Santi Apostoli, we knocked at the door; it was the nocturnal adoration. The lay brother who opened was alarmed at the sight of so many people, but my soutane reassured him. In that hour of adoration I saw before me the tragedy of my life. I had asked nothing, sought nothing; I had remained an ordinary priest. In order to give myself up to Catholic Action in the social and administrative field I had resigned my chair of philosophy; now after twenty-five years so spent I was leaving Catholic Action to give myself up exclusively to politics; I saw the peril before me and I wept. In that hour I accepted my new post as head of the Popular Party with bitterness in my heart, but in a spirit of apostolate and sacrifice. Why not? A priest in politics was an exception, especially in Italy, but there were others in other countries. At that time Catholics were returning in a body to the public life of Italy after half a century of abstention in obedience to the papal *non expedit*; it was not unfitting that a priest should be with them. But it was not unfitting solely because the Popular Party, though unwilling to be called a Catholic party and with no political dependence on the Hierarchy, took its stand on Christian morality and the method of liberty.

A step further. Even parties of Christian inspiration, with noble aims and the pure purpose of serving their country, run the risk of forming a coterie and yielding to an egotistic *esprit de corps*—like every other human group, whether family, class, or professional body. Every time such an *esprit de corps* becomes a chain, it must be broken through; the interests of the country must come before those of any party.

Here is a difficulty. Up to what point are the interests of the party identical with those of the country, and up

to what point may the latter coincide with those of an opposing party? To apply the rule is more difficult than to formulate it. One of the accusations often made by the Liberal and Democratic adversaries of the Italian Popular Party was precisely that it put its interests or views before those of the country at large. Unhappily they, who had a majority in the Cabinet, two-fifths of the Chamber, and nine-tenths of the Senate, had the habit of identifying their ideals, views, and interests with those of the country, and we, on whose support they depended for their parliamentary majority, disturbed their rhythm by our ideas.

For three years the Popular deputies had to wage a stalwart and subtle battle in order to introduce a small measure of freedom of education for the benefit of Catholic schools by demanding State examinations. Three bills were arranged for with the governments of the day, one presented by Croce the philosopher (Liberal), a second by the scientist Corbino (Democrat), the third by Anile, a doctor and man of letters (*Popolare*). But in the Chamber the Democrats and Liberals allied themselves with the Socialists and treated the bills as the French deputies treated Proportional Representation last January, stifling them in the toils of parliamentary procedure. Before the threat of the *Popolari* to leave the Cabinet, they replied that the times were difficult (at one moment it was D'Annunzio's raid on Fiume, at another the Rapallo Treaty, at others Socialist strikes or Fascist assaults), and that our demand for equal opportunities for Catholic schools was a wasting of time on trifles.

Giolitti gave me a similar answer in a dramatic conversation, the last I had with him. It was at the time of the occupation of the factories in certain centres of Northern Italy. The Catholic workers of the Italian Confederation of Workers (known as the "whites") were for workers' co-partnership, while the Socialists demanded workers' control. Giolitti agreed with the latter to bring in a bill for workers' control, refusing to further the bill sponsored by the Christian trade unions. I asked him to agree that the two bills should both be introduced

by the Government and left to a free vote. He refused, and to my remarks replied with evident ill humour: "I know the interests of the country; you are considering those of your trade unions." I replied vigorously that the interests of the country did not mean putting industry under a political control and rejecting what would be a real advantage for the working classes, and I concluded: "Your policy is a capitulation to the Socialist Party."

The same charge was levelled against the *Popolari* when they made their collaboration in the Government conditional on a bill for the colonization of the Italian latifundia and the reform of agricultural contracts. After long and tiresome formalities the bill was passed by the Chamber; when Mussolini came into power it was before the Senate. He withdrew it, in *odium auctoris*. But if it had been passed it would have been possible to establish three hundred thousand peasants in Central and Southern Italy. The expenditure envisaged was a thousand million lire, to be spread over twenty years. Perhaps it would have been insufficient, but how many thousand millions will have to be spent on colonizing Abyssinia in order to establish there far fewer than three hundred thousand peasants?

Practical mistakes are always possible, whether one acts in the name of a party or in the name of the country. But whatever may be the views of the various parties, the moral estimation of an action or undertaking must be fundamental, and must precede any further judgement as to the advisability of accepting or rejecting a proposal, whether it be made in the name of the country or in that of a party. It is clear that when a party is seeking to prevail over others it may prejudice the common good, but it is also evident to those belonging to a party that the common good coincides with the conception they have formed of it through the ideas of their party. Therefore Catholics when they are not bound to parties other than those of Christian inspiration are better disposed to feel the impulse of morality and love of their neighbours, which will enable them, in so far as possible, to overcome party spirit and egotism.

I say "in so far as possible" because there are times when passions run so high that this possibility is reduced to a minimum. Take, for instance, the Dreyfus case. The majority of French Catholics were not able to rise above an egotistic *esprit de corps*, nor to remember the duty of justice and charity. The same may be said in respect of anti-semitism in every country. I believe that if German Catholics had adopted an attitude of frank defence of the Jews in the first moment of Nazi persecution in 1933, they would not only have done their duty as Christians, but would have formed an invaluable front of resistance. War, too, is a cause of blindness of spirit, when the limits of morality and immorality can no longer be discerned. This is one of the most serious phenomena, weighing upon the political life of all countries, and Catholics are only rarely and in minority immune from war psychosis.

I have no clear recollection of the attitude of Italian Catholics to the war in Africa in 1895-96. In general, they were hostile to Crispi, who was an anti-clerical, a Freemason, and a nationalist. I myself waged my first journalistic campaign by writing against Crispi, moved also by local causes; Crispi was the Liberal candidate for my Caltagirone. As far as I remember, the majority of Catholics were against what was then called the "African adventure", but I do not remember whether among their motives was the question of the just war. This question was raised in respect of the Lybian war of 1911, but the few of us who held that the war was not a just one found little response. The Catholic working classes were hostile to it simply because it was a war, apart from its intrinsic morality or immorality. Many of the middle classes on the other hand favoured it. The Bank of Rome, then in the hands of the Roman Clericals, had carried out a work of financial penetration in Lybia and had helped to prepare for the conquest. The Catholic *Corriere d'Italia* and *Corriere di Sicilia* fervently supported the Lybian campaign. Under these conditions, in view of my position as Mayor of Caltagirone, and holding other public offices, I thought best to adopt a prudent reserve.

Far graver for us Italian Catholics was the question of entry into war in 1914-15. I was then Secretary-General of Italian Catholic Action. The majority were for neutrality. They were not on the side of the Central Empires, for the war went beyond the spirit and letter of the treaty of the Triple Alliance, but neither were they against our allies. Moreover, it was thought just and moral to demand from Austria the cession of Trento, Gorizia, and Trieste, but "sacred egoism" did not seem a principle that could justify war. Only small groups of Catholics favoured war for the sake of helping Belgium and France as unjustly attacked. At the beginning of May 1915, the Central Board of Catholic Action thought well, in order to give a guiding line to Catholics in general, to publish an appeal which, prudent though it was, in substance favoured intervention on the side of the Entente. This aroused sharp hostility among many Catholics and a certain anxiety in the Vatican. I was attacked by the neutrality party because I admitted the principle of intervention (though on condition our army could be more adequately prepared for it), and by the intervention party because I would not have it based on the principle, to me unjust and immoral, of "sacred egoism".

In regard to this, perhaps I may be allowed the following personal reminiscence: I was on the Capitol when Salandra (I think it was on 6 May, 1915) read his famous speech on "sacred egoism". The crowd applauded, but I did not, and this was noticed. On my return to Caltagirone, students organized a pro-war demonstration which ended as a demonstration against myself. The Town Hall, where I was, was attacked, windows broken, lights put out, paving-stones torn up, with other acts of violence characteristic of student outbursts (*vide* the Latin Quarter of Paris). When I reproached the local chief of police for his inaction, he replied that he had done his duty "within the limits of instructions received"!

In 1919 came D'Annunzio's raid on Fiume. In spite of the sympathies of one or two Popular deputies and in a few Catholic literary centres, the party was hostile

to the adventure and supported Giolitti's government both in stipulating the Rapallo Treaty with Jugo-Slavia and in sending the fleet which, with a few shots, brought the provisional government to an end. The Nationalists were ferocious against us. The Popular Party was against the raid on Corfu, 1923. Unhappily, in a moment of incomprehension and national excitement, my friend Giuseppe Donati, editor of the *Popolo* (the party organ) wished to side with the Government on grounds of national honour. It was a transient phase, repaired a hundred times over when he led the campaign against the murder of Matteotti and denounced General de Bono to the Senate for complicity. He ended in exile, and today lies in a Paris cemetery.

It is melancholy to compare the present position of Italian Catholics with the freedom with which, whether organized in a party or no, from 1895 onwards they were able to play their part in creating public opinion in cases of actual or threatening war. No one living in Italy has dared or been able to write against Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia. No one has been able to question the morality and justice of it. The Pope's words have never been published in their entirety in any Italian paper (the *Osservatore Romano* is extra-territorial). No Catholic or ecclesiastic has been able to comment or recall the papal utterances, prudent as they were, by word or writing. And there is worse. All will remember how it was said that the Archbishop of Monreale in Sicily had handed over the church treasures to the Fascist authorities to help with the war. It was a lie, but it has never been possible to publish a refutation of it. I have before me a letter from a well-informed personage who vouches for this monstrous fact. And on the other hand, there are the Catholics who, like Professor Guido Manacorda, believe they can justify the war from a moral standpoint, to whom is given every facility for propaganda, as to ecclesiastics who grow lyrical over the advance of civilization, the abolition of slavery, and even Catholic evangelization, to justify so monstrous a war. But even to these much must be forgiven, when we realize that war creates a fearful

psychosis, which it is hard to resist alone without the help and solidarity of groups and parties, and the support of strong ideals and moral sentiments shared by currents of public opinion. All this is impossible in totalitarian regimes like that of Italian Fascism.

It is more difficult to excuse those who nourish such a war psychosis in time of peace, by inculcating feelings of hatred and vengeance between peoples or parties. Five or six years after peace had been concluded, I heard French boys from Catholic schools speak with an incredible hatred and contempt of the *Boches*. To one of them (it was in 1925) I said: "Be careful, my son; the *Boches* are our brothers and Christians like ourselves." He replied roughly, "Neither brothers, nor Christians." In France this detestable idea is becoming a theory. Max Hermant in his recent *Idoles Allemandes* (a book in many respects interesting and well written) leaves an impression that "Germanism" is a fundamental and almost deterministic character. If this were true, Christianity could never reach the souls of Germans, which is an absurdity. But is not this the opinion of General Castelnau, the acknowledged leader of French Catholics, expressed in an article in the *Echo de Paris* of 15 March of this year? "This impudent fanaticism", he wrote, "will not surprise those minds that have sounded the depths of the Germanic race; it has only superficially renounced its barbaric origins. Witikind's conversion to Christianity has not modified its deeper essence." Is it not arbitrary and unjust to attribute to all Germans the violation of the Locarno Treaty by Hitler (who is certainly no descendant of Witikind)? And is it not absurd to differentiate between the Christianity of the Germans and, let us say, that of the French, and to deny that the former can be true Christians?

What would General Castelnau say of the Italians? For Mussolini has violated several treaties, and, what is more, (what Hitler has not done yet), he has attacked an almost unarmed or ill-armed people. Are the Italians too only half converted to Christianity? No, in the case of the Italians, the barbarians are the Abyssinians,

"dirty" negroes, as the *Echo de Paris* calls them, an inferior race. Where they are concerned there is no harm in breaches of faith, in the bombing of Red Cross ambulance stations, the use of poison gas against civil populations, or in massacres, euphemistically termed battles, in which, according to the Italian bulletins, there may be one thousand dead and wounded on the one side, and fifteen or twenty thousand on the other.

This moral insensibility is not confined to a few. Has not the French Catholic Academician, M. Madelin, glorified the "avenging" of Adowa in the *Echo de Paris* at least three times? And be it noted that after the defeat of Adowa (1896) there was a treaty of peace. Since then there have been various treaties of amity and commerce between Italy and Abyssinia, the last that of 1928; the Emperor Haile Selassie was received in Rome by King Victor Emmanuel and Mussolini with sovereign honours and signs of great friendship. No one in Italy till last year thought or wished to avenge Adowa—an honourable defeat, in any case, in which a small force, hopelessly outnumbered, surrendered only after firing its last shot—any more than the French today want to avenge Waterloo. But, for M. Madelin and others, that old Italian defeat has become a matter of national honour, for the sake of which thousands of Ethiopians must be slain, like scapegoats offered in sacrifice to the spirits of the Italian soldiers who died in 1896. Is this Christian charity in political life? Are these feelings that should be spread among Catholics and by Catholics?

In conclusion: a Catholic in a regime of freedom cannot remain isolated and alienated from the life of the modern State, which has assumed many characteristics and cultural and moral functions that it once had not, and now controls almost all the forces of society. If the Catholic remains aloof, he assumes grave responsibilities before God and his neighbour, for too often this means abandoning the commonweal to those who do not recognize the laws of Christian morality. In uniting with non-Catholics, a Catholic, if he will not co-operate in evil, must not countenance either an anti-religious policy, or immoral methods or exclusively material ends.

Nor can he (in my modest opinion) associate himself with parties that seek to establish dictatorial forms of government and to suppress civil and political liberties, for thus he would co-operate in making the State the master of bodies and souls, persons and things, in the public and private domain, and in creating a permanent discrimination between the dominant party and those subject to it. Finally, it is essential that Catholics should always preserve their own moral personality and religious character, in order to withstand the egotistic tendencies of nation, party, class, trade, or professional group, and this not only in the name of religion, but also in the name of their social and political convictions.

LUIGI STURZO.

THE BLACKTHORN TREE

It is as if the snowflakes, blown aslant
From drifts on pointed hills, had been but caught
By the wild-wood fingers of the tree to enchant
Its bareness ; and settling there in clusters, wrought
And carved in white, the sap ran into them
And flake to living blossom turned. O fair
But wingless thing, with every twig and stem
Held poised for flight down winding ways, to where
The green fires burn, and all the glades ring loud
With joyous carolling ! In very deed,
Haply on May-Eve when, in shadowy crowd
The trees go waterward, by magic freed,
Like a dreaming bird that in his sleep takes flight,
Your loveliness would move across the night.

J. MACLEOD.

THE SOCIAL LIFE AND THEORIES OF ST. THOMAS MORE

THE study of English law is quite incompatible with true learning" (it is Erasmus speaking) "but those who succeed in it are held in the highest esteem by the English people". "Although", he continues, "the mind of Thomas More which was fitted for better things naturally dreaded legal studies, still albeit he gave much time to letters he became so skilled in law that no one of those who concentrated entirely on it had a better practice".

In the introduction to *Utopia* we are given a sketch of St. Thomas More's daily life during his busy years at the Bar. "Whiles I doo dayelie bestow my time aboute lawe matters : some to pleade, some to heare, some as an arbitratoure, with myne awarde to determine, some as an umpier or a Judge, with my sentence finally to discusse. Whiles I go one waye to see and visit my frende ; another way about myne owne privat affaires ; whiles I spend almost al the day abroad amonges others, and the residue at home among myne owne ; I leave to myself, I meane to my booke no time. For when I am come home, I muste commen with my wife, chatte with my children, and talk wyth my servauntes. All the whiche thinges I reckon and accompte amonge businesses, forasmuche as they muste of necessitie be done ; and done must they nedes be, onelesse a man wyll be straunger in his owne house. And in any wyse a man muste so fashyon and order hys conditions, and so appoint and dispose him selfe, that he be merie, jocunde, and pleasaunt amonge them, whom eyther nature hathe provided, or chaunce hath made, or he hym selfe hath chosen to be the felowes, and copanyons of hys life ; so that with to muche gentle behavioure and familiaritie, he do not marre them, and by to muche sufferance of his servauntes make them his maysters. Amonge these thynges now rehearsed, stealeth awaye the daye, the moneth, the yeare. When do I write then ? And all this while have I spoken no worde of slepe, neyther yet of meate, which emong a great

number doth wast no lesse tyme than doeth slepe, wherein almoste halfe the life tyme of man crepeth awaye. I therefore do wyne and get onely that tyme whiche I steale from slepe and meate. Whiche tyme because it is very litle, and yet somewhat it is, therefore have I at the laste finished Utopia, and have sent it to you, frende Peter, to reade and peruse."

In a well-known letter of Erasmus we have a glimpse of the family life at Chelsea :

More has built near London upon the Thames, a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives, surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son, and his son's wife, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a girl of fifteen. Such is the excellence of his disposition that, whatever happeneth could not be helped, he is as cheerful and well-pleased as though the best thing possible had been done. In More's house you would say that Plato's academy was revived again, only, whereas in the academy the discussion turned upon geometry and the power of numbers, the home at Chelsea is a veritable school or university of Christian learning. In it none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care piety. There is never seen any idle ; the head of the house governs it, not by lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and lovable manners . . . nor is mirth wanting as a savour therewithal.

The lines on which St. Thomas desired his children to be educated are laid down in a letter he wrote to their Tutor, one William Gunnett :

"I have often begged not you only but all my friends, to warn my children to avoid the precipices of pride and haughtiness and to walk in the pleasant meadows of modesty ; not to be dazzled at the sight of gold ; not to lament that they do not possess what they erroneously admire in others, not to think more of themselves for gaudy trappings nor less for the want of them ; neither to deform the beauty that nature has given them by neglect ; nor to try to heighten it by artifice ; to put virtue in the first place, learning in the second, and in their studies to esteem the most whatever may teach them

piety towards God, charity to all and Christian humility in themselves.

"Nor do I think that the harvest will be much affected whether it is a man or woman who sows the field. They both have the same human nature which reason differentiates from that of the beasts; both therefore are equally suited for those studies by which reason is cultivated and becomes fruitful like ploughed land on which the seed of good lessons has been sown. If it be true that the soil of a woman's brain be bad and more apt to bear bracken than corn, by which saying many keep women from study, I think on the contrary that a woman's wit is on that account all the more diligently to be cultivated, that nature's defect may be redressed by industry. They will thus learn what end they should propose to themselves in their studies and what is the fruit of their endeavour namely the witness of God and a good conscience.

"I do desire that you, my dear Gunnell, would sing this song to them, and repeat it and beat it into their heads, that vain glory is a detestable thing, and that there is nothing more sublime than the humble modesty so often praised by Christ; and this your prudent charity will so enforce as to teach virtue rather than to reprove vice, and make them love good advice instead of hating it.

"And thus you will bring about that my children, who are dear to me by nature, and still more dear to me by learning and virtue, will become most dear by their advance in knowledge and good conduct. Adieu."
—*From the Court on the Vigil of Pentecost.*

These letters of More and Erasmus show forth the ideas that guided the thought of life of St. Thomas More in relation to the family and the education of children and the equality of the sexes, in work and learning. Those ideas reappear in *Utopia*, which for all its debt to Plato differs from his ideal Commonwealth precisely in the position that is given to the family. "Whereas Plato with his stringent measures sacrifices family life to what he believes to be the welfare of the State; More with the same end in view fosters an intimate family life for

the benefit of the Commonwealth." Indeed the description of family life in Utopia has more than a remote resemblance to the picture that is drawn by Erasmus of the household of Chelsea. "First the city consisted of families. The families most commonly be made of kinredes, their women when they be married at a lawful age go into their husbands houses. But the male children and all their male offspring continue still in their own family and be governed of the eldest and auncientiest father unless he dote for age, for then the next to him in age is placed in his room." None of the cities had more than six thousand families and no family could have less than ten or more than sixteen persons, the natural differences in number being adjusted by the transfer of children from one family to another. Obedience was the bond of peace. "Wives serve their husbands, children their parents and always the younger serve the older."

It is true that the marriage tie might be dissolved in Utopia for adultery or "the intolerable wayward morals of either party"; though it is to be observed that parties guilty of a breach of the marriage obligation were punished "with most grievous bondage". Utopia, then, is not conceived as a Christian State. It is the land of natural reason without the illumination of faith. It is founded on the four cardinal virtues, wisdom, fortitude, temperance and justice. In the introductory letter we are told that the perfect Commonwealth must unite wisdom in the ruler, fortitude in the soldiers, temperance in private individuals, and justice in all. These same virtues are the foundation of the Commonwealth of Plato as outlined in the *Republic* and the *Laws*. In the Christian State they were perfected by the three theological virtues of faith, hope and charity; but Utopia, as we have seen, was not conceived as a Christian State.

It is a non-Christian State founded on reason and nature, unperfected by faith and grace. Erasmus tells us that the object of More in writing *Utopia* was to show whence spring the evils of society, with special reference to the English State with which he was most familiar. "The underlying thought always is; with

nothing save reason to guide them the Utopians have reached this measure of perfection ; and yet we Christian English, we Christian Europeans . . .”*

It is none the less of supreme importance to observe that the Commonwealth of Utopia is founded not only on reason but also on religion. In his *Treatise on the Passion*, which was written while he was in the Tower awaiting death, More cites a passage from Nicholas Lyra, which says that though a much fuller faith is demanded from a Christian it suffices for a heathen to believe “that God is, and He is the reward of those who seek Him”. These are, he says, two points such as every man may attain by natural reason, “holpen forth with such grace as God keepeth from no man”. The citizens of Utopia (or the most and wisest part of them) believed in the existence of “a certain godly power, unknown, incomprehensible, immutable, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man’s wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all”. King Utopus, though he was convinced that there was one religion alone which was true and all others superstitious and vain, yet did he well foresee “that the truth of its own power would at last issue out and come to light”. And so he gave to every man free liberty and choice to believe what he would, “saving only that he earnestly and straitly charged them that no man should conceive *so vile and base an opinion of the dignity of man’s nature*, as to think that souls die and perish with the body ; or that the world runneth at all adventures governed by no divine providence”.

The citizens of Utopia were thus under obligation to believe in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul. “Him that is of a contrary opinion they count not in the number of *men* but as one that hath debased the high nature of his soul to the vileness of brute beast bodies ; much less in the number of their *citizens*, whose laws and ordinances if it were not for fear he would no wise esteem. Wherefore (we are told) he that is thus minded, is deprived of all honours, excluded from all offices, and removed from all administration of the

* See *Thomas More*, by Professor R. W. Chambers, p. 128.

Common-weal. And thus he is of all sorts despised as being necessarily of a base and vile nature."

In thus insisting on the ability of man by the light of natural reason to reach a valid conclusion as to the existence of God, and in making this belief a condition of citizenship in his ideal Commonwealth, More anticipated in a way the decree of the Vatican Council in 1870 which declares: "If any man shall say that the existence of the One and True God Our Creator and Lord may not be certainly known by the light of natural reason, acting on the evidence of created things, let him be anathema."

In his strong affirmation of the worth of natural reason, which he says, against Luther, is "servant to faith, not enemy", St. Thomas More was reiterating one of the leading principles of the philosophy of Aquinas: Faith is the perfection of reason, and Grace is the perfection of nature. He was also, I think, following the tradition of the English Common Law, of which we know he was a master. In all the books and articles that have been written about More, there appears to be a singular and uniform failure to attach any value to his life and training in the law and to his knowledge of legal science. Truly considered, law is the greatest of the social sciences, and rightly administered law, that is to say justice, is the greatest of the social services; "the strongest and the surest bond of the Commonwealth" as we read in *Utopia*.* Now More, as a practising lawyer and a reader of law at the Inns of Court, must have been familiar with the text-books and records of the English law, and with the philosophy they embody. He would know the year-books and the great texts of Glanvill and Bracton and Fortescue. He was familiar with the concepts of freedom and of order with which these men (and their masters in philosophy and theology) had given life and energy to the Common Law and had given shape to the Constitution which is part of the Common Law.

And here it is proper to observe that at the end of the Anglo-Saxon period of English history, that is at the

* Cf. the Master of the English Common Law: Henry of Bracton—"Ad hoc autem creatus est rex et electus ut justitiam facit universis. . . . Non est enim Rex ubi dominatur voluntas et non lex."

time of the Norman Conquest, the mass of the English people were slaves or serfs or villeins or otherwise of unfree condition. "The cotter the gebur the plowman the cow-herd the shepherd the goat-herd [we are told] were most times serfs attached to the soil and sold with the soil. They were [it is said] the most valuable part of the stock of a farm and their pedigrees were carefully preserved." Upon that state of things came the creative energy of the Common Law. "Every man is by nature free. *Libertas* [says Bracton] *est naturalis facultas ejus quod cuique facere libet nisi quod vi aut jure prohibetur.*"*

The whole theory and operation of the Common Law with its concept of freedom not as a political privilege but as a natural faculty proper to man as man ran thus towards the establishment of society on the basis of free citizenship. "The time has come", says Maitland, writing of the legal Renaissance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, "when men of one sort, free and lawful men, can be treated as men of the common, the ordinary, we may perhaps say the normal sort, while men of all other sorts enjoy privileges or are subject to disabilities which can be called exceptional". In Utopia as in medieval England, in contrast with the classical civilization of Greece and Rome, the ordinary, the natural man, is a free citizen. Only those who have been convicted of heinous offences are reduced, by way of punishment, to the state of bondage.

Again, in England and in Utopia, the free and lawful man is, in the theory of the law, innocent of crime, honest in his dealings, efficient in his work; a worthy fellow, living in a relation of friendship with his fellow men.†

* The passage proceeds: "Sed secundum hoc videtur quod servi sunt liberi nam et ipsi liberam facultatem habent nisi vi aut jure prohibeantur . . . licet enim servi secundum efficientiam liberi tamen quoad jus gentium servi sunt, quoad jus vero naturale liberi. Et in hac parte jus civile vel gentium detrahit juri naturali." The sentence given in the text is taken from the Roman jurist Florentinus.

† "De quolibet homine presumitur quod sit bonus homo donec probatur in contrarium": so Bracton.

In the manifesto of Jack Cade (1450) we read: "Item we wyll that all men knowe we blame not all the lordys, ne all tho that is about ye kyngs person ne all jentyllman ne yomen ne all men of lawe, ne all bysshopes, ne all prestys, but all such as may be fownde gylty by just and trew enquiry and by the law."

He corresponds with Aquinas' conception of the natural man as stated in the *Contra Gentiles*: "it is natural to man to love his like; so that every man is in a sense to every man a familiar and a friend". As with men, so with nations. Says the writer of *Utopia*: "Touching Leagues which in other places between country and country be so oft concluded, broken and renewed, they [the Utopians] never make none with any nation. . . . What purpose do they serve? they ask. As though nature had not set sufficient love between man and man. And who so regardeth not nature, think you he will abide in words?" And again: "No man ought to be counted an enemy who hath done no injury.. *The fellowship of nature is a strong league*; and men be better and more surely knit together by friendship and benevolence than by leagues and covenants, by hearty affection of mind than by words".

Like Aquinas, More is thus, in the language of Professor Elliot Smith, "a champion of the good character of natural man". "Deus, qui humane substantie dignitatem mirabiliter condidisti . . ."

The Catholic emphasis on the dignity of our rational nature and of our human personality* leads directly to the affirmation of the principle of private property. The argument is put by Pope Leo XIII in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. "Every man has by nature the right to possess property as his own. This is one of the chief points of distinction between man and the animal creation, for the brute has no power of self-direction, but is governed by two main instincts which keep his powers on the alert, impel him to develop them in a fitting manner, and stimulate and determine him to action without any power of choice. . . . With man it is wholly different. It is the mind or reason which is the predominant element in us who are human creatures. It is this which renders a human being human and distinguishes him essentially from the brute. And on this very account—that man alone among the animal creation is endowed with reason—it must be within his right to possess things not merely for temporary and

* Persona : id quod perfectissimum est in tota natura.

momentary use, as other living things do, but to have and to hold them in stable and permanent possession; he must have not only things that perish in the use but those also which, though they have been reduced into use, continue for further use in course of time." The most profound reason for allowing the institution of property is thus directly drawn from the rational nature of human personality* and from the personal character of work. To deny to man the right to own is ultimately to deny personal liberty and the rational basis of personality.

St. Thomas More has often been said to have been a Communist. In the sense in which it is intended, nothing could be farther from the truth. In the action of his life, for himself and for the members of his family, he affirmed the principle of private property. In his essay on "The Four Last Things", the grimmest of his writings, he says, "It is not a sin to have riches, but to love riches". In the epitaph he wrote for his own tomb, he says that he was "to thieves and murderers grievous". In *Utopia*, moreover, he puts in his own name the argument against Communism which is defended by Hythlodaye. And it is an invariable rule of interpretation of his writings, that the opinions he advances in his own name are always his own opinions.

Again, the arguments he uses in favour of private property are in substance the arguments that are used by St. Thomas Aquinas in the *Summa Theologica* and by Pope Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum*. It may be of interest to set the arguments in historical order:

AQUINAS: Property is necessary to man for three reasons. *First*, because every man is more careful to procure what is for himself alone than that which is common to many or to all; since each one would shirk the labour and leave to another that which concerns the community, as happens where there is a great number of servants. *Secondly*, because human affairs are conducted in more orderly fashion if each man is charged with

* Cp. *Summa. Theol.*, 2a. 2ae., Q. 66, Art. 1: "Sic habet homo naturale dominium exteriorum rerum quia per rationem et voluntatem potest uti rebus exterioribus ad suam utilitatem quasi propter se factis."

taking care of some particular thing himself, whereas there would be confusion if everyone had to look after any one thing indeterminately. *Thirdly*, because a more peaceful state is ensured to man if each one is contented with his own. Hence it is to be observed that quarrels arise more frequently where there is no division of the things possessed.

MORE: I am of a contrary opinion (quod I) for me thinketh that men shal never there live wealthelye, where all thinges be commen. For howe can there be abundance of gooddes or of any thing, where every man withdraweth his hande from labour? Whome the reward of his owne gaines driveth not to worke, but the hope that he hath in other mens travayles maketh him slowthfull. Then when they be pricked with povertye, and yet no man can by any lawe or right defend that for his owne, which he hath gotten with the labour of his owne handes, shall not there of necessity be continual sedition and bloodshed? Specially the authority and reverence of magistrates being taken away, which, what place it may have, with such men among whom there is no difference I cannot devise.

LEO XIII: Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which belongs to them, nay, they learn to love the very soil that yields in response to the labours of their hands not only food to eat, but an abundance of good things for themselves and those that are dear to them. . . . The practice of all the ages has consecrated the principle of private ownership as being pre-eminently in conformity with human nature and as conducing in the most unmistakable manner to the peace and tranquillity of human existence. . . . Socialism would throw open the door to envy, to mutual invective, and to discord; the sources of wealth themselves would run dry, for no one would have any interest in exerting his talents or his industry; and the ideal equality about which they entertain pleasant dreams would be in reality the levelling down of all to a like condition of misery and degradation.

In the Social Philosophy of St. Thomas More, the State or Commonwealth is thus conceived as an aggre-

gation of families, consisting of men and women conscious of the dignity (and of the demand) of their human personality, obliged by virtue of their rational nature to pursue Truth and Justice and to worship God, and entitled, as part of their prerogative as reasonable beings, to possess things of their own and to maintain a position of economic independence within the State. The ideal is thus a wide diffusion of property in the hands of free citizens in a self-governing community.

According to the author of *Utopia* it is not good for individual citizens or for the Commonwealth that goods or property should be allowed to accumulate in the hands of a few rich men, "whom no need forceth to sell before they lust and they lust not before they may sell as dear as they lust". "Suffer not these rich men to buy up all, to ingrosse and to forestall and with their monopoly to keep the market alone as please them. Let not so many be brought up in idleness, let husbandry and tillage be restored, let cloth working be renewed that there may be honest labour for the idle sort to pass their time profitably which hitherto either poverty hath caused to be thieves or else now be either vagabonds or idle and shortly will be thieves."

Hateful to More is the worship of the rich: "They much more marvel at and detest the madness of them which to those rich men, in whose debt and danger they be not, do give almost divine honours for none other consideration but because they be rich".

And most hateful is the State or Commonwealth in which under the cloak of constitutional forms the rich are allowed effectively to rule: "Therefore when I consider and weigh in my mind all these Commonwealths which nowadays anywhere do flourish, so God help me, I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the Commonwealth. They invent and devise all means and crafts, first to keep safely, without fear of lessening that which they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labour of the poor for as little money as maybe. These devices when the rich men have decreed to be kept and

observed under colour of the Commonalty, that is to say, also of the poor people, then they be made laws".

These lines again are reminiscent of a famous passage in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*: "It has come to pass that working-men have been surrendered, isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers, and the greed of unchecked competition. . . . To this must be added that the hiring of labour and the conduct of trade are concentrated in the hands of comparatively few; so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke that is little better than slavery".

It is not difficult, then, to understand the popular judgement of More which is reflected in the Elizabethan play of which Shakespeare was at any rate joint author: he was "the best friend the poor e'er had". It is easy also to understand the interest that the officials of the Marx Engels Museum at Moscow have in the writings of Thomas More, and the pains they took some years ago to obtain copies of some of his rare works that were reprinted in a little periodical by the Reparatrice nuns at Chelsea: which caused Professor R. W. Chambers to burst into poetry:

When the Bolsh has blown the bourgeois up with gunnery
And stained his hands in Capitalist gore
He pines for correspondence with a nunnery
On the merits of the Blessed Thomas More.

In the opinion of St. Thomas More, then, laws must not be framed or administered in the interests of one class, be it Capitalist or Proletarian, but in the interests of the common good. He has no patience with the argument "that the King's Government, though it would, can do nothing unjustly: on the principle forsooth that all that men have, yea also the men themselves, be the King's. And that every man hath so much of his own as the King's gentleness hath not taken from him. And that it shall be most for the State advantage that the subjects have very little or nothing in their possession, as whose safeguard doth herein consist that the people do not wax wanton and wealthy through

riches and liberty because where these things be, there men be not wont patiently to obey hard unjust and unlawful commandments ; while on the other hand need and poverty do hold down and keep under stout courage and make men patient perforce, taking from them bold and rebelling stomachs”.

“Here again”, says More, “I should rise up and boldly affirm that all these counsels be to the King dishonour and reproach, for his honour and safety are maintained and upheld more by the wealth and riches of his people than by his own treasures : I should declare that the Commonalty choose the King for their own sake and not for his sake ; to the intent that through his labour and study they might all live wealthily, safe from wrong and injury ; and that therefore the King ought to take more care for the welfare of the people than for his own welfare, even as the office and duty of a shepherd is, as shepherd, to feed his sheep rather than himself”. It is thus the duty of a King (and the King’s Government) so to behave that he (or they) shall be feared by evil men and loved by good men. Conversely it is the duty of good citizens (and a duty that St. Thomas More practised in life) to co-operate with the King and his Ministers even if there be little hope that good may come of it.

“If evil opinions and intentions cannot be utterly and quite plucked out of their hearts, if you cannot even as you would remedy vices which use and custom hath confirmed : yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the Commonwealth ; you must not abandon the ship in a tempest because you cannot rule the winds and the sea. No, nor must you not labour to drive into their heads new and strange ideas which you know well will not be acceptable to men of clean contrary opinions. But you must with crafty wile and subtle thought study and endeavour yourself as much as in you lieth to handle the matter wittily and handsomely, and that which you cannot turn to good, so to order it that it be not very bad. For it is not possible for all things to be well unless all men be good. Which I think will not be for a good many years yet.”

From these and other passages it is manifest that in

his political, as in his social, philosophy More was always not only a good Englishman but also a good European, that he belonged to the tradition of Christian Europe as well as to the tradition of English Common Law. *Utopia* is in truth a conservative work; it is a protest alike against the New Statesmanship of Machiavellian princes and the New Economics of the Enclosures. The essence of Henry's revolution was to sweep aside one of the two sets of rulers, ecclesiastical and civil, who in theory had governed Christendom. One medieval ideal had been that the temporal and spiritual Powers should guide and check each other. And this system of dual control seemed so much a matter of course that although the Utopians were heathens they reflect the medieval theory of two parallel authorities, civil magistrates and priests; though of the priests we are told that "they were men of exceeding holiness and therefore very few". Henry's revolution left the King supreme. The day came when he was empowered by statute to define *ex Cathedra* from the English throne the religious truths that every Englishman must believe on pain of death. It was natural for a reformer like Tyndale to write: "The King is, in this world, without law; and may at his lust do right or wrong and shall give account but to God only". It was equally natural that Henry should say of Tyndale's book, "This book is for me and all Kings to read", and it was equally natural that an English lawyer and the author of *Utopia* should disapprove Tyndale and his book, seeing that the dual authority, ecclesiastical and civil, and the limitations of the Royal Power were part of the fundamental constitution of Utopia—and of England. "The King", said Bracton in the thirteenth century, "is under God and the law."

"The Common Law", men said, "is the highest inheritance of the King by which he and all his subjects shall be ruled."

"England", said Sir John Fortescue in the fifteenth century (expressly adopting the distinction that is made by St. Thomas Aquinas in the *de Regimine Principum* and elsewhere), "England is a constitutional and not an absolute monarchy: *regimen politicum sed non regimen*

regale." "The King of England cannot alter the laws without the consent of his subjects nor burden them with new impositions against their will." At his trial, St. Thomas More carried the matter a step further and, in support of his argument that an English Act conferring on an English King supremacy in matters ecclesiastical was invalid, stated (*inter alia*) that "This Realm being but one member and small part of the Church might not make a particular law disagreeable with the general law of Christ's Universal Catholic Church, no more than the City of London being but one poor member in respect of the whole Realm might make a law against an Act of Parliament binding the whole Realm".

In truth, as Professor Chambers says in his admirable work on Thomas More,* from *Utopia* to the scaffold More stands "for the common cause as against the private commodity of any single man or any single kingdom". He will not accept the New Statesmanship which regards the nations as wholly independent, "Gladiators in the European Arena", and which enabled one nation to look with complacency and almost with satisfaction at the prospect of another being destroyed by the Turkish enemy. "Christendom", said More in a famous sentence, "Christendom is one Corps, one body."

For More, as time goes on, peace becomes the passion of his life: peace between princes and peace in the Church, without which Europe could expect nothing but generations of warfare. In a memorable conversation with his son-in-law at Chelsea, he said to Roper: "Now would to our Lord, son Roper, upon condition that certain things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack and here presently cast into the Thames."

"What great things be those, sir, that should move you so to wish?"

"In faith, son, they be these: first is that where the most part of Christian Princes be at mortal war, they were all at a universal peace. And the second that where

* In this article I have drawn freely from Professor Chambers' work and make full and due acknowledgement.

the Church of Christ is at this present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were settled in a perfect uniformity of religion."

Of the Reformation he had said in another place, anticipating the wars of religion and the thirty years' war: "After that it were once come to that point and the world once ruffled and fallen in a wildness, how long would it be and what heaps of heavy mischief would there fall ere the way were founded to set the world in order and peace again."

As it chanced, in the year in which More resigned his office of Chancellor, there ascended the chair of moral theology in the University of Salamanca one Franciscus de Vittoria who was, on the Catholic basis of the dignity of human nature and of the friendship and the fellowship of Everyman with Everyman, to lay the first foundations of a true system of international law. Some four hundred years later in the year 1934 there was published at the Oxford University Press, under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and edited by Professor James Brown Scott, President of the American Institute of International Law, a volume entitled *The Spanish Origin of International Law*, which had for its thesis "that there was a Spanish school of International Law in the sixteenth century, within forty years after the discovery of America; that the founder of this school was Franciscus de Vittoria, prima Professor of theology in the University of Salamanca; that his two *Relectiones*, *De Indis* and *De Jure Belli*, set forth his law of nations, which was to become international law not merely of Christendom but of the world at large."

This book [says Professor James Brown Scott] presents a not unworthy thesis. It attributes to the discovery of America the expansion of international law until it has become a universal rule of conduct. It proclaims an international community composed of all the nations, the vast majority being the small powers whose defence is righteousness, justice, and the moral standard. It gives to the great expounders of the modern law of nations, who have been silent for centuries, a voice and a control in the development of the science which they founded. Vittoria could analyse the conditions of his day, feeling the necessity for the

community larger than Christendom, and foreseeing the international community of the future. His assertion that the righting of the wrong of a particular State should not be done if it involved a greater injury to the community at large, was the view of a statesman as well as a theologian. And his conception of the community of nations, co-extensive with humanity and existing as a result of the mere co-existence of States, without a Treaty or convention, is the hope of the future.

There was, as we know, an English master of legal and political science who before Vittoria (to whom he was indeed united in faith and charity) had developed in the *Utopia* the conception of a community of nations "co-extensive with humanity and existing as a result of the mere co-existence of States, without Treaty or Convention", which Professor James Brown Scott tells us is "the hope of the future". "*The fellowship of nature is a strong league* and men can be better and more surely knit together by friendship and benevolence than by Leagues and Covenants, by hearty affection of minds than by words."

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN.

CATHOLICS AND USURY

AS a Catholic I believe that there is such a thing as a right ordering of society. I must believe that Man is a social being because his Creator has willed him to be such, that since his social character is divinely instituted, there are certain broad principles governing his association with his fellows. To contravene these, I must necessarily believe, is to make a wide diffusion of that moderate share of happiness impossible, for which even in this world men may reasonably hope. It seems now to be generally accepted that to explore those principles is for the faithful, if not a duty, then at least a laudable and improving exercise. It is certainly one which, at the present moment, is occupying a great deal of our energy. In these circumstances it is surprising to see so many Catholic propagandists, writing implicitly or explicitly as Catholics, concern themselves so much with mere secondary phenomena and problems of social mechanics, and so little with the basic deviations from right principle which afflict the present order. Thus one group laments the decay of small property, another is all for currency reform, and both complain very eloquently, and, as I believe, with justice, that we are hopelessly in the toils of money-lenders. How rarely do any of these, even when they name tolerated usury as the root cause of the evils they assail, press before all else for an uncompromising return in this matter of usury to declared Christian morals!

It is characteristic of much vigorous and readable contemporary writing on social questions that there is excessive concentration on the sinner and too little on the sin. Attacks, vehement and reiterated, are delivered on nebulous beings of uncertain identity (the "international financier", the "wicked banker", etc.) who, in so far as they exist at all, are merely carrying principles tacitly approved by the great mass of Englishmen, including English Catholics, to their logical and inevitably disastrous conclusion. Would it not be salutary to bring those principles under closer scrutiny and see whether they are, or are not, in conformity with the voice of

Peter ? There is ground for wonder (I speak, I hope, with due humility) at a noticeable lack of instruction on this subject of usury displayed by Catholics often well versed in other branches of the social teaching of the Church. Even where there is no such lack, the matter is treated academically and with a detachment from the gigantic realities of the day, that causes the most pressing of questions neither to be answered nor asked.

Usury is the taking of a profit on the loan and by reason of the loan of a fungible* thing. What we generally mean, however, when we speak of usury is the loan of money† for profit or, as it is called, interest. As almost every individual in the modern civilized world in some degree carries on his life by means of money lent for profit, and as huge industries exist in our midst whose business is such profitable lending, the question of usury is surely today one which concerns us both as individuals and as citizens in a very special manner indeed.

In the remarks that follow I am developing no new or individual theory, but simply calling attention to the declared and consistent doctrine of the Church, which finds its most recent expression in Canon 1543. This reads as follows :

If a fungible thing is given to someone in such a way that it becomes his, and that later something of the same kind and amount is to be returned, no profit can be taken on the ground of this contract, but in lending a fungible thing it is not in itself illicit to contract for the payment of profit allowed by law unless it is clear that this is excessive, or even for higher profit if a just and adequate title‡ be present.

* A fungible thing is one which cannot fulfil its intended purpose without perishing or being consumed or dissipated, e.g. a loaf of bread or a sum of money.

† I have assumed in these notes that the reader is acquainted with the radical and elementary distinction between the lending of money and the application of that money to the purchase of shares in a limited company or other productive enterprise. Such shares are of their nature irredeemable and the purchase of them can therefore in no way be accounted as a loan.

‡ Three such titles have been laid down—*Dammum emergens*, *Lucrum cessans*, and *Periculum sortis*. They are, as moralists are agreed, compensatory titles pure and simple. Money taken on the ground of these titles is not profit but compensation.

Now what does the first part of that Canon mean as applied to money? It means that the lender must not accept a profit as a reward for his service in lending the money. If he does so he is accepting it "on the ground of the contract", which is forbidden. This prohibition is in harmony not only with the traditional teaching of the Church, but with the moral sense of the greater part of civilized mankind throughout the ages. The ground for this ruling cannot be better stated than in the argument of the scholastics, according to which money, being of its nature sterile, cannot lawfully be expected to breed. Money, in other words, can only be made to yield a profit when exchanged for some productive instrument, and, this being so, no reward can in justice be claimed by the lender of money without some regard to the general conditions under which productive instruments operate.

Now all natural increase, and all increase caused by the intermingling of man's labour with that of nature has this character; that it is unpredictable and uncertain.*

To set up against it, therefore, a fixed and absolute right of increase on the part of the lender of money, and to allow him on the basis of this fictitious right seriously to diminish, as in the long run he is bound to diminish, the substance of his neighbour—this is contrary to justice. It is this form of over-reaching which, though it may inflict a hurt that is momentarily slight, tends nevertheless to destroy the well-being of any society: that is the essence of the sin of usury.

So much for the principle, which is universal and absolute. The Canon, however, recognizes two grounds on which interest may lawfully be claimed. I propose as a matter of convenience to deal with them in the reverse order to that in which they are laid down.

There come first, then, the so-called extrinsic titles which are compensatory titles pure and simple, and since they have this nature it is obvious that a man

* The reason why the instinct against usury has deep roots in the moral sense of mankind is, I believe, almost a metaphysical one. For usury may to some extent be looked upon as a form of idolatry, in so far as it sets up and claims respect for a man made an inert and lifeless thing at the expense of the living principles with which the Creator has endowed the natural order.

cannot make a trade or living out of them. The ground on which they arise is that the lender, having been impelled by some other person to render a service, should as far as possible not be a loser through that service. It is from that impulsion by another person to render that person a service, that the title to compensation arises. Such titles can then only arise where the loan has been made from some other motive than personal gain, i.e. where the motive has in the main been made with the intention of benefiting the borrower. The lender may then, and only then, claim a rate of profit which he had reasonable presumption of receiving, had the money remained in his possession.* There can, of course, be no certainty in such a matter, but the borrower, having rendered a service, is entitled to the benefit of any doubt. Since profitable money-lending is not carried on on the strength of these titles, they need not concern us further.

Finally we come to the right to a moderate rate of legal or customary interest. Here it is very important to grasp that such right does not arise out of the act of lending, but out of the prevailing law or custom of the land. Such law or custom can then in certain circumstances be made the occasion of gain, even in the absence of any other titles. It is self-evident that it cannot be made gravely to over-ride any fundamental principle of justice or charity. The actual wording of the Canon in this matter is worth noting. It says that it is "not unlawful" (*non illicitum est*) to accept such interest. There is no affirmation that a law or custom of moderate interest is in itself an expression of natural justice. It is from a failure to realize this that much error has arisen, *the purely permissive attitude of the Church being tacitly interpreted as the recognition of an absolute and inherent right in the lender of money to a certain fixed reward*. No such right exists.

Since this permission to accept legal interest has been the source of much misconception, we may usefully inquire

* Interest may also be charged as a compensation for risk. If, however, a man makes a fortune out of such compensation, it has obviously ceased to be compensation and becomes profit. As, moreover, the professional money-lender nearly always takes security, the question hardly arises.

in what manner it first was granted. In the year 1830 the Bishop of Rhedan asked for a ruling on two points from the Sacred Office and the Sacred Penitentiary respectively.

- (1) The permissibility of taking a moderate profit on loans to merchants.
- (2) The permissibility of accepting legal interest on loans in the absence of any other title.

On both points he was answered to the effect that consciences were not to be disquieted. In the answer to the second point it was stated that they were not to be disquieted "pending a further ruling on the matter", which clearly showed that an element of doubt was present. The permission granted to take a moderate profit on loans made to merchants was clearly given on the very simple ground of the presumption of profit* on the part of the borrower. Thus a penitent might say, "I have lent a hundred pounds to a young fellow who is setting up in business and promises to do pretty well for himself, and I am asking for five per cent or such-and-such a portion of his profits. Am I a usurer?" To this the confessor might surely in equity answer, "No." It is, however, axiomatic that such permission, like any other, would be conditioned by justice and charity, and circumstances might well arise (say, where the borrower had no profit or even a loss) where the demand for interest would be onerous and harsh. Under these conditions the lender could clearly no longer in conscience demand it.

It must not, moreover, be forgotten that decisions of the Sacred Office do not purport to enunciate permanent principles. They are *ad hoc* replies to inquiries

* Apologists of the banks sometimes put forward the presumption of profit on the borrower's part as the moral title to the profit which the bank makes out of him. It is interesting to note in this connexion that of the loans made in 1935 by Barclays' Bank 35.7 per cent were made to "professional and private individuals" (an average of £448 to 123,764 persons), whereas loans to all the productive industries together amounted to no more than 24.8 per cent of the total. Even in these latter loans, of course, there is no reason to suppose that a Bank concerns itself about the question whether the borrowers are actually making a profit before it very profitably lends them the money, or indeed that it gives thought to any consideration but that of security.

relating to specific groups of cases. It is therefore worth noting that there is no special permission given in the Canon to take interest on these loans to merchants. One is thus tempted to conclude that the Holy See thought that the taking of interest on such loans to merchants merely because they were merchants, i.e. on the ground of presumptive profit, was liable to become a proximate occasion of sin, and for this reason did not give it formal permissive approval.

In the second case to which the Bishop's inquiry refers, we can imagine a penitent saying, "I lent a man fifty pounds on security. If I had not lent him the money, I would have kept it on current account at my bank, so I have had no loss of profit. He has not made anything out of the loan and is in rather low water. All the same, times are hard and I have my family to think of, so I have asked him for the usual five per cent." Now that is perhaps sailing close to the wind, and the Sacred Office clearly thought so too, or it would have been more definite in its reply. But even the sanction accorded does not mean that the penitent could exact legal interest on any loan in any circumstances, that he could trade in the lending of money and pile up a fortune by ruining his neighbour.

I would further call attention to the actual phrasing of the propositions in this inquiry. The phrase used throughout is *pecunia mutuo data*, or "money given by way of loan". The question appears never to be asked whether it is permissible to lend money out for profit (an expression the full force of which could well be conveyed in the Latin tongue), but whether it is permissible to accept a profit from money "given" by way of loan. The force of the Latin verb *dare* is not to be ignored. Surely it is possible to deduce from this that the sort of case that gave rise to this whole discussion was such a one as is described above, namely where a man has "given money" by way of loan because he has been asked to give such money and in the main from a desire to serve his neighbour. He now wants to know whether he may lawfully accept a profit from this transaction.

I am not suggesting that the ruling of the Sacred Office applied exclusively to such cases, but I submit that the problem was in the main raised through the scruples of persons who do not habitually and professionally lend money. They are exceptional cases, and probably, in the main, the only sort of cases concerning profit from loaned money which the confessor has to decide. Professional money-lenders, the men controlling great financial organizations, a financier about to make an issue of copper-bottomed debentures with a six-to-one chance of robbing every penny from the ordinary shareholders—these are not the sort of people that usually seek ghostly guidance in the conduct of their affairs. Indeed one may say that the ethics of professional money-lending are matters with which modern theologians have hardly concerned themselves.

It is clear that in this matter of fixed interest, the general intention of the Sacred Office was that the faithful were not, as a result of over-strictness, to be deprived of certain more or less fortuitous gains sanctioned by custom and approved by the law of the land. It did not thereby give evidence of any fundamental change in the mind of the Church on the main subject of usury. Unfortunately the tacit though false inference to the contrary has been made plausible by yet another misconception.

We have seen that the increase of Nature is erratic and unpredictable. In the realm of commerce and exchange this element of uncertainty still persists in the form of risk. Until that thrice-happy day, when a beneficent State lays down what each one of us shall have for breakfast, and decides for us the colour of our drawing-room wallpaper, men will continue to make, and to cause to be made, things which others are either unwilling or unable to pay for. If every man who got a hundred pounds into his possession could be absolutely certain of employing it productively and without risk in enterprise, and of being able to realize it when payment fell due, a large part of the case against usury would disappear. To charge interest in such cases is merely to claim a share in the profits which the lender's

money is bound to have enabled the borrower to make, nor could the moral sense of mankind condemn that claim.

It may, I think, even be argued, and that with a considerable show of reason, that if this were indeed the character of money, a loan of money would constitute the supplying a concrete productive instrument with a definite identity extending through time. In such a case, the money would no longer be a fungible thing and the loan of it would be little else than a lawful contract of hiring.

It is, however, just the fact that money never has and never has had this character of certain and predictable fruitfulness, that renders the claim to a fixed profit by the lender of money purely by reason of the loan contrary to natural justice. Now there has arisen recently a strange and widespread superstition that modern money is, in some special manner, permanently fruitful. Nineteenth-century clerical writers, seeing the enormous growth of the joint-stock companies, appear to have got the curious notion that money (apparently even while retaining its liquidity) could now invariably be made profitable in productive enterprise. Thus Tanqueray writes, in defence of this theory, in his *Moral Theology*: "*Ubique sunt societates industriales et commerciales quae hanc pecuniam frugiferam reddere pro moderato auctario vehementer exoptant.*" There are, the learned moralist unfortunately omits to say, many concerns which, despite the fact that they *pecuniam frugiferam reddere vehementer exoptant*, very singularly fail to realize that pious aspiration; and a brief examination of the records of the Registrar of Companies and the Official Receiver might perhaps have modified the writer's virginal faith in the stock market.

There is here, however, a more serious and more radical confusion which has often given an unmerited strength to the money-lender's case—the confusion of the instrument of production with the money that has been used to purchase it. If I take a given sum of money and use it for the purchase of a field, I may assuredly derive an income from that field. It is, how-

ever, not the money that has become fruitful, but the field, nor is there any possibility of making that money serve to create an increase of wealth, unless someone at some place has used it to purchase a productive instrument, whether that instrument be a field, a steam engine, or some other source of wealth and well-being, for the product or amenities of which others are willing to render wealth in exchange. Now, to buy a productive instrument with money is not very difficult. To realize, after a lapse of time, on that instrument the amount of money that was originally paid for it, is a very different matter indeed, *even if that instrument has yielded and still yields the revenue anticipated at the time of its purchase.*

There is an old story of a merchant (usually reputed to be Scottish or Jewish, though I dare say that is a slander on those races) who had inveigled a greenhorn into the purchase of a very large stock of raincoats. "Have you ever been in the raincoat business before?" he asks when the deal is complete. "No", answers the greenhorn. "Well," says the merchant, "you're in it now!" Now this story really embodies a profound economic truth, for it is not necessary for its point that the greenhorn should have to sell the raincoats at a loss. The point is in the implication that the greenhorn, having got "into" the raincoat business, could not get "out of it" again for a very long time. Now this is really a condition of all productive enterprise. A business, or stock of goods, or factory plant may be quite adequately productive, but to realize on it, except at a loss, takes time, often a very great deal of time, and sometimes you cannot realize on it without loss at all. This is equally true whether you are yourself the sole owner of the productive instrument, or a shareholder in the owning enterprise. If you are shareholder, you may possibly sell your shares, but you cannot by any means be certain of getting what you gave for them.

This fact is one which most writers on the subject of usury appear completely to ignore. Yet the so-called fruitfulness of a loan and its repayability at due date are to a large extent mutually exclusive, and this is particularly true just of those productive enterprises

which fill our modern moralists with such exuberant financial optimism. In other words, *to insist on interest on the ground of the presumptive fruitfulness of the loan and then insist on having one's money back at a given date is perhaps the most outrageous form of having one's cake and eating it that has yet been devised.* It is nevertheless a claim that is now made daily by the most reputable and well-intentioned people in every market of the world—and it is made because *the usurious principle is today admitted, and what the lender now claims is in reality a prescriptive right to reward for the mere use of his money and nothing else.*

The full gravity of this matter becomes even more apparent when we consider it in conjunction with the question of security. Let us suppose that I go to a friend and say, "I urgently need a hundred pounds for such-and-such reasons. I may not be able to pay you back, but if I cannot do so, I will make over to you this field or this picture", or possibly "my house and all that I have". Is there any reason why this friend should not agree to that proposition? In the main, surely no, though it depends on circumstances. If, in addition to taking security, he has also received interest, he has, I submit, not done too badly for himself. He has his principal intact, and is possibly better off than if he had applied his money to the hazardous sphere of pure productive enterprise. He has, to some extent, had his cake and eaten it; however, even if he be somewhat better off, he may reasonably claim that, having rendered a service, he should not be worse off.

Once, however, there is a definite motive to better himself on the part of the lender, such a procedure becomes dangerously inequitable and harsh. For the lender, who is able to foreclose, *has counted for his profit on circumstances which had in them the potentiality of the borrower's ruin, and he has made that profit without paying what is, in the natural order, the price of all profit—namely, risk.* This glaring iniquity, usury of the very worst sort but now the accepted rule not only of the banks but in all dealings concerned with the lending of money, is still regarded by the mass of English Catholics as in

accord with justice and with the declared teaching of the Church. That is the position we have reached through false economics and a misinterpretation of our own principles. Is it not time that something were done about it?

It will here be asked: should not this privileged position on the part of the lender of money be tolerated on grounds of expediency? Refuse to give your lender a certain return and security for his principal, and much of the capital that flows into industry through the purchase of debentures* and similar instruments will refuse to flow. If this were true, the matter would be a serious one. The material progress of the human race, as long as private property survives, will depend largely on the venturing of private capital. Would capital be ventured as readily if security and a certain fixed return could not be relied upon? In answering this question many are misled by regarding the conditions of the money market as permanent and inevitable. It is perfectly true that much money refuses nowadays to seek investment in private productive ventures or in ordinary industrial shares. But that is only because the existence of these secure and privileged forms of investment (which have no right whatever to exist) deflects it. Shut off those channels and there would necessarily be a far greater flow of capital into ordinary shares than we know today. The value, moreover, of ordinary shares and other forms of legitimate participation in sound and reliable productive enterprises would probably have a somewhat greater stability than at present.

* This abominable instrument is perhaps responsible for more legalized theft than any other. There is not a person of business experience who cannot recall examples of such "steals" by debenture-holders. The correct method of procedure according to the classical economists is to inveigle the shareholders into some venture requiring the access of fresh capital: a debenture is thus created, secured of course by the total assets of the company.

The manager or some of the directors are then suborned so to arrange matters that there is one Friday no money forthcoming to pay wages. Once this happens, the court can be got to declare the debenture in danger. And the debenture-holder puts in one of the conniving executives at an increased salary as receiver. There is then a rigged sale and the debenture-holder appropriates the whole concern, lock, stock, and barrel. Ordinary shareholders, of course, lose every penny. Debentures are also highly recommended by connoisseurs as a method of defrauding trade creditors.

We have, moreover, in the sphere of pure social expediency, also to try and estimate the continuous tendency to depress values and the far-reaching effects thereof caused by innumerable foreclosures and forced sales, due to the bond-holder enforcing his now universally approved legal rights against the productive worker. Finally, since under modern conditions the lender of money can virtually exempt himself from the risk which accompanies every productive enterprise and throw the whole of that risk on the borrower—for loan money is, as we have seen, now recognized as having its own absolute and unqualified right to profit—we have a set of circumstances which inevitably causes wealth to gravitate in one direction out of the hands of the productive worker into the hands of the lender of money—as indeed we can see all too clearly today.

What, then, can we do about this matter? In the first place we can thoroughly convince and educate ourselves on the question of usury (and in this direction we have still, alas, very far to go). Then, our doctrine being founded on right reason, we shall slowly bring others to our way of thinking, though it may take a century to make any effect. Secondly, I humbly submit that the time has come for a competent and authoritative body to examine, not what principles should govern individuals in the matter of borrowing or lending money (for that we know already), nor whether the practices of those who today lend money professionally and for gain do or do not fall within the permissive letter of the Canon law in the matter of interest (for we know that in the main they do), but whether the contract on the strength of which that interest is paid, made in the circumstances in which today it is usually made, and entailing the consequences which it invariably tends to entail, is, or is not, a violation of justice. If the writer is correct in his conviction that this question will only admit of an affirmative answer, then until this evil is fought, all hopes of a more just social order must inevitably fail of realization.

J. L. BENVENISTI.

CISTERCIANS IN THE MANGOLD FIELD

Early, when the morning had yet desired
to draw her silver from the sloping moon
and heaven paused, uncertain of her stars,
a thought ago, between midnight and dawn,
the birds, in secret multitudes, and laws,
had caught the nervous air and drenched
its hollows in a flood of white terrific song ;
they dumbled the earth and held the sudden trees
to rigid listening. Over the stile, a field
of mangolds lumped its heavy body
down among frail woods in corrugated lines
of clotted loam and chalk, ordured with frost,
entombing the green light of yesterday
within the mangold leaves, attendant on
the sun. And presently before that sun,
knife-wise, had peeled the night-bruised air skin
all away, and clattered, glittering, on the sky,
a group of silent monks had entered on the field
in quiet file, drawing a cart
of yellow wheels and one carried
beside his neck a two-pronged fork
that gleamed a little in the morning mist
answering a thread-slim thread of light
that shivered in the sun from the receding
breath of stars. And then they separated
and, with loins girt and habits tucked, stooped down
for sake of fruit and discipline, to draw
the mangolds from the clutching soil. The frost
—more ice than rime—bit into their hands,
numbed into aching lifelessness the tightening flesh,
congealed the blood, and startled their fingers
into cold-burning tentacles of agony,
the wrists to hard automatons of pain.
But they worked on, contemplative and strong,
bending and talling as they tugged
the heavy roots and levered them
with icy-razored leaves that cut
as blades beyond the point of one
enormous unity of local pain.
It was as though they took—in some tall
expiatory way—the suffering of Christ
and that more terrible since these
created roots were fast insensible

to all the agony of being drawn,
in slow, then sudden, jerks, from the long deep
sockets of the hugging soil ; useless
to them the anaesthesia of the frost.
And, morning by morning, I suppose
are piled in little heaps of joys
minute, repeating martyrdoms
upon the souls of these unuttering monks
until the sum is equal to the fire and rack
of individual Gethsemanes
and the whole world's Golgotha.

About midday, that field was warm
below its rugged skin, and covered over
with a saffron light more comforting than was
the silver of the little hours. The sun
had penetrated through the mangold leaves,
melted their steel, and given them a gentler green.
I trespassed in, stooped, clutched and drew
with ease, a huge encumbered root
from the constricting ground, but more than that,
I pleased, thumb-scratching from its calloused flesh
the encrusting earth until, beneath, I smoothed
my hands along an orange fruit so big
and rich, it might have native hung
with luminous leaves in a vast tropic tree
where lemurs moved and febrile foliage
hid love-making parrots and the birds
which are a day-long scattering of night
and rocket through the air like angled stones.

EGERTON CLARKE.

THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND IN POLISH LITERATURE

"**G**OD is with Napoleon: Napoleon is with us." That cry in the closing years of Napoleon's glory ran through Poland, palpitating with the rapture of a nation that saw in Bonaparte her deliverer from bondage. Long after his fall and the disillusionment of Poland's hopes the Napoleonic tradition continued to be a persistent force in Polish psychology. To the romantic poets of Poland, Bonaparte became a superhuman figure, the object of a cult far exceeding that paid to any canonized saint. To this day the song of Napoleon's Polish Legions remains as the national anthem of the restored Republic of Poland. Each one of Poland's great trio of romantic poets, Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasinski, was born before Napoleon's star had sunk in St. Helena. Each died while Napoleon was still a living memory, capable of stirring passionate love and a scarcely less passionate hatred. The great recollection of Mickiewicz's boyhood was that of the march of Napoleon's army through Lithuania to Russia, which was hailed by Poland as the prelude to her resurrection, and the return of its shattered remnants. Years later he wrote in exile the greatest and best-loved poem in the Polish language, *Thaddeus*. Although this poem is a quiet story of a Lithuanian country home it is built on the heroic basis of Napoleon and his Polish Legions.

"Such", sings the poet, "were the pastimes, the wrangles in those years in the tranquil Lithuanian countryside; when the rest of the world was drowned in tears and blood; when that man, that god of war, surrounded by a cloud of regiments, armed with a thousand cannon, harnessing to his car of triumph the gold with the silver eagles, from the Libyan deserts flew to the towering Alps, hurling thunderbolt after thunderbolt, in the Pyramids, at Tabor, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz. Before him and behind him ran Victory and Conquest. The fame of all these deeds, heavy with warriors' names, from the Nile went roaring to the North."

Even in those scenes of the martyrdom of Poland which he depicts with the anguish of patriotism and of personal recollection, Mickiewicz is still haunted by the image of Napoleon. Describing in *The Ancestors* the heroic bearing of a boy mounting the cart that is carrying him to Siberia, he will use this simile: "He who a year ago was a pretty, little, mischievous boy, today gazed from the cart like that emperor from his desert rock—with dry, proud, tranquil eyes."

Of the three great romantic poets of Poland, Mickiewicz went farthest in the worship of Napoleon. This great idealist who was ever looking to a spiritual rebirth of the universe, which as its logical sequence must repair the crime of the partition of Poland, became the chief apostle of a system of mysticism initiated by the Lithuanian Towianski. In this system Napoleon is given a place only less than that of Christ: and in truth the Christian mind recoils before expressions applied to Bonaparte by Towianski and Mickiewicz. The doctrine of Towianism, into which private and national griefs drove Mickiewicz, and which gained over many of the Polish exiles in Paris, besides a certain number of French adherents and a few members of other nationalities, taught that the progress of humanity towards God consists of epochs, each leading the human race a stage nearer its goal. These epochs are under the conduct of chosen men, the higher spirits, in the Towianistic phraseology. Napoleon was the man sent by God to lead the present epoch of our history, but ambition caused him to deviate from the fulfilment of his destiny. "Napoleon", Mickiewicz instructs the Circle of men and women under his direction, "is not a patron like the other patrons honoured hitherto by the Church. Napoleon unites in himself all the saintship of the new epoch; he is the saint of the whole epoch, he is its ideal as a spirit. As the spirit of Christ is the ideal of all the globe, through all the ages of its existence until its existence ends: so the spirit of Napoleon is the ideal of all the new epoch."

"Our activities", he tells the Circle, "are religious-political: our note [the Circle's term for the spiritual level to which their souls were to be attuned] is Christ-

Napoleonic." No one, he says, can fulfil the mission of overcoming evil on earth and spiritualizing the world unless he enters into spiritual contact with Napoleon, who was himself called to that mission. "Without Napoleon we shall not advance one single step on our road. We shall be able to effect nothing; we shall not find enough light within ourselves to direct our actions nor enough energy to execute them." According to Mickiewicz it was the work of Napoleon and of the epoch initiated by him to spread by strength the word of Christ that had been manifested in love. "To us, brothers," says Mickiewicz, "who are called to manifest Christ's Word in its strength, it is time to raise ourselves with all our powers to union with the spirit of strength, the spirit of Napoleon. Of all spirits he was the one who worked most purely and most strongly in the Word on earth: and today in the spirit he guides the cause of the manifestation of the Word." Among the chief obligations Mickiewicz impressed upon his followers was that of "prayer" to Napoleon, which was no vocal exercise, but the union at the cost of an intensive struggle of their souls with Bonaparte's spirit, self-penetration with his idea. The language urging them to this task at times differs little from that used in inciting a soul to the following of Christ. "As union with Christ does not consist in philosophical or historical meditation on the history and Person of the Saviour, or in academic praise of Christ, but in the impulsion of the whole spirit towards Christ, nourishment in Him, fusion into Him: so must we feel the same union with Napoleon. By prayer to him, by a living contact with his spirit, our spirit will begin to be transformed into his image and likeness." Meditation on the emperor's life, and more particularly on his sufferings, pilgrimages to the spots closely connected with his history, are useful means to this end. At those moments when the members of the Circle desired to clear their thoughts and invigorate their souls they were to impregnate their minds with the "Napoleonic Idea": and a species of what might be likened to a spiritual retreat in union with the spirit of Napoleon was one of their practices. Bread brought by

Mickiewicz from the house where Napoleon slept the night before Waterloo was broken and partaken of by the brotherhood as something sacred.

Yet side by side with a cult which falls little short of deification, Napoleon is invariably represented by Mickiewicz as an imperfect spirit, enduring purgatorial penalties, because he had been unfaithful to his mission. He had lost the "note". He should have inaugurated a new association of the nations: but he sinned by pride, "and his faults and his fall arrested its development". The consequence was Waterloo. He had sinned before that day: but that day he broke the continuity of the mission with which God had entrusted him. Hence the anniversary of Waterloo was given up by Mickiewicz and the souls he directed to spiritual exercises. They were to meditate on the event itself, but above all to unite themselves to the spirit of Bonaparte "in his grief, in the purgatorial sufferings which he endured, knowing what he could have fulfilled, and had not".

One point in Mickiewicz's cult of Napoleon will strike the student of Polish psychology as curious and untrue to type. Like all Poles of his epoch, and the same may be said of every Pole during the century and more of Poland's captivity, Mickiewicz was brought up to revere with enthusiasm the memory of Kosciuszko. But Kosciuszko, in opposition to the majority of his countrymen, mistrusted Napoleon, and finally held entirely aloof from him. Napoleon on his side termed Kosciuszko a fool. Mickiewicz resented this attitude of Kosciuszko's, and ascribed it to a want of faith and fire in the character of the national hero.

The greatest of Polish poets after Mickiewicz—and by some he is accounted as great—Slowacki, is less personally affected by Napoleonism than either Mickiewicz or Krasinski. It is true that here and there in his spiritual notes there is a trace of the Polish Napoleonic mysticism; but his chief contribution to the Napoleonic legend is his fine poem on the translation of Bonaparte's remains to Paris. Opening with the grave majesty of a funeral march, it closes on the note of ecstasy that raises Napoleon to the pantheon of immortal glory. I cannot attempt to

do more than give a rough prose rendering of the greater part of this fine poem.

And they tore him from the earth as dust, and they tore him from the weeping willow's shade, where he lay alone with glory, where he lay alone—not in glittering crimson, but swathed in a soldier's cloak, and stretched upon his sword as on a cross.

Say, how didst thou find him in the grave, prince, commander of the funeral fleet? Were his hands folded in a cross upon his breast? Was one hand resting in his sleep upon his sword? And when thou didst raise the stone from off his tomb, say, did his body tremble or recoil?

He foresaw that the hour would come when his gravestone should be rent in twain. But he deemed it should be his own son's hand that should lift and move him in that tomb, and take the victor's fetters from his hands, and cry out: "Father!" to his father's dust.

Roar! Roar, ye blue wastes of the seas, when to you it shall be given to bear the coffin of that giant! Pyramids, rise up on high, and gaze down on him with the eyes of ages! There! Upon the seas is a grey flock of gulls. It is the fleet that bears the Caesar's ashes.

Dust! Dust! Oh, lie thou now at peace, when thou shalt hear the trumpets midst the din: for that shall be no clarion call to war, but the call to prayer—to lamentation. For the last time thou shalt lead thy regiments, and to victory—but Golgotha is that victory's name.

But never, never, when thou heldest in thy hand the sceptre and the world and thy naked sword—never, never didst thou pass midst wailing with the like mighty pomp and power of the immortals, with the like pride of mien as on this day, great emperor! when thou returnest here—as dust.

Although Krasinski avoided the extravagances of Mickiewicz's Napoleonic cult, yet he enunciated theories that raise Bonaparte to a predominant place in the spiritual cosmos. His father had commanded in the Napoleonic Polish Legions, and Krasinski was brought up in a love of Napoleon that remained with him always.

Yet although he must have heard far more from his father both of Napoleon's military genius and personal character than either Mickiewicz or Slowacki could have known, it is they, not Krasinski, who have evoked the figure of a great soldier in a few splendid lines, or who in poetry or prose as the case may be have entered into tender intimate detail. Krasinski troubles himself little with the concrete side of a man who to him stands exclusively for the herald of the Divine regeneration of the political universe. Like Mickiewicz, but on a widely different and more logical basis, he foretold a new epoch when humanity shall be transformed, when the principles of private morality shall govern international relations, which necessarily implies the restoration of Poland. The elaboration of Krasinski's national mysticism to which he won after great anguish of soul, and by which he explained both to himself and his oppressed nation the mystery of her sufferings, lies beyond the scope of this article. What concerns us is the part played in it by Napoleon. The light which Krasinski had at last reached finds its expression in his great poem *Dawn*. This poem is preceded by a noble confession in prose of the poet's national and political faith. He paints the moral disruption of the pagan world before the advent of Christ. Julius Caesar "was the angel to whom it was ordained to move the impediments before the feet of the approaching God. He led the world to a material unity without which no word of life could be dispersed abroad". The unity of government initiated by him and carried on under the Roman Empire "was the condition . . . the necessary medium of the progress of Christianity".

Discite historiam exemplo moniti! Two thousand years have passed, and those same signs are spread abroad upon the waves of time. The last throes of the Roman Republic were reflected in the terrible, epileptic convulsion of the French Revolution. Finally the days of Caesar were recast into the days of Napoleon. And the Christian Caesar, greater by a whole past epoch than his predecessor, overflowing with the knowledge of self and with the aim for the sake of which the Divine Spirit which directs history had sent him here below, said, as he died on the rock of exile:

"The beginning of the new era shall be reckoned from me."
In that word is comprised the truth of his and of all the past.

Before that truth is realized by the transformation of the universe the world must needs pass through repeated anarchy. After proving his thesis by the greatest of Christian truths, Krasinski again presses his point by the history of Napoleon. Repeating that the advance of civilization prepared the way of the Lord by facilitating its communication between countries and individuals, he says: "Then who is Napoleon if not the second angel in history to remove the obstacles from the way of the Lord when the hour of the Lord's journey is already nigh? His universal rule has evaporated as a mirage. He died on a desert island, and his only son in an enemy capital. . . . And yet the memory of that man is not a memory of the dead but a living spirit, and a spirit waxing ever stronger. What he set in motion is now advancing ever further. What that hand for a moment all-powerful linked is being of itself more closely knit and bound together. The nations rendered conscious shall now no more lose that consciousness. The concentrated German spirit will now disintegrate no more: nor the Italian nor the Spanish. He woke the nationalities of this earth from slumber."

With far less power, but with equal conviction, the spirit of Napoleon is again invoked in the *Unfinished Poem*, or to give it its more recent title, *The Undivine Comedy Part I*. A procession illustrating the progress of the Divine Idea through history unfolds itself before the eyes of young Henryk. Out of the crimson whirlpool of the French Revolution rises "one only" perfect and radiant form, canopied with golden sparkling eagles, at the sight of which the youth cries out in ecstasy: "Napoleon!"

His guide answers: "This is Napoleon's soul in the world of human history: one soul, yet containing centuries . . . the idea of millions of minds, throbbing, incarnate. And now the Lord shall say to him: 'Go forward!' and nought and no one shall stay it."

Aerial voices take up the burden: "Who is equal to

him of those who have gone before him ? All that has ever been divided between them is given to him wondrously unshared : the body of the demi-gods of old, unwearied, sleepless, comely, and the Christian unfathomable soul, yearning and tender, and the creative spirit, magnetic lord of time and space. All human fates shall flow into that one man—all toils and triumphs, all defeat and success, all joys and woes. As the world was created out of the void direct from God, so he shall appear out of the void and tower over men. He shall be a hero like the Greek Alexander, an emperor like the Roman Caesar, a martyr like the saints in the first spring of Christianity. And like Moses he shall die alone and lonely before the face of the Lord . . . prophesying the will of the Lord for the future days of the human race."

Gazing at the vision of Napoleon rapt into glory the guide tells Henryk that henceforth by Napoleon's doing "neither kings nor peoples shall wield power, but nationalities and humanity in the name of the Lord". But as the sun of Napoleon sinks this hope dies ; and the Holy Alliance dawns on the Europe he had not saved.

Even after the generation on whom Napoleon had cast his spell either of love or terror was no more, and the national mysticism of the Polish romantics had perished in the tragedy of 1863, the Napoleonic legend in one form or another was carried on in the literature of Poland. There is an interesting illustration of its hold on the Polish heart in the work of Prus, one of the finest Polish novelists of the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century. In his masterpiece *The Doll*, a novel of manners laid in the Warsaw of the late nineteenth century, the best character is the old shopman whose devotion to the house of Napoleon and his faith that it will still save Europe and Poland give his daily round that touch of idealism which makes life worth while. Prus is so close a student of men and women that this romantic survival of love for the Napoleonic name can be taken as fact even without the proof we have from other sources—among which we may include the personal reminiscences of Joseph Conrad.

It is from a different standpoint that the Napoleonic

legend resurges in the symbolic dramas of the poet Wyspianski, the spokesman of his nation between 1897 and 1907. In the various phases of the national history and psychology which are his themes he can scarcely omit the Napoleon tradition; and we find it in three of his plays, *The Song of Warsaw*, *The November Night*, and *The Legion*. The two first-named have for their subject the Polish Rising of 1830. The scene of that wonderful little one-act drama, *The Song of Warsaw*, is laid in a room behind the Polish lines while the battle of Grochów is raging. In that room news is being awaited by Chlopicki, other Polish officers, and two girls, the lover of one of whom is in the battle. Chlopicki, who had covered himself with glory in Napoleon's Polish Legions, has no belief in Poland's victory. In answer to the officers who are urging him to take the command he points to Napoleon. "Remember", he says, "what that leader was. . . . That Mars, that incarnate spirit, ran to overthrow and conquer. Where his hand but beckoned there was an army, rattle of arms, thunder of hoofs. . . . He had within himself a giant's power. He restored the age of miracles"; but Chlopicki cannot. Turning to a bust of Bonaparte in the room, he thus apostrophizes the man he had adored: "O Emperor! For thee we worked miracles in the eyes of Europe, for Fame and Glory. For thee we marched and won. . . . Is thy great call a falsehood? For thee . . . we made legions of soldiers, we won laurels from thy hands, praises from thy lips. Today from our great European fame, from the great alliance of spirits and of eagles, only fragments and tatters have remained. Our land, our land, is tottering to her fall. . . . This hand, even mine, thou didst often take in thine, and with thy right hand pointedst to Grodno, Wilno. I understood thou wouldst show the world our risen State. . . . Today France has sent us but a song [*La Varsovienne*, which in its Polish rendering gave Wyspianski the title and motive of this play]: fair words with the accompaniment of music."

This note of disillusion is again sounded in *The Legion*, when the symbolic figure that represents Mickiewicz asks a derelict what the Polish facings on his rags stand for.

The beggar replies he was once a Napoleonic legionary, who now eats "the bread of tears, the bread of beggars. . . . The eagles fell; the light went out. The emperor lied."

But in the second play devoted to the Rising, *The November Night*, the Napoleonic legend is once more invested with glory. On the night of 29 November, the date fixed for the outbreak of the Rising, Pallas Athene sweeps down into the corridor of the School of Ensigns, who were to attack the Russian barracks, accompanied by the Nikes of Grecian victories and the Nike of Napoleon. The Napoleonic Nike is the first of the sisterhood to speak: "I led the emperor of the Franks to Moscow to the nest of the Tsars. I flew in a cloud of eagles over a forest of flags, on high! On high! Joy bore up my wings. I led my soldier lovers." To this Nike, Athene allots the guardianship of the insurgents who are to capture the Grand-Duke Constantine. But when the Nike learns that the Grand-Duke is going to be taken by surprise at night in his palace she refuses her task, and will only fulfil it if Constantine is challenged in open battle. "Eagle, thou wilt not conquer!" is her prophecy. The Nikes ask the name of the leader of the Rising. Athene replying that he fought under Napoleon, the Napoleonic Nike swears she will lead him under her wings to the war. Chłopicki is the man, and the Nike finds him among the audience at a theatre. She runs into the area crying: "To arms!" She kneels before the former soldier of Napoleon, and urges him to lead his country. He wavers, and the Nike tells his fortune on the cards. They foretell defeat. Chłopicki sinks back on his chair, and the Nike leaves him.

That side of the Napoleonic tradition which is represented by Bonaparte's Polish Legions has never ceased to be a favourite topic in Polish literature. Berent's brilliant study—*The Current*—published as recently as 1934, testifies to the fascination that it still exercises on the Polish mind. The swan-song of that master of historical romance Sienkiewicz was on the same subject: and in the fact that Conrad's last novel was devoted to a Napoleonic theme we may see a return to his Polish

heritage. Żeromski, the greatest Polish novelist in the generation succeeding Sienkiewicz, wrote a novel—*Ashes*—on the Legions which stands in the foremost rank of Poland's fiction. In one of its chapters we are brought face to face with Napoleon himself. That passage so eloquently illustrates what Napoleon stood for to the Pole that with it we may close this article.

The Polish legionary is lying wounded in a Spanish field hospital.

Suddenly a mighty shout, a united roar from masculine, sound soldiers' lungs, thundered like the metallic fire of a thousand cannon: "*Vive l'empereur!*"

A moment's silence. Then again that raging hurricane of joy, that hymn of ecstasy, that one phrase in which surged an Atlantic Ocean: "*Vivat the emperor!*" . . .

Who was drawing near? Who was coming towards him? Surely he knew that man. By the living God! He saw him. His face was pale and mysterious like a moon hidden in clouds. Its troubled eyes ran from side to side: then again withdrew into its fastness as though on guard like a lion in ambush.

From straw litters and mattresses and horsecloths, smashed heads, torn fragments of limbs raised themselves: perforated, helpless trunks supported themselves on elbows, and dry throats and joyful lips flung out the cry: "*Vivat the emperor!*"

The Polish soldier struggles to a sitting posture.

His eyes bored like fangs into the approaching figure. They riveted it to the spot. It stood still.

"*Sire!*" said Cedro.

The dark, warlike eyes of the leader struck against [Cedro's] gaze. The calm face, as though moulded out of some invisible metal, turned to him, expectant, stern.

"What do you want?" he asked in deep cold tones.

"If I die . . ." Cedro began in French, calmly and sternly, looking him in the face with pride and courage.

"What is your regiment?" he interrupted.

"Polish Lancer."

"Your name?"

"I left my father's house. I believed it was for my country. And now—in a foreign one—promise it won't be for nothing, that it is for my country. Emperor! Emperor!"

The eyes that seemed deaf and dumb penetrated and entered

into the wounded man's gaze, which was frenzied with mortal love. Napoleon stood motionless, wrapt in thought. Who knows ? Perhaps in those inspired eyes he saw his own young soul. Perhaps he beheld the ruddy snows on the rocks of Monte Oro, the pines on the peaks of Monte Rotondo ; perhaps the stony shore of an island in the foam of a turbulent sea. Perhaps for that moment he weighed in the scales his Corsican love of freedom against the crown of a sovereign over alien peoples and the sceptre of Charlemagne. Perhaps he sighed in regret for what had now withered in his soul, crumbled away and dispersed to the winds like the stalk of a dead flower ; for the inebriation of a young, just and proud soul with the sorrows of his country.

"*Vive la Pologne !*" Cedro attempted to shout, falling back helpless on his litter. . . . The emperor stood for a long moment over him. With eyes of stone he gazed into his face. Finally he raised his hand to his hat, and said : "*Soit !*"

MONICA M. GARDNER.

IMPROVISATIONS FROM SAPPHO

Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελάννα
καὶ Πληιάδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα
ἐγὼ δὲ μόνᾳ κατεύδω.

The night is ebbing with the scent of flowers.
I hear the wind amid the orchard trees.
I lie alone. Slow move the midnight hours.
The moon is setting and the Pleiades.

Ἡράμαν μὲν ἐγὼ σέθεν, Ἄτθι, πάλαι ποτὰ.

Ah, once I loved thee, Atthis, long ago.
The fields about the farm are silent now
Where in the windless evenings of the spring
We heard Menalcas singing at the plough.

Ah, once I loved thee, Atthis, long ago.
I shall not see thy face nor touch thy hands.
The empty house looks seaward : far away
The loud seas echo on the level sands.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.

ENGLISH CATHOLICISM IN SURVEY

Catholicism in England. By David Mathew, Litt. D. (Longmans Green, 8s. 6d.)

THE first impression made by this captivating book is that a competent Catholic historian is seeking a new angle of approach to English History. To all practical purpose the Catholic historian has generally to face the strange and majestic unwinding of modern British History since the Reformation from the defeatist point of view. Apologies and explanations have been made, but to little purpose. Once outside the circle of Catholic Christendom, England proceeded to take a position that was both insular and imperial. The Catholic position in England accordingly has been that of a minority with all the excitements, changes, chances and disadvantages of such. From the point of view of history nothing could be more unfortunate than that the normal history of the country had to be built up not merely from a strong Protestant attitude but that the Papacy was made a national scapegoat. It was a wonder that Catholicism could survive such depressing circumstances, but survive it did, though during several decades it was worn very fine.

English Catholicism was never without apologists, and in modern times she acquired historians. Lingard was of course a prodigy. Not only did he write as a priest but he told his story with such fair-mindedness that he obtained a respectful hearing. By his conscientious use of documents he founded the modern school of historical writing. Unlike Macaulay, who only wrote the case for the Whigs in English History, or Gibbon, who aimed at the slow disintegration of the case for Christianity, Lingard wrote to all appearances for the sake of the historical Muse. No doubt Macaulay and Gibbon had enormous literary qualities and all the fascinating power which style confers upon the giants of English prose, but this is not the space in which to do them justice or (as one is often tempted) to meet their injustice with injustice ! We are calling attention to the compact, stylish,

freshly conceived and often amusingly true book of survey which Dr. David Mathew has written and which is best presented by quotation and comment. Dr. Mathew is not likely to please everybody, but he has proffered some deft shocks and quiet queries to Protestant and Catholic propagandist alike. He is not content with the threadbare history of either case. The Reformation in England was an event which has often been apologized for but never fully explained. Dr. Mathew is digging up history afresh, and by making unexpected inquiries here and there he is piecing together the very variegated continuity of a minority, who always held the old religion in this Pope-scared realm.

This survey is intended to cover a continuity in tradition "fathered by St. Thomas More, sponsored by Stapleton, accepted with modifications by Augustine Baker, crystallized in the sober prose of Bishop Challoner". But it is not so dull or un-English as most books of Catholic bearing are popularly supposed to become in the writing. The Foreword gives the pleasant information of the part played by Catholics in the field sports of the country. The hunting world owes the Quorn to the sturdy qualities of the old Catholic squires, and the national game of cricket accounts the Nyrens among its founders together with the Hambledon Club. There is not a chapter of this book which could not be expanded into a separate essay or which does not bear traces of a process of most painstaking boiling.

Any account of the Henrician Schism must begin with a study of the great monasteries. It is always curious to remark that though they were the point of chief attack under the Tudors, they have been the subject of the most earnest regret amongst Anglicans and Protestants since. Dr. Mathew does not altogether favour what he calls "the Gasquet-tinted sunset" by which he must mean the happy view induced by the Cardinal's writings that all was rosy-coloured in all the monasteries of England. No doubt the Cardinal reversed a very serious historical prejudice, but possibly he allowed the pendulum to swing gently the other way. The great monasteries were the Houses of God and had played a memorable part in

English life, but the faults and characteristics of Englishmen made themselves felt in the course of time. Sooner or later the clash was bound to arrive between the huge land-occupying Orders and the nascent Squirarchies and Dukeries upon which the social structure of the Empire has been built.

The great monasteries, lying so calm and quiet and unexciting, ruled their extensive lands with masterful charity. They were good neighbours and hospitable but a rich landowner would at moments be preoccupied with this barrier to the extension of his property. . . . A subconscious strain of irritation is seldom absent when one class of proprietors is faced by another as an immutable possessor. . . . Difficult as it is to determine the exact state of affairs, it is necessary to note that the government of Henry VIII passed abruptly from a condition of polite non-interference to exacerbated opposition. Evidence of monastic immoralities was eagerly received and it is generally agreed that many of the royal servants were unequalled in their brave, copious and groundless assertions of corruption. In the prevalence of a contented rather worldly good-order, arguments may be found against the probability of many cases of individual sanctity. . . .

The position of the monasteries was so different to that obtaining today in England that it requires imagination to picture not their ceremonies or religious life but their social power and prestige. They have been variously compared in their influence and position to modern universities, to banking corporations and even to chain-stores. There can be no doubt they raised envy and that they cut across other interests and by their organization achieved too great a success to be pleasing to the mundane. So great was their demesne that the gentry and even the nobles found themselves comparatively amongst the have-nots. Yet the Abbots were finer men and nobler ecclesiastics than the Bishops, with exceptions in both classes. Dr. Mathew remarks, "The Bishops were in many cases jurists of experience and their theology was explicit; but this motive was insufficient to move them. Shrouded in a respectable decorum, living softly through their middle years on the wise husbandry of emolument, conventional in their

cultivated outlook, they could no longer voluntarily accept political disgrace." This is a very mild way of letting down their religious apostasy. But it is possible to see their leisurely point of view. And few dreamed that the changes could be permanent.

Dr. Mathew's plan is to illuminate periods of transition by sketching characters vividly and almost impressionistically. The House of Howard yields him a number of sketches, from the third Duke, who was a trimmer, to the modern line, which was not without apostasy or magnificent devotion to the Church. The third Duke was no doubt typical of those who, without casting off Catholicism, accepted abbey lands. "The ruling class of England had performed a task of much complexity. They had swallowed the whole of the monastic landed areas. Now in the mid-century they rested, as untheological and unspeculative as boa-constrictors." It seems that the vast majority were drifting with their times. The Church could look after herself, and if there were pickings for the laity the Church could afford to lose them. Their attitude was rather what modern tithe-payers must feel towards any disestablishment of the Church of England.

Material considerations and consequences can be understood, but on the spiritual side "with all the mass of available material it nevertheless seems probable that it will never be possible to obtain any very accurate picture of the processes by which the national tradition was disentangled from the Catholic religious inheritance". So secure seemed the Church that folk believed that the old religion must return, especially as every Tudor changed the creed of the State. Even with the Marian revival of Catholicism twenty years of separation from Rome "had left the world of inescapable certainties and entered that of preferences". The stabilizing element came with More and Fisher. Something at the bottom of the North Country mind remained inaccessible to flattery and unfearing of menace. To Dr. Mathew "the type of the English Catholic in late Tudor times was the groom who threw Campion into the pond to save him from discovery and arrest". Then followed the disasters

of Mary's reign. It would probably have been better for the Faith if she had been a Protestant. "The necessity for preservation and a Tudor doctrine of security led her to sanction the burning of heretics, a gross error."

Chapters follow on the Elizabethan Settlement and the gradual crumbling of the old faith amongst the gentry until those who held by tradition found themselves "recusants" served by what was considered the opprobrious term of "seminary priests". An immensity of historical and controversial writing has covered these years. Dr. Mathew aims at introducing such fresh leaves as he can glean in the State Papers. His account of the variety of Catholicism surviving in York and Oxford is interesting. The experiment of ecclesiastical Dictatorship on the throne entailed the forerunning of all spy systems, including some similar to those which flourish on the modern Continent. English Catholics lived under a kind of Anglican Fascism. English students and gentlemen could not call their souls their own. It is worth requoting some of the comments secretly supplied concerning the Oxford Halls, especially as they give that local colour and human touch at which Dr. Mathew aims throughout his book and which differentiates his style of writing from the artificial hues and imaginative character-painting of a Macaulay. Papers never intended to see the light afford a perfect dark lantern to the steps of History. Modernizing the spelling we read :

New Inn.—Mr. Denne, Fitzsimons, Doring, Plunket, young Irish gents never come to the church. Edmund Hall.—One Ruckwood an old priest is never seen neither at prayers, communions, nor sermons : esteemed to be worth one hundred pounds. Alborne Hall.—Marshall an old M.A. and a priest never cometh to the Church and is thought to say masses in corners.

In the midst of the confusion came the Jesuits, and Dr. Mathew strikes the same difficulty which has occurred to all who have gleaned in that field. "The influence of the Society can hardly be finally determined in the absence of a complete and objective study of the Life of Father Parsons and the publication of the

Manuscripts dealing with his transactions." As Parsons devoted his life to recommending that England should be brought back by force of arms, it is obvious that his full and entire Life would be a stumbling-block to the school of Catholic loyalists. No doubt there were many who watched the outcome of the Armada before they made up their religious preferences. It was in the circumstances of the time and in the national character that an Elizabethan Church was evolved under stress of foreign threats and a native piety, which in its evangelical teaching had descended from the monasteries and the old Bible-painted church buildings. That it has lasted for four centuries is one of the minor wonders of Christendom. "It was not so much a direct struggle between opposed religions, for the Puritan section was little touched by the activities of the missionary priests, and the strength of the Anglican feeling had not yet found expression in Bishop Andrewes. The conflict was rather between the values of the new Elizabethan world and the Christocentric standards of the old religion."

The coming of the Jesuits and the Pope's excommunication of the Queen made the path clear-cut even to execution and martyrdom. Dr. Mathew does credit to the forgotten inn-keepers and ostlers who kept the Faith and assisted priests in their travels. Matters had certainly become strained between the Government and the faithful when Richard Martin could be executed "only for being in the company of Robert Morton Priest and paying sixpence for his supper". The poor without horses and tied to the soil gradually lost the tradition, and "it would be interesting to trace the connection between the gradual starvation of the Catholic tradition and the subsequent readiness of a people for a strong adherence to the Free Churches".

With the arrival of James the First there was more hope, but the diversities of Catholic character made unison impossible. There were those who sank feebly under the depression and others who preferred to apply gunpowder to Parliament. The unfortunate Church suffered as a result in every direction. King James had restored the Earldom of Arundel and made Lord Henry

Howard Privy Seal. This brother of the Duke of Norfolk "had had a long hazardous and doubtful life. He was Italianate in his tastes; interested in the Civil Law; a great contriver and designer, the builder of Audley End; deeply concerned with astrology; an opportunist with a Catholic foundation". These kinds of Catholics were the last to risk their lives in a plot, and the majority were willing to settle down within the law. "It is probable that the disappointment in the Catholic body has been much exaggerated and no group were more surprised than the careful determined insular squires of the old religion when they were overtaken by the misfortunes of the Gunpowder Plot."

Looking calmly through the fortunes and misfortunes of the Catholic body it appears that somebody always did something disastrous at the moment when the main body of the faithful might have hoped for relief. The Armada, Smithfield and the Powder Plot helped to form what has certainly not appeared in any other part of Christendom, a rival and patriotic establishment with most of the forms and some of the attractions of a real Catholic branch. The vital omissions in the Anglican Church it is not necessary to mention here; but for three centuries the new Church had had the folk and nobility of England at her services while only a diminishing remnant held out, though fines and legalisms and Courts of Chancery ended many a fine old Catholic descent. What is wonderful was how many of the old families held out until well into the eighteenth century.

The Powder Plot was fatal to many of them. "It was the last and so disastrous adventure of the simple-minded gentlemen of the sword and like all such attempts benefited no one except the cool politicians." Though seventeen priests were put to death in this reign, including Father Garnet, to whom "Lingard is unduly harsh", it was possible to declare Catholicism at Court, as did Sir Walter Aston, ambassador to Spain, and Lord Baltimore, a Secretary of State who was raised to the Peerage after his conversion. "The old faith was well represented among the holders of Stuart baronetcies, a revealing factor, and as far as post-Reformation times are

concerned, there were many houses for whom the seventeenth century was to be their Catholic period." The situation was strange. According to a dispatch of Gondomar there were 300,000 recusants who refused to attend the worship of the State, but there were twice as many crypto-Catholics who did! It is the history and psychology of the latter which would be the more interesting to know and study. Were thousands still hoping for a return of the old religion and sitting on the fence? Were many uncertain whether the old buildings were not still sufficiently Catholic to condone their worship? Were the politics of the Jesuit party and the acrimonious disputes between them and the secular priests an excuse? The papers and records, still less the secret motives and family consultations of hundreds of squires and yeomen, can never be known. The countryside of England keeps its spiritual secrets.

Under Charles the First no less than three Ministers were reconciled on their deathbeds: Lords Weston and Cottington and Sir Francis Windebank. "This was the flame within the smoke of legend regarding a government turning to Popery." There was no Catholic leader, and times were peaceful, "ominously peaceful". Inigo Jones and Anthony Van Dyck, who adorned the Catholic Queen's court, were Catholic. The Catholic section was taking an exotic and eccentric tinge which has never left the Church in England. When the Civil War broke out, the Catholics at Court or in the country rallied to the throne. The famous sieges of Basing House and Wardour Castle were really the last resistances made by Catholics with the sword. These events were fortunate only in that they passed into the romantic history of England. The Catholic cause rallied and sank with the Stuart King. "The lesser men were found in every garrison and Catholics for once rose to high command as in the cases of Aston, Gage, Bellasis, Widdrington and Langdale."

Lord Goring, a cavalry leader, ended his life as a Dominican in Spain, while another convert "the fantastic Lord Bellomont died in India in a sandstorm on the road to Delhi going as a royalist envoy to the Great Moghul". A Bishop of Gloucester and two Deans were reconciled

to the Church, but "all this new Catholicism of the vanished Court was in fact poured out upon the sand". During the Commonwealth it was possible to describe Cromwell as "notably innocent of even the remotest friendly contact".

With the Restoration, Catholics passed into a back-water as yet untroubled by anti-Catholic ripples. Once more there was no leader. Lord Henry Howard was "honest, rather stupid, rough-mannered". Lord Shrewsbury led in the Midlands, "a young man, weak, married unhappily, a generous devout nonentity, killed in a duel by Buckingham, his wife's lover". Catholicism was comfortably rural, but the squires did not realize "the strength of anti-papal sentiment and the fatal character of the King". Although the King did not dare to reward the immense services of the Marquesses of Winchester and Worcester with Dukedoms, Baronetries had been imposed on a great number of the squires and "a few of the richest recusants were peers, like Dunbar at Burton Constable, Aston at Tixall, Brudenell at Dene". These names are interesting, showing what a large Catholic Peerage has become extinct.

The characters of Charles and James now became of immense importance to the Catholic cause, which only asked to be left alone without being dragged into the dangerous grandeurs surrounding the throne. Dr. Mathew finds that King Charles's beliefs were "an enigma probably incapable of solution". When and however he took a fancy and even a determination towards Catholicism he kept to himself. "In politics his instincts were reliable and sharpened by cynicism. He could see that open Catholicism seemed incompatible with secure English sovereignty. A strong common-sense made him popular in England and may have helped him to postpone a solution. His own astuteness gave him pleasure, perhaps a legacy of his Medicean blood." It was an irony that his reign should be blood-marked by the Popish Plot.

The story continues between epigrammatic signposts such as: "Catholicism in England had long suffered from its enemies and it was now to suffer from its friends."

And again : "In a sense the Stuarts were never to free themselves from the effects of the marriage of Charles I and Henrietta Maria." We are inclined to forget that Charles II was always half a Frenchman. The tortuous days of the secret Treaty of Dover were as indecipherable to the country squire as to subsequent historians. But facts are facts, and Dr. Mathew is on secure ground when he summarizes the situation : "Neither these half-concealed policies nor the Queen's presence were responsible for the outbreak against Catholics. By far the most important event of the reign from this point of view was the reception into the Catholic Church of the heir presumptive to the throne, the King's brother, the Duke of York".

While we deprecate the terrible and uncouth shape in which English Protestantism showed itself during the years of the Plot, it is only too clear how suspicions were awoken. Good Protestants must have felt the ground cracking under their feet until they became hysterical. Even today in times of general indifference and local enlightenment we can appreciate how Protestants would feel if three trusty Ministers of the Crown became Catholics on their deathbeds and the heir to the throne (curiously enough entitled with the same Dukedom and with two young Princesses to his marriage) accepted the claims of the Holy See ! It is difficult to say whether Catholics or Protestants would feel the uneasier. Much more so our unlucky Catholic predecessors, who may well have wished that the Stuarts had never come to the throne, for all three led them undeviatingly to misery and disaster.

Nothing was clearer than that the Duke of York was moving against the tide. The Test Act brought out the crypto-Catholics in the House of Lords, and only twenty-one were found ready to be deprived of their seats as Catholic recusants. Dr. Mathew records a curious case. "The eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland of the Percy line seems to have been deeply attracted by Catholicism and to have left for Rome in 1670 with the intention of making his submission to the Holy See. He died unexpectedly at Turin in the course of his journey."

On the other hand, "youths of elegant promise joined the Anglican Communion, and the most notable losses were those of Lord Arundel and the boy Earl of Shrewsbury, the latter changing his opinions after elaborate arguments had been laid before him with great respect by Dr. Tillotson". When the Popish Plot broke, there were no great Catholic peers, no Winchester or Worcester to mark, and men of small political significance were selected for attack.

The ascent of a Catholic King to the throne was endurable until a Catholic Prince of Wales was born. James II was a hopeless asset, as Dr. Mathew describes him: "A form of clumsiness of spirit is apparent, that sense of the unaccountability of his actions to any human tribunal which was turned by this characteristic to his destruction. With such a brother as Charles II, it was fatal for the Duke that he should be lacking both in taste and in the sense of the ridiculous. He was honourable but it was a disaster at this moment to be so pedantically honourable, struggling forward heavy-footed with his honest burdened conscience". Compared to him was the adroit patience of Charles, who "acted with a quickly calculating supple mind determined upon the preservation of his rule. It was a fixed principle of his action never to interfere with the course of law and he never pardoned those who were once convicted by due process. As a consequence he sacrificed the lives of priests and Lord Stafford".

Under James II, Lord Sunderland played a more sinister part even than Titus Oates with his "great purple moonlike face". Sunderland's name will not occur to many, but Dr. Mathew has stamped his image very graphically on his page: "Soft, quiet, careful, supple and infinitely dexterous, he had the qualities but also the satisfaction of the hooded cobra. In the events that followed he often counselled the extreme provocative course and he was right in believing that if he went where others would not go the King would lean on him. He joined in the consultations of the Catholic peers, overpersuading those cautious ancient men who were still numbed from the prosecutions of the Popish Plot."

On the other hand, the Catholics were not such fools as to wish to abet the King's absurd challenges. "Had King James followed the advice of Cardinal Howard and Bishop Leyburn and confined himself to a moderate use of dispensation he could have staved off much danger. Unfortunately he had to reckon with his own temperament and with Sunderland." Whether he was pressing Father Petre on the College of Cardinals or a Catholic President on Magdalen College, he was equally ill-advised, brusque and unsuccessful. He complained in his Memoirs that he had been "bewitched by the Earl of Sunderland", but he had only himself to blame. He wore away the ladder on which he had climbed, and the Dutch usurper had little difficulty in pushing him right over the wall. And the result was that "the Whigs ruled in England and St. Germain was a Versailles *manqué*, a palace, a king, a large hierarchic court without a nation".

The Whig victory could only inspire the most depressing statements. As for the new King, even his favourite was English and Protestant. "No sovereign has stood more remote from Catholicism." Jacobites and Non-jurors had gone abroad, and "loyalty to the Church now subjected the Catholics to the long strain of inactivity". The number of those who abandoned their religion under the stress of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy with an added declaration against Transubstantiation was considerable. No less than five of the Dukes—Beaufort, Bolton, Norfolk, Shrewsbury and Richmond—had been brought up in the old faith. The young Catholic nobles were sent to a college at La Flèche, but "the three wealthiest of the youths, Lords Waldegrave, Brudenell and Montgomery, abandoned their religion in later life". The period of steady isolation and slow losses had set in. Under the cautious Vicars Apostolic there was no Catholic Question to agitate the public for more than a century. This unhappy time Dr. Mathew describes very brilliantly with his style of making salients into history rather than arguments. So utterly ineffectual did the Catholics become that Jacobitism became "a specifically Anglican growth, a political philosophy which was in time to de-

velop into high Tory support for George III". There were a number of political conversions, some of whom, like Lords Gage and Montagu, returned to the Faith on their deathbeds.

"Finally the life of Alexander Pope suggested the tenuous hold of Catholicism in some of the more intellectual circles. . . . He was received wherever polite letters were considered, and was fortunate in the opportunities made for his high talents. He rode easily through a period which for him held no serious controversies of the mind, and never denying his religion died with the consolation of the Sacraments in a fashion which all his contemporaries would have regarded as seemly." It is remarkable how ably Dr. Mathew has caught the lights and shadows of the eighteenth century and painted the spiritual high-water mark attainable in the *beau monde*. It was becoming clear that the Catholics did not count. They had too often staked their political hopes and worldly possessions on the wrong horse. Here is a very bitter epigram but undeniable: "If Walpole ever did maintain that every man had his price one point was obvious, he did not even trouble to buy the Catholics!"

This was "Challoner's England", and in Challoner the Catholic body at last found the comforter rather than the leader which Providence had so long kept in abeyance. From him came, symbolically, the *Garden of the Soul*, which "did much to carry forward the solid and sound tradition which seventeenth-century English Catholicism had bequeathed to a less dignified and exacting generation". There followed "crowded, complex, unsatisfying years through which Bishop Challoner passed serene, faithful and recollected". But the decline was constant, "the defections among the gentry almost ceased in the mid-eighteenth century, and the organization of the depressed remnant in the country districts into chaplaincies and spheres of influence of religious orders became perfected". Nevertheless the Catholic body was faced with the necessity of emancipation, eventually, or extinction. Then it becomes necessary to describe the "background to the Gordon Riots".

Catholics tended to turn towards antiquarian and sporting interests. They had certainly few others. Father John Needham, noted for his microscopic discoveries, and Bishop Walmesley were members of the Royal Society. The first Relief came in 1778, when the Government "was anxious to secure the enlistment of Catholic Highlanders for the war with the American Colonies and France". The Bishops were not consulted, and had to bear the force of the Gordon Riots, which were directed to obtaining the repeal of the Relief. As for Lord George Gordon, "his home was in a Catholic part of Scotland; his father, the third Duke of Gordon, had been brought up a Catholic; his aunt, the Duchess of Perth, had been the mainstay of Scottish Catholicism. For a time he had a great success. Very earnest and rather mad with his long red hair and solemn face, he harangued the poor of London almost as an equal". He was one of the strange succession of Protestant prophets peculiar to England, who have with the best intentions seriously damaged their cause until our own days. The Riots failed to rally the Catholics; and the chapter ends with dismal notes that Dr. Mathew's pen strikes with a relentless appearance of perfect truth: "Edmund Burke, for all his friendliness, inevitably conveyed to the Catholics a sense of their political inferiority. Meanwhile almost every year some old family died out or some young squire seceded, and each apostasy involved the closing down of support for poor Catholics as the rich landlords fell, Mr. Chichester of Arlington, Mr. Clifton of Lytham, Mr. Heneage of Hainton, Sir Edward Swinburne and Sir Thomas Gascoigne. It was at this unfortunate moment that divisions appeared among the Catholics themselves. These were due in great part to the Cisalpine spirit. . . ."

The Cisalpines Dr. Mathew summarizes by an amusing understatement: "to the Cisalpines the papal doctrine and Rome itself seemed, although true, extremely uninteresting". For fifty years Cisalpines were a considerable element in English Catholic life, and they afforded a splendid background to the inimitable talents of Dr. Milner. "He had much more in common with Cobbett

than with his own school-fellow the Duke of Norfolk. His appetite was heavy and he was particularly fond of boiled corned beef . . . he fasted conscientiously and with much discomfort. A rather insufficient knowledge of rubrics was set off by calmness in ceremonies." This is good fun, but gives the impression of a real Englishman in that nebulous time.

The mighty influences of the French Revolution and the Oxford Movement are next marked. It was interesting that "the establishment of the English refugees was masked by the enormous invasion of French Royalist clergy". Dr. Mathew discusses the Catholic aspects of Byron and Scott. He believes that Byron might have been received, had some Franciscan come romantically to him in the field of Missolonghi, and he wonders that Jane Austen made no Catholic contacts, although her grave in Winchester was not far from those of Mrs. Challoner, Mrs. Milner and Mrs. Lingard. The later chapters deal in succinct comment with the oftentold story of the Oxford Movement, including "The Edwardian Background", and two subsequent chapters bring the Catholic Cavalcade up to date. Amid the masses of material Dr. Mathew has chosen from he makes vital though sometimes unexpected plunges, such as a note "that the Catholic layman upon whom public interest was most concentrated at this time was Dr. Crippen"!

All the immediate past has been graciously and sometimes humorously revived, so that a historical treatise passes into a book of readable memoirs. Cardinal Bourne is generously appreciated as a historical character, and we meet Eric Gill's Stations of the Cross, Maurice Baring's novels, sketches of Monsignor Benson—who "had a constant desire for sanctity partly foiled through lack of calm"—"the rather curdled melodramas of Richard Bagot" and the Malines Conversations summed up very temperately. There is a cleverly cruel estimation of Baron Corvo, who "cleaved through the unmoving and undisturbed waters of Catholic life with the determined and clean-cut action of a shark. In that placid sea he could hardly fail to discover Hugh Benson". And the

rest of the scene is left to the imagination. We hear of Father Tyrrell's "penetrating nerve-wracked irony", Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's novels, James Britten the botanist, Lord Acton—who is dealt with epigrammatically in Dr. Mathews' best style as "at the time of the Vatican Council a vehement Inopportunist sometimes dogmatic in his utterances . . . Gasquet raised a tombstone to him, but the Cambridge Modern History is his true sepulchre". The account of the Catholic Peers under the Manning regime is excellent: "about forty peers, very respectable in character, solid in quality, seldom erratic, rarely brilliant and politically distinctly inactive. As a body they stand out rather soberly against the Duke's strongly marked attractive character, while Monsignor Lord Petre added a touch of the bizarre".

It is obvious that Dr. Mathew has written the most quotable book of recent Catholic literature, although it seems doubtful at times whether he has swept a brilliant superficial pen or drawn epigrams out of deep wells of learning. What he has done is to make alive and interesting certain phases of Catholic history in this country which had suffered hitherto from being either over-written or completely neglected. He has provided a framework into which all facts or conclusions of Catholic research can be fixed.

SHANE LESLIE.

HOLY SCRIPTURE AND THE LITURGY

THERE is no need to insist at length upon the part which Holy Scripture must play in any profounder study of the liturgy. In the first place it offers us the beginnings, not merely of the Christian liturgy, but of the Old Testament liturgy, and the beginnings of all human worship of the true God. Nor is it only upon the historical, but also upon the dogmatic side that it is important, seeing that it is free from formal error, and that its every statement, whether in regard of fact or doctrine, comes to us upon the authority of God Himself. In the present article I shall not attempt to discuss at all thoroughly any of the many questions that arise, for any one of them would deserve at least one whole essay to itself; but I think that it may prove more interesting if I try to touch upon most of the various points that are germane to my title and subject.

It may be worth while to insist at the outset upon the difference between the Old Testament and the New Testament theocracy, a difference which we may discuss in reference to the threefold power left by Christ to His Church. My point is that the Old Testament priesthood was a more exclusively liturgical priesthood than that of the New Testament. The New Testament priesthood carries with it the right and authority to teach, safeguarded by a divinely guaranteed infallibility. This infallibility, though it may be called in some sense a negative gift, is nevertheless a perpetual and uninterrupted prerogative. It is a guarantee that under certain conditions something will *not* happen, that there will be no formal error; but not merely does this guarantee hold good for all time, but the conditions are always verified in regard of a considerable body of doctrine, which we can say that the Church never ceases to teach infallibly through the college of bishops, led by the successor of St. Peter. Under the Old Covenant it was otherwise; there is no reason to suppose an abiding gift of infallibility, nor for the most part does the teaching seem to have been in the hands of the priesthood. It

is explained in Deut. xviii, 18-22, that prophecy is to be a normal feature of the Mosaic dispensation ; no doubt this passage has a messianic bearing, inasmuch as Christ was the supreme prophet, but I am not dealing with that subject now. Prophets would regularly appear ; but it is not said that there would always be a prophet exercising his ministry ; there might be, and doubtless there were, intervals without prophecy. We thus have an infallibility, but it is the infallibility of positive revelation, only working intermittently. For a small nation like the Hebrews, and with their faith not very much more than a simple monotheism, this was enough ; in actual history the prophets dealt largely with morals, and with the practice of religion. When the prophets cease, the scribes take up the work of teaching, and Christ admitted their living authority, while blaming in part their exercise of it : "upon the chair of Moses have sitten the scribes and pharisees" (Matt. xxiii, 2). The priests do not seem to be charged with the regular instruction of the people ; and when we do find some mention of instruction on their part, it appears to be mainly liturgical.

The second power that Christ left with His Church is the power of government, or organization ; it is a supreme society, subject to no external authority within its own sphere. This power of government resides in the priesthood ; it is not necessary here to offer the necessary explanations and distinctions. But even at the very founding of the Mosaic system we have the startling fact that Moses himself, though a levite and a true prophet, is left outside the newly constituted priesthood ; he is to found and to control the new liturgy, but from the outside. Even the later civil rulers seem to be within their rights in supervising to some extent the popular religion ; the priests, at all events, had not much power of their own in such a small and national theocracy.

The third power left by Christ with His Church is that of order or ministry, of the priesthood strictly so called, of sacrifice and sacrament. Whereas Old Testament doctrine was far simpler than that of the New, the Old Testament liturgy seems upon the whole to have been

more complicated, at all events in ordinary practice, and abstracting, for example, from the various possibilities of Vespers contemplated by the late Dr. Fortescue in *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite described*: Vespers with Assistants, Vespers with more than two Assistants in Copes, Vespers without Ceremonies, Vespers before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, Vespers for the Dead, Vespers in small Churches, Vespers in presence of a Bishop at the Throne, Vespers in presence of a Bishop who is not the Ordinary, Vespers by the Ordinary who will sing Mass the next day, Vespers when the Bishop will not sing Mass the next day, Pontifical Vespers at the Faldstool. The list, it must be confessed, is not exhaustive. I quote it to illustrate the general contrast that whereas modern complications are largely concerned with what may be called personal drill and ceremonious deference, the Old Testament complexity arose from the diversity of sacrifices. I need not here do more than indicate the three main kinds of animal sacrifice. In the holocaust all was burnt save the animal's hide, and we may see in this total destruction a more emphatic acknowledgement of God's supreme dominion. In the peace-offering the worshipper and his friends and also the priest all partook, so that the idea of communion seems to be prominent. In the sin-offering and guilt-offering the main purpose is evidently propitiation; only the priest has a share in the victim. The libations and grain-offerings that accompanied the holocausts may be said to have a special reference to the Holy Eucharist.

These are the chief features in Old Testament sacrifices, but the regulations regarding them are minute and varied, and there was a special ritual for some of the feasts. The priests must have been skilled butchers, and indeed the inner court of the Temple must have reeked of meat when business was brisk; we have a vivid description of the scene in the Letter of Aristeeas, written not long before New Testament times. To our modern taste the scene might not appear altogether pleasant or edifying, and it will be interesting to see whether the Jews care to renew it if ever they recover the Temple. As an offset to the rich variety of Old Testament sacrifices

we might propose the Christian sacraments ; but I need not pursue this topic further.

Instead, I embark upon a historical outline, offering some comments as I go. The Old Testament record speaks of sacrifice almost from the beginning ; it is not said that Adam offered it, but Abel offers "the firstlings of his flock" (Gen. iv, 4), whereas Cain brought of the fruit of the ground (Gen. iv, 3), probably offering first-fruits. Each brings the product of his own labour, but Jehovah prefers the offering of Abel. Animal sacrifice holds the prior place in the Old Testament, doubtless as being the offering of life ; but there is no hint in the narrative that this was the cause of preference, but rather that Cain was not well disposed. The story next dilates upon Noah, who also offers sacrifice ; and herein we may note the superiority of the Hebrew narrative over the Babylonian, which speaks thus of the divine acceptance of the sacrifice of the Babylonian Noah :

The gods smelt the savour,
The gods smelt the goodly savour ;
The gods gathered like flies over the sacrificer.

After Noah comes the Tower of Babel, and the narrative next begins to dilate when it comes to Abram. There may be some significance in the fact that the antediluvian patriarchs (Adam to Noah inclusive) number ten, and likewise the post-diluvian patriarchs (Shem to Abram inclusive) ; the arrangement may be schematic, the most obvious supposition for lengthening out the chronology sufficiently to meet scientific requirements. We should thus have a long dark interval before Abraham, who was called by Almighty God out of an idolatrous family (Jos. xxiv, 2, 3 ; Judith v, 6-9). At this point therefore it may be well to note the results of the great Catholic anthropologist, Father Wilhelm Schmidt, Professor in the University of Vienna, who has summed up in his manual *The Origin and Growth of Religion : facts and theories* (English translation, Methuen, 1931) the position he has been led to adopt in his gigantic work,

Ursprung der Gottesidee, which has just been completed by the appearance of the sixth volume. He belongs to the *Societas Verbi Divini* (the Steil Fathers), other members of which have done admirable work in the same field. Briefly, by isolating and correlating and interpreting the various primitive *Kulturkreisen*, the cultures which he examines and classifies upon an exhaustive basis including many points besides religion, he claims to prove that the earliest culture which we can reach by analytical methods is monotheistic, and that it is the succeeding strata which fall away from monotheism. The one God is worshipped, and in the oldest culture the offering of first-fruits is widely practised; this form of sacrifice, I gather (partly from lectures which I have been privileged to hear), he thinks the most primitive. This would agree well with its being the sacrifice of Abel, and probably of Cain also. Prof. Schmidt offers us a Catholic position in a perplexing subject, which it would seem wise to adopt, without however making it an article of faith.

It may be noticed that the patriarchs were their own priests, themselves offering sacrifice to God; a separate priestly class or tribe appears in general to be a later development. In this, as in some other respects, the religion of the chosen seed, although the most privileged and the truest, was not the most advanced; already in Abraham's time we meet a priest of the true God in Melchisedech (Gen. xiv, 18-20), and Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, is called a priest, and offers sacrifice to the true God, but possibly as an act of conversion (Exod. xviii, 1, 10-12).

We come thus to Moses and the Mosaic dispensation, upon the liturgical side of which something has already been said. It will be known to many that the higher critics regard it as an axiom that the cart must be put before the horse, that in the main the Mosaic Law followed and did not precede the prophets: in particular, that the so-called Priestly Code, containing the whole of the Mosaic liturgy, was put together in its present form after the exile, that is to say, towards the end of the sixth century B.C. at the earliest, although it is admitted that to some extent it may have been traditional before

it was committed to writing. One effect of this is to make the pre-exilic religion far less liturgical; indeed, the prophets are represented as inveighing against sacrifice, and to a large extent against liturgical worship as such. It is impossible even to outline a plan of defence against such an attack, an attack (one may say) made along the whole Old Testament front, and with a multiplicity of arguments and assumptions; but it may be observed that Wellhausen, the great historical father and champion of the "documentary hypothesis" as we know it today, wrote that his whole position was contained in the first chapter of his *Prolegomena*, which deals with "the Place of Worship", and is not very effective argument. The story of the ark of the covenant and of the building of the Temple is a straightforward one, and disposes of much of his rather complicated argument.

Still, we are confronted with the language of the prophets, who show little enthusiasm for liturgical worship. That much is true, but the significance of the fact must be carefully weighed. Wellhausen and others make confusion worse confounded by taking as invective against all such worship what are really attacks upon the unlawful and idolatrous sanctuaries, not upon the Temple and its worship at Jerusalem. With this latter point I shall not deal, since it would take me too far afield from my subject; but let me illustrate the former by some well-known verses from Amos, which I have tried to translate as exactly as possible.

I hate, I reject your pilgrim-feasts,
 neither will I smell the savour at your solemnities.
 For although ye offer me your holocausts
 and grain-offerings, I will not accept them,
 and your fatted peace-offerings I will not regard.
 Take away from me the voice of thy songs,
 and the sound of thy harps I will not hear;
 But let righteousness flow as the waters,
 and justness as an ever-flowing stream (*wady*).

(Amos v, 21-24.)

It is important to realize that the prophet does not make Almighty God declare that He hates sacrifices and

ceremonies in themselves. We have here what is sometimes called a relative denial; it is not ceremonies that He wants, but righteousness. It is in this spirit that Joel cries, "Rend your hearts and not your garments" (Joel ii, 13), a spirit which may be summed up in Our Lord's words, *haec oportuit facere, et illa non omittere* (Matt. xxiii, 23): the outward observance is nothing without inward holiness. Human nature craves to express itself in a certain amount of outward ritual, but having set up the ritual, it tends to make that ritual an end in itself; it is therefore the duty of every prophet and reformer to insist upon the need of "the weightier things of the Law, judgement and mercy and faith" (Matt. xxiii, 23, preceding the words quoted above).

Our Lord was therefore following the prophetic tradition in His invectives against the scribes and pharisees, and was all the more bound to follow it, because these latter had gone so far in the hypocrisy of their formalism. The Temple worship, we may well suppose, was never carried out with such meticulous accuracy of magnificent ceremonial; a good idea of it may be gained from Edersheim's *The Temple: its ministry and services*, now (I fear) out of print. Nevertheless the Jewish nation was about to commit the crowning enormity of its history in rejecting its Messiah and crucifying its God. May I draw a historical parallel? Never before or since, I dare say, was there such display of pomp and circumstance in England as accompanied Cardinal Wolsey in his great functions. He had gathered into his own hands all the power of Church and State, even compelling the Pope to appoint him his permanent legate. And yet, as Mr. Belloc has shown in his book on Wolsey, all this merely prepared the way for Henry in his turn to assume directly that complete authority over Church and State which he had already been exercising through his creature.

And so Our Lord had no praise for the scrupulous exactness of the Temple liturgy, and was more at home teaching the multitudes by the Lake of Galilee. True, once (or perhaps twice) he drove out the traffickers from the Temple, but like the liturgical prophet Malachy,

though less directly and after a slight interval, He followed up the display of His zeal by predicting complete abolition. And when St. Paul is inveighing against the idea that justification can be obtained by merely external works, we may feel reasonably sure that he is including in this the Temple worship, because he knew well enough the spirit in which it was being practised. And so, if I may return to my historical parallel, when the Protestant upheaval had brought to ruin so much of the magnificent buildings and of the splendid ceremonial with which Europe had been familiar, the great Catholic reformers aimed less at restoring the outward services than at renewing the inward man, at producing a type that would need none of these things, but would be faithful through persecution and calumny and all manner of tribulation, that would find it enough to close their door and pray to their heavenly Father in secret, to retire to the mountain or any such spot and open their heart to God. And it is only right to remember that in putting forward such ideals they believed that they were returning to the life and work of Christ and His apostles, expecting from this new and perverted world the loss of all but their soul. The lesson has been needed in several countries even in our own time ; it will be needed in others.

But what was the new liturgy instituted by Christ ? It is the Mass that matters, and I may confine myself to that ; it is the liturgy *par excellence*, so supreme and unique that one almost regrets that there is a common word connecting it with more human institutions. *Praedicatur aequivoce*, as philosophers might say. The outward details of the first Mass are not quite so easy to reconstruct as many have imagined, because Palestine in Our Lord's time was the meeting-place of three cultures, Jewish, Greek, and (to a lesser extent) Roman, and it is difficult in regard of any particular point to say which prevailed. I speak therefore with reserve, even about the few details that I shall offer. Perhaps the nearest approach to the reality will be to picture to ourselves what we find represented in the frescoes of the Roman catacombs, a semicircular couch with a small table in front of it ; those about to partake of the meal

would take off their sandals, clamber on to the couch, and lie at full length upon their left elbow, helping themselves to the food and drink with their right. They would lie somewhat across, so that each would be "at the breast" of the one behind him, and St. John, being in this position in regard of Our Lord, could let himself fall back upon Our Lord's breast, and could exchange a whispered question and answer about the traitor which none others would hear (John xiii, 23-25). It was a considerable liberty to take with one's neighbour; but St. John was the beloved disciple! St. Peter may have been on the other side of St. John, and Judas on the other side of Our Lord, having presumably fought for his place.

It was not the kind of arrangement of which we should expect the Sacred Congregation of Rites to approve for a solemn Mass; and yet it was the most solemn of all Masses, being celebrated by Our Blessed Lord Himself. Even a low Mass has become an intricate ceremony, wherein not many priests, perhaps, could hope to pass without any little mistake (shall we say?) the minute scrutiny of those practising for ordination. God forbid that we should do anything but our best to comply with all the rubrics and all else that is best observed; nevertheless it may be helpful to ask ourselves whether we are not losing something, in order to strive the more zealously *not* to lose it. The Apostles were not carrying out a minute drill of head and arms and legs; they were far too absorbed in the Master and His sayings and doings to think of such things. Him also we must endeavour to reach through all these outward regulations.

Our Lord had celebrated the Holy Eucharist after an ordinary supper; such at least is my own opinion, which I have explained and defended in the appendix to Mark in the Westminster Version. In any case the Christians in the various cities would assemble at the house-church after the day's work, and pass on from their supper to the Holy Eucharist. Of the Corinthian Eucharist we learn much from St. Paul's first epistle. He appears to have stopped this previous partaking of an ordinary meal. After the Eucharist the *charismata* were exercised, and most of all the gifts of tongues and prophecy. There

appears to have been some danger lest the Christian assembly should turn into a regular pandemonium, and the Apostle was at pains to regulate the exercise of these gifts. He forbade it altogether to women. The Christians appear from the first to have developed the practice of singing hymns.

Towards the end of the apostolic age and in the early years of the second century the development of the liturgy appears to have been rapid. The Apocalypse itself cannot but strike us as a liturgical presentation, so to speak, of the heavenly court. It appears to be generally admitted that the first part of the Mass, containing mainly the reading of Holy Scripture with prayers, was modelled to some extent on the synagogue worship, but the part played by the Temple in Old Testament worship came also to exert influence upon the Christian idea of ordered worship. For the purpose of this article it is enough to point to Justin Martyr as a term of this development, without dilating upon him; not merely is he clear upon the subject of the Real Presence in the Mass and of the sacrifice, but the ceremony which he describes unmistakably *is* the Mass. He writes about the middle of the second century, and it is a long time before we have anything at all so explicit from any single writer, no doubt in part because of the *disciplina arcani*.

I have said that Christian worship was modelled to some extent upon the synagogue and the Temple; I may conclude this part of my article by pointing out an element in the Jewish religion which it failed in a measure to take up, perhaps somewhat to its detriment. I allude to liturgical, or quasi-liturgical, prayer in the home. A leading Jewish scholar has said of the Torah (the Law) in a recent work that it "has made the home rather than the Synagogue the centre of religion".* The Catholic religion cannot have its centre anywhere but in the Mass; but perhaps rather more could be done to give it a common expression in the home.

I come now to speak of the use of Scripture made in the liturgy. The chief examples of this use, I suppose,

* *In Spirit and Truth*, ed. G. A. Yates: Mr. H. Loewe's paper, p. 256.

are the epistles and gospels in Holy Mass, and the psalms of the office, and the biblical extracts of the first nocturn; but the whole liturgy, one may say, is impregnated with the language of Holy Writ, and it is enough to take it almost at haphazard to realize this. The canon of the Mass, for example, may be said to run from the *Sanctus* (based on Isai. vi) to the *Pater Noster* (taken from the Sermon on the Mount); at the supreme moment of consecration the priest is reciting the New Testament narratives, and the second great act of the Mass, the communion, is prefaced by the *Ecce Agnus Dei* and the *Domine non sum dignus*. The special feasts and occasions, too, bring with them an ample recitation or commemoration of ancient type or prophecy; and in the office the gospel of the day is explained, the responsories are largely biblical, and much else is drawn from Holy Writ. In a word, the debt is immense and all-pervading.

The more carefully and (I may say) the more devoutly one examines this biblical element in the liturgy, estimating what has actually been done, and endeavouring to make the most of it, the more one is inevitably drawn to consider what the possibilities are in themselves. It is surely to be desired that in the liturgical movement now on foot we should not only set ourselves to make the best use of what is already in usage, but that we should envisage the possibility of progress, and even in some respects of what may truly be called reform, not merely in the use of the liturgy, but in the liturgy itself. The Holy See and the Church at large are conservative, and in so sacred and momentous a matter it is right that this should be so, but a need clearly understood and respectfully manifested may find in time an encouraging response, as it has done in various other matters. I trust therefore that I shall not seem to be blindly running down the liturgy, but rather to be suggesting a direction for valuable effort, if even before coming to Holy Scripture I call attention to one or two points where improvement is possible, as in the poetry of the hymns or the historical character of the second nocturn, both of which are apt to sink to a rather low level. Or again, it is clear that the paschal liturgy is largely based upon the assumption

that a considerable number of catechumens have put off their baptism till they should be grown up. This custom appears to have been due in great measure to the fear of public penance, and both have happily disappeared altogether ; but theologians are now agreed that such delay involves very serious sin.

But to return to matters biblical. It will be enough to speak of the epistles and gospels, and of the psalms. It appears to have been the older practice in the Roman and Byzantine rites, as it is still in the Armenian rite, to have three lessons in the liturgy, the "prophecy" from the Old Testament, the epistle or "apostle", and the gospel.* We have here a great loss at the outset, for it is comparatively a rare thing for the epistle at Mass to be drawn from so rich and vast a field as the various writings of the Old Testament. And of the epistles and gospels in actual use, it may be enough to quote Dr. Fortescue's words upon the epistles, and to apply them to the gospels as well :

Of the arrangement one can only say that the special suitableness of certain Epistles for the various feasts and seasons soon quite disturbed the principle of continuous reading. Of continuous readings there is now hardly a trace in the Missal.†

One might be content that continuous reading should have been abandoned, if the modern *liber comicus* (as it used to be called) had been satisfactory ; but no one who is at all familiar with the inexhaustible treasures of Holy Writ can fail to regret that the Sunday epistles and gospels make such poor use of it. As a concrete proof of this I may appeal to Archbishop Goodier's useful book, *The Bible for Every Day*,‡ which contains a number of passages of about the right length. Or again, I may give just one example, where my readers will doubtless be able to supply others : the unclean spirit who perplexes our congregations on the third Sunday of Lent by walking

* See the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, art. "Lessons in the Liturgy" (Vol. IX, pp. 193b-194a), by the late Dr. Adrian Fortescue ; his article "Gospel in the Liturgy" may also be consulted with profit.

† *Cath. Encycl.*, art. "Lessons in the Liturgy", p. 195b.

‡ Burns Oates and Washbourne ; 5s. (1934).

through places without water, seeking rest (Luke xi, 24), is not very far removed from the parable of the prodigal son, thought by some the most beautiful in the gospels (Luke xv, 11-32): this latter, however, is not read on the Sundays or great feasts, although the passage just before it is read (Luke xv, 1-10: third Sunday after Pentecost) and also the passage just after it (Luke xvi, 1-9: eighth Sunday after Pentecost). It would not be at all difficult to produce a better selection of epistles and gospels than the one in use; but of course, if the work be undertaken at all, it should be carried through with great care and reverence. Some time back, Father George O'Neill, S.J., of our Irish province, wrote three articles* in the course of which he suggested a new and tentative scheme of readings; may the Lord grant that something may come of this first move towards meeting an urgent need.

The question of the psalms is in every way more complex. It may be well to recall briefly the chief historical facts. The first Latin translations of the Old Testament, including the psalms, were made from the Greek Septuagint. St. Jerome first made a simple revision of the old Latin psalter from the Septuagint, now known as the "Roman" Psalter, and still in liturgical use in St. Peter's, and at Milan. Then he revised this "Roman" psalter, largely on the basis of Origen's *Hexapla*, the result being known as the "Gallican" psalter, by reason of its popularity in Gaul. Finally he translated the psalms directly from the Hebrew. Unfortunately this last translation did not succeed in winning its way into the liturgy; the Catholic faithful, who in those days still understood Latin, would not suffer it to oust the translations from the Septuagint. So utter was its failure, in fact, that it did not even secure a place in the new Latin Vulgate, St. Jerome's own translation from the Hebrew. This has been a great misfortune to the Latin Church all down the ages. Even in our Vulgates today we have not the psalter made directly from the Hebrew, but a far inferior rendering from the Greek. We may

* *The Ecclesiastical Review* (Philadelphia, U.S.A.), June 1925; April 1926; February 1927.

confidently look forward to this being remedied in the Benedictine edition of St. Jerome's Vulgate, which will give us a good text of St. Jerome's translation of the Hebrew psalter. The late Abbot Quentin's methods of constructing his text are not likely to be accepted by serious students of textual criticism, but the manuscripts upon which he has chiefly relied are good enough to ensure an enormous improvement upon our present Clementine Vulgate, and the psalms will no doubt reach at least the same standard. For practical purposes the best edition of St. Jerome's translation of the Hebrew psalter is Dr. Harden's *Psalterium iuxta Hebraeos Hieronymi*, published in 1922.*

Our laity labour to a large extent under the difficulty of not knowing Latin, and sometimes fondly imagine that if only they could follow the words, their troubles would be at an end. We who are continually using the Clementine psalter know how vain such expectation would sometimes be found; and indeed, the Douay Version, though itself not always doing justice to the Latin, should be enough to damp their hopes. It is indeed a rather poor translation of another poor translation of yet another rather poor translation of a not very satisfactory text.

It is not necessary to refresh our memories with examples of impossible Latin passages, such as the *si dormiatis inter medios clericos* and the rest, from the *Exsurgat Deus* (Vulg. 67); and indeed, after reading a learned study of this psalm, I finally came to the conclusion that it really was in some measure unintelligible even in the Hebrew. Not all the Latin psalms (perhaps none of them) are as difficult as this; but for devout recitation it is at times a sad necessity (I think) to get what one can out of the Latin, without trying to think of the original meaning. Still, of course, in many of them the general drift is clear, for example in the beautiful pilgrim psalms, the so-called "gradual psalms" (Vulg. 119-133), some of which have a liturgical ring. But it may be said in general that in the Hebrew the psalms are not difficult to understand, and their direct

* S.P.C.K., 10s. net.

yet poetic language is full of simple beauty. May I give one short example, the *Dominus regit me* (Vulg. Ps. 22 : Hebr. 23) ? The very second word of the Latin misses the key-word to the whole.*

Jehovah is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
 He guideth me to restful waters :
 He restoreth my soul.
 He leadeth me by right paths
 For his name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk in dark valley
 I will fear no evil,
 For thou art with me ; thy club and thy staff,
 They comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
 In the face of mine enemies :
 Thou hast anointed my head with oil :
 My cup is well filled.
 Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me
 All the days of my life ;
 And I shall dwell in Jehovah's house
 For length of days.

St. Jerome's translation from the Hebrew would bring us nearer to this :

Dominus pascit me ; nihil mihi deerit.
In pascuis herbarum adclinavit me :
Super aquas refectionis enutrivit me :
animam meam refecit.

And so on. Have we perhaps come to think too much of the sound and too little of the sense ? Though even in regard of sounds, it must be admitted, for instance, that the invitation of the last of the psalms to dancing and the clashing of cymbals and the rest does not meet with any very enthusiastic response ; perhaps there is something in the spirit of the psalms that would always elude us now, even had we the best text in the world. In any case, it is well to remember that the psalms have one considerable limitation ; in the main the chief mysteries

* I must reserve to myself the copyright of this translation for the Westminster Version.

of our religion find no mention, and they represent a rather elementary monotheism, without even any very distinct mention of heaven and hell. Misguided zeal, indeed, has often tried to put more into them than the all-wise God who inspired them, and this has not made for sound exegesis. I need not stop upon the difficulty presented by the "vindictive" psalms, as they are called. If we wish to understand why Benediction and the rosary and other devotions have become popular, we must bear in mind that they offer the chief mysteries of our faith for the consideration and devotion of the faithful in a way that the psalms can never do.

There are many who hope for the conversion of England from the liturgical movement. For my own part I notice that the country is rushing into nothing at all, an abyss of unbelief and immorality, too fast to leave hope for the conversion of more than a remnant, apart from some very special intervention of the Holy Ghost. Still, we must pray and work that this remnant may be as large as possible, and I doubt, both on *a priori* and *a posteriori* grounds, whether the chief part in conversion—I only say, the chief—does belong or will belong to the liturgy. The world outside, so far as it has any religion at all, is crawling with modernism, which an appeal made largely to outward effect is only too likely to strengthen. We must lay stress upon the need of faith rather than of works or sentiment, and it appears to me rather more likely that the best opening for faith is to be found in the Bible. The Englishman still loves his Bible, and is well pleased to hear even a Catholic priest defending it. Upon the whole, therefore, I think that the best chance is for the Church to come forward as the only reliable champion of Holy Writ. One way, however, does not exclude the other, nor is it primarily for the conversion of England, but for the greater reverence and glory of God, that we must wish to see the liturgy as perfectly rendered as possible. In any case I would wish to blend zeal for the liturgy and zeal for Sacred Scripture into a higher unity, and to plead that the most sure and desirable line of liturgical progress is a wiser use of the

resources of the Scriptures. A consideration of the words of the prophets and of Our Blessed Lord Himself, as I think I have sufficiently indicated, will also put us on our guard against making the liturgy an end in itself, of falling into a greater or less degree of formalism by making too much of the letter and too little of the spirit, too much of the outward sign and too little of the divine reality signified, too much of ourselves and too little of the Divine Majesty. And that final work of Holy Scripture which, as I have said, seems to contain in its own mysterious way so much of the liturgical spirit, also reminds us in the language of symbol that when that which is perfect shall have come, that which is in part shall pass away : that in the heavenly Jerusalem there will be no more ceremony, but only for each and all the blessed vision of God, face to face. "I saw no sanctuary therein, for the Lord God Almighty is the sanctuary thereof, and the Lamb" (Apoc. xxi, 22).

One last suggestion, from which I cannot refrain, though it might possibly be said to lie outside the scope of this essay. By many, and especially by many non-Catholics, our services are judged, not so much by what they see or by the Latin words, as by the English, and the English of our prayers and hymns they are apt to despise, not altogether without reason, as of inferior standard ; and the music of our hymns is liable to fall under the same condemnation. I presume that no practical worker for souls wishes to banish English entirely (or almost entirely) from our churches ; and I dare say that many will agree that the standard of English used in our churches needs to be raised. In this respect also Almighty God has a right to the best that we can give Him. When we have finally changed "when Thou wert hanging on the Cross" to the more grammatical "wast", and have omitted the impossible "O Sorrowful Mother" from the Pope's prayer for England, we shall be able with a better conscience to join in the doxology, "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, so now and always, and for ever and ever, Amen".

C. LATTEY, S.J.

BISHOP BUTLER'S ANALOGY: A PERSUASIVE TO POPERY

ON 2 August, 1838, Mr. Herbert Evans of Hampstead, a stranger to him, left Newman the original of a letter written by Bishop Butler in his youth to Dr. Clarke with the latter's reply on the reverse of the paper. It would appear that he had picked it up on a bookstall. How it made its way there we cannot guess, for it had been published in the *European Magazine* in 1802.* Fourteen years afterwards, at the end of 1852, Edward Steere, afterwards Anglican Bishop of Central Africa, who was then preparing an edition of Butler's works, applied to Newman for a copy. Reminded, by Mr. Steere's application, of the fact that the letter was still in his possession, Newman came to the conclusion that it would most fittingly find a permanent home at Oriel College, Oxford; and so he in his turn sent it to the Provost, Dr. Hawkins, begging him to accept it on behalf of the College, of which he himself and Bishop Butler had both been members. Dr. Hawkins did so; and at Oriel the letter is still preserved.†

In the covering letter to Dr. Hawkins, Newman referred to Butler, not only as the "special boast" of Oriel, but even as "the greatest name in the Anglican Church". This is a high claim, for it is impossible to deny that the Church of England has been rich in great names. Yet after all not so high a claim as that put forward by him in the article on the Catholicity of the Anglican Church, when he declared "the mere production of a man like Butler" to be "a Note of the Church".‡

Butler's reputation rests on a few sermons and a single book, *The Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*, but especially on the latter, in bulk not very much for an author to take with him before the judgement bar of history. *The Analogy* emerged into a world distracted with

* XLI, p. 89.

† It is included in the Butler-Clarke correspondence both in Gladstone's and in Bernard's editions of Butler's works.

‡ *Essays*, II, p. 57.

theological strife from the "golden rectory" of Stanhope in Weardale just two hundred years ago. The preface is dated May 1736. It did not fall dead-born from the press, to borrow the vivid phrase used by David Hume in connexion with his own *Treatise of Human Nature* published some three years later. In fact its immediate effect was amazing; for it brought to a sudden end the deistic controversy that had been raging for half a century. The champions of Deism shrank from crossing swords with so redoubtable an opponent. Only two obscure authors ventured to take up his challenge; but the triumphant controversialist regarded them as too contemptible for his notice. His victory was immediate and complete; the defeated party never dared to raise its head again.

But who takes the trouble to study *The Analogy* at the present time? None assuredly except perhaps a tiny band of theologians, and some others whose intellectual interests lie in the region of eighteenth-century thought. Hume's *Treatise*, in spite of its author's verdict on its failure, stands for more now, far more, than *The Analogy* does. How little the latter work counts may be inferred from this, that in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* the once-famous argument is compressed into three brief paragraphs, and its author is allotted only a little more than a column. Editors of encyclopaedias no doubt keep their fingers on the pulse of popular opinion; and so far forth, the neglect into which Butler has fallen may be taken as another illustration of what is normal in the course of human reputations, that the idols of one generation are hurled from the altars by its successors.

That this should have happened to Butler is understandable. He wrote, not for all time, but for his own age. *The Analogy* must be assigned to the category of occasional works in which English literature is so rich, occasional in the sense that it grew out of the circumstances of its period, and was designed to meet the needs of that particular epoch. What abiding value it possesses is purely incidental. Only the favoured few see the universal in the particular, the permanent in the transitory, and, because they do so, produce works

endowed with the grace of perpetual youth, that become classics. The appearance of *The Analogy* marked the climax of the deistic controversy. Sir James Mackintosh pronounced it to be "the most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion". But Mark Pattison says of it that its chief merit lies in its want of originality, and describes it as a summary of the discussions and debates of more than one generation.* Both these writers are correct in their contradictory judgements. Butler's mode of approach to his subject is highly original; but on the other hand both the particular topics which he handles, and the arguments which he advances to silence objectors, were as well worn in 1736 as topics and arguments could be. His supreme virtue lies in this, that he produced a work comprehensive and exhaustive in which he dealt faithfully with all the questions raised in the previous half-century, and closed the prolonged debate. It was admitted on all hands, tacitly even by its opponents, that Christianity, as far as the *a priori* evidences went, had won a brilliant victory. Naturally enough, the book through whose agency the victory had been won was relegated to oblivion. It lived on in libraries, but not in the hands of the Anglican clergy. They knew it by name, while they were content in general to remain ignorant of its contents. Its mere existence gave them confidence in their position, although its pages were left unperused.

There were exceptions, of course, to the general rule. Hugh J. Rose, for instance, when asked his opinion, replied that his own copy was "worn out by frequent use". At Oxford, too, Butler had been absorbed into the tradition of what was read in the more cultured circles of the University. Certainly the Oriel "noetics" were familiar at first hand with *The Analogy*. Keble's *Christian Year* is a poetical precipitate of Butler's teaching. Those who fell under "noetic" influences studied him as a matter of course. Newman's page in the *Apologia* in which he specified his obligations to him has become a commonplace among historians of the Oxford

* *Essays*, II, p. 75

Movement.* He took up *The Analogy*, not for disinterested reasons, but as part of his reading for the *Essay on Miracles* which he was commissioned to write for the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*. He packed the volume in his trunk when he was leaving Oxford for a holiday; and on 25 June, 1825, he began to read it on the very day when he arrived at Strand-on-the-Green to stay with his mother. Before he returned to Oxford on 12 October, he noted that he had read a "good part" of it. For him it was "the great philosophical work of Butler", and its author "the great philosopher", "the great authority", or "the profound thinker". Froude went so far as to play with the idea that Butler was inspired when he wrote *The Analogy*.† W. G. Ward, a decade or so their junior, professed, even after his conversion, "an enthusiastic veneration" for one whom he thought "to tower above the Stewarts and Reids and Browns, as a being of another world".‡ Such testimonies might be multiplied; but these will suffice to give some indication of his influence in the Catholic Revival.

Just before *The Analogy* attained its centenary, it was placed upon the list of books required to be read by candidates in the school of Literae Humaniores at Oxford. Mark Pattison, in consequence of this regulation, worked at it closely and minutely during the summer term of 1834. If his memory is to be trusted, this radical change was made through the agency of Dr. Hampden, the bewildered and bewildering liberal theologian of that day. Whether it was a wise step or not remains doubtful. It broke the monopoly of Aristotle in the schools, and that was so far an advantage, since the world has continued to think since Aristotle died; but on the other hand Pattison is justified in his criticism of *The Analogy* as an instrument of philosophical education, that it diverted the mind from the great outlines of scientific and philosophical thought, and fixed it on a number of petty considerations.§ Hence our sympathies go with the liberal board of examiners,

* P. 10.

† *Remains*, I, p. 126.

‡ W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival, p. 26.

§ *Memoirs*, p. 135.

Pattison himself among them, who discarded it twenty years later. But how far their motives were disinterested is, and must be, an insoluble problem. Gladstone, who nursed a life-long devotion to Butler, described his deposition as "a cruel act, perhaps the worst determinate result of the great anti-Newman reaction".* But in spite of his assertion, and in default of positive evidence, it is safer to hold that Newman never came into it at all. Even in the last decade of his life, he clung pathetically to the vain hope that Butler should be restored to his former high place.† Such a step is even more unimaginable now than it was in the nineties of last century.

In the *Apologia* Newman has observed that the study of *The Analogy* had been to so many, as it was to him, an epoch in their religious opinions.‡ On the other hand Sir Leslie Stephen, in his *Religious Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, has suggested that Butler may have made few converts.§ The latter expression of opinion seems to fall short of the true facts of the case. It must be admitted that Butler once and for all silenced the Deists. But when that controversy was over and done with, and *The Analogy* began to be read, as far as it was read, independently of its controversial context, what was its effect? An even more crucial question presents itself: not how many converts did it make, but how many indifferent, only half-convinced Christians. When we consider the matter from this particular angle, we shall find ourselves forced to the conclusion that a considerable number had their faith, if not shattered, at least weakened rather than confirmed by Butler's apologetic. William Pitt may be taken as a representative of this class. There is a remark of his, made in a conversation with William Wilberforce, and taken by his biographers from his "conversational memoranda", to the effect that "Bishop Butler's work raised in his mind more doubts than it had answered".||

For this the modest claims put forward by Butler

* Quoted from Dr. Whyte's *John Henry Newman*, p. 28.

† Lord Acton's *Correspondence*, p. 223. ‡ P. 10. § I, 278 ff.

|| Quoted by Gladstone, *Subsidiary Studies*, p. 31, from the *Life of Wilberforce*, I, p. 95.

himself, in his Introduction, on behalf of the conclusions to be drawn from his celebrated argument, must be held largely responsible. It is what Newman calls "a presumption used negatively". "Objection", he explains, "being brought against certain characteristics of Christianity, he meets them by the presumption in their favour derived from their parallels as discoverable in the order of nature, arguing that they do not tell against the Divine origin of Christianity, unless they tell against the Divine origin of the natural system also. But he could not adduce it as a positive and direct proof of the Divine origin of the Christian doctrines that they had their parallels in nature, or at the utmost as more than a recommendation of them to the religious inquirer."* Butler did not pretend that his argument reached to certainty. He only claimed for it that it might "in some few instances perhaps . . . amount to a real practical proof"; and that when it fell short of this, it would serve as "a confirmation of what is proved otherwise".† He would cheerfully have admitted, if challenged, that as his premises were in probable matter, so also his conclusions never rose above probabilities. But he solaced himself with his famous dictum, that "to us probability is the very guide of life".

Now here we are brought face to face with one of the great cruxes of eighteenth-century thought. Locke considered that all arguments that fell short of demonstration were no more than probabilities. Hume, remarking on this, observes that Locke has omitted to mention "proofs", by which he meant "such arguments from experience as leave no room for doubt or opposition".‡ The physical and historical sciences being yet in their infancy, the methods employed in them had not been adequately analysed. Mathematics was regarded as the model science, and its processes as the types to which all thinking should conform, demonstrative conclusions drawn from certain premises. This standpoint was not without its bearing upon theological thought. Thus the once celebrated non-resident Bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Watson, the liberal prelate of his day,

* *Grammar of Assent*, p. 382. † Introduction. ‡ *Inquiry*, § VI.

gave it as his opinion that the science of mathematics tended "to indispose the mind to religious belief";* and that, "from its indisposing us for arguments drawn from mere probabilities".† Sir William Hamilton too has commented on the fact that "beyond the narrow sphere of necessary matter mathematicians are disposed to one or other of two opposite extremes—credulity and scepticism". He describes them as "alienated, by the opposite character of their studies, from those habits of caution and confidence, of skill and sagacity, which the pursuit of knowledge in the universe of probability requires and induces".‡ Evidently in the view of these writers, mathematics, as an instrument of intellectual discipline, when too exclusively pursued, infringes the maxim of Aristotle about the business of education, which is "to train a man to demand such proof as is consonant with the nature of the subject, neither plausibilities from the mathematician nor demonstration from the orator".§ The historian Gibbon supplies a practical commentary on this, for he tells us that he abandoned his mathematical studies, before his mind should become "hardened by the habits of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence".|| Even a modern logician mentions it as a common opinion, "that a man whose studies are too exclusively mathematical is at sea when he comes to deal with matters that do not admit of demonstration; and contrariwise, if he is trained only in sciences where rigorous proof is impossible, he is incompetent to see what is required in matters of a stricter sort".¶ In these circumstances it is understandable that to minds disciplined mainly in mathematics *The Analogy* should have appeared to be merely a handbook of infidelity.

Now let us turn our attention to the other side of the picture, the side on which, as Sir William Hamilton

* Newman, *Idea of a University*, p. 101.

† Newman, *University Sermons*, p. 186.

‡ *Discussions on Philosophy*, p. 299. § *Eth. Nic.*, a. 1, 1094 b, 13.

|| *Autobiography*, p. 95 (G. B. Hill's Edition). Cf. Mill's *Autobiography*, p. 16 (World's Classics).

¶ *Introduction to Logic*, H. W. B. Joseph, p. 529.

would have said, credulity is represented. We may take it for granted that of the men of any note who fell under the influence of the Oxford Movement, including those who carried Tractarian principles to their legitimate conclusions, and either accompanied or followed Newman into the Catholic Church, all practically without exception, not only had received their philosophical and religious formation from *The Analogy*, but had also been through the mathematical mill. Many of them had even achieved high honours in the Schools. Newman himself was for that time a considerable mathematician; he failed in the Schools himself, but the successes won by his pupils prove his competence. In his *Dublin Discourses*, as an illustration of the principle that sciences taken one by one tell a different tale from what they do when viewed as constituent parts of one universal science, he made what at first sight seems an amazing statement, that *The Analogy* had "had so much to do with the conversion to the Catholic faith of members of the University of Oxford".*

On the influence of Butler in general, as well as in this particular respect, Canon Oakeley has written a striking paragraph:

I cannot help thinking [he says], although I am not sure if the opinion be shared by others, that the great religious movement in question was favoured to a considerable extent by the peculiar character of the education, both philosophical and classical, by which the Oxford of those days was distinguished. The basis of the former was the great moral treatise of Aristotle, the *Ethics*, which contains, as I need not say, the skeleton of our own system of Moral Theology. The Aristotelian ethics, with the Christian philosophy of Bishop Butler as their commentary and supplement, entered into the academical education of all the more cultivated minds of Oxford, and contributed, in a pre-eminent degree, to form their character and regulate their tone. In the absence of a powerful and consistent teaching on the part of the Established Church, this positive philosophy was a real boon. Those, of course, who had no higher object in their academical life than to gain the honours of the Schools, studied it, like everything else, with an eye merely to that secondary end. But more thoughtful

* *Idea of a University*, p. 100.

minds found in it a deeper meaning, and a more practical use. . . . Thus, then, it was that the philosophical studies of Oxford tended to form certain great minds on a semi-Catholic type.*

Newman has defined in the *Apologia* the particular obligations under which he lay to the teaching of Bishop Butler. Apart from the two philosophical principles, the idea of an analogy between the natural and the spiritual worlds, and the doctrine that probability is the guide of life, which became the underlying principle of a great portion of his own teaching, he was most influenced by Butler's "inculcation of a visible Church, the oracle of truth and a pattern of sanctity". The passage in which Butler insists upon the need of a visible Church is a striking fragment of apologetic to come from the pen of an eighteenth-century divine, when the very idea of such an institution was tending to become dim. How deeply Butler himself felt the urgency of this need is manifest in the style which here, as nowhere else in his writings, rises to the height of his great argument :

As Christianity [he writes] served these ends and purposes when it was first published by the miraculous publication itself ; so it was intended to serve the same purposes in future ages by means of the settlement of a visible church : of a society distinguished from common ones, and from the rest of the world, by peculiar religious institutions ; by an instituted method of instruction, and an instituted form of external Religion. Miraculous powers were given to the first preachers of Christianity, in order to their introducing it into the world : *a visible church was established, in order to continue it and carry it on successively throughout all ages.* Had Moses and the Prophets, Christ and His Apostles, only taught, and by miracles proved Religion to their contemporaries, the benefits of their instructions would have reached but to a small part of mankind. Christianity must have been in a great degree sunk and forgot in a very few ages. To prevent this appears to have been one reason why a visible church was instituted ; to be like a city upon a hill, a standing memorial to the world of the duty which we owe our Maker ; to call men continually both by example and instruction to attend to it, and by the form of Religion ever before their eyes remind them of the reality ; to be the repository of the oracles

* *The Tractarian Movement*, p. 17.

of God; to hold up the light of revelation in aid to that of nature, and propagate it throughout all generations to the end of the world—the light of revelation, considered here in no other view, than as designed to enforce natural religion. And in proportion as Christianity is professed and taught in the world, Religion, natural or essential Religion, is thus distinctly and advantageously laid before mankind, and brought again and again to their thoughts as a matter of infinite importance. A visible church has also a further tendency to promote natural Religion, as being an instituted method of education, originally intended to be of more peculiar advantage to those who conform to it. For one end of the institution was, that by admonition and reproof, as well as by instruction; by a general regular discipline and public exercises of religion, *the body of Christ*, as the Scripture speaks, should be *edified*, i.e. trained up in piety and virtue for a higher and better state. . . .*

As a specimen of prose, apart from one or two small blemishes, this passage belongs to the authentic tradition of English literature, "prose without the note of provinciality—classical prose, prose of the centre", as Matthew Arnold would have called it. With the lesson conveyed in it fresh upon his mind, Newman, that same year in which he first read Butler, heard the same truth put otherwise, but no less forcibly, we may be sure, upon the lips of Whately. Echoes of it resound in his sermons at St. Mary's. On the one hand there is the world; and "the world sweeps by in long procession; its principalities and powers, its Babel of languages, the astrologers of Chaldaea, the horse and its rider and the chariots of Egypt, Baal and Ashtoreth and their false worship; and those who witness, feel its fascination; they flock after it; with a strange fancy, they ape its gestures, and dote upon its mummeries . . .".† It assails, and takes captive, the imagination. Only by something that will hold the imagination, can its influence be counteracted. This was to Butler the *raison d'être* of the Church's existence. So, too, to Newman: "The Catholic Church has been set up by Divine Mercy, as a present, visible antagonist, and the only possible antagonist, to sight and sense."‡

* *Analogy*, Pt. II, ch. I.

† *Univ. Sermons*, p. 132.

‡ *Idea of a University*, p. 515.

In the correspondence between him and Keble before his conversion, Keble quoted Butler to keep him in his allegiance, while he quoted Butler as a reason for going forward. After his conversion he declared that the Fathers made him a Catholic;* and that, because he believed the Catholic Church, and it only, to be the Church of the Fathers.† But in making these statements he overlooked Butler's share in that happy consummation by impressing upon his mind the idea of a visible Church. He read the Fathers in the light of this conception. But when a man has absorbed into his belief the fact of the existence of a visible Church, he has already accomplished a full half, and more, of his pilgrimage towards Catholicism. "We must take things as they are; to believe in a Church, is to believe in the Pope!"‡

Butler himself, however, never contemplated this final step, never even regarded it as lying within the realm of the conceivable. In 1736 the Catholic Church in England was dwindling into insignificance; and he was too insular, perhaps too provincial, to realize its actuality. Probably he never uttered a single word in commendation of Catholicism. To him it was merely "superstition",§ and its adherents "slaves of superstition".|| His most outspoken declarations on the subject he ventured to make in a sermon before the House of Lords, on 11 June, 1747, the anniversary of the King's accession. On that occasion he described the Anglican Establishment as a security against "that great corruption of Christianity, Popery". This same Popery of which he knew so little, nothing at first hand, he suspected of being ever hard at work to bring England once more under its yoke, condemned it as an "open usurpation of all human and divine authority", and finally attributed to its adoption of force instead of argument, since it indulged in persecution wherever it could be employed with impunity, "corruptions of the grossest sort", prevalent for generations in many parts of Christendom, even where it "obtains in its least absurd form".¶

* *Difficulties of Anglicans*, II, p. 24.

† *Ibid.*, II, p. 208.

‡ *Serm.*, XX.

§ *Serm.*, V.

† *Ibid.*, I, p. 367.

|| *Serm.*, XVII.

So unequivocal a spokesman surely deserved to be canonized as the perfect representative of the purest and most untainted Protestantism. But so sensitive was the public conscience, so timorous, so ready to catch at straws, that even he, in spite of this tub-thumping rodomontade, was not secure from the suspicion of Popery. Incredible as it may seem, in 1767, fifteen years after his death, a definite charge was formulated against him, in an anonymous pamphlet, that he had died in the communion of the Catholic Church. An acrimonious debate ensued. It turned out, however, that the evidence on which it rested was of the flimsiest description. The anonymous accuser based it upon an anecdote lately given him. When challenged by Archbishop Secker, writing under a pseudonym, he adduced as corroborative evidence "the Popish *insignia* of the *cross*" erected by Butler in his episcopal chapel, and the advocacy of "external religion" in his last charge to his clergy as Bishop of Durham, which was alleged to have "squinted very much towards that superstition". The Archbishop's intervention failed to achieve its object. A writer, perhaps the original accuser, set out to explain Butler's "tendency this way" in part by "the natural melancholy and gloominess of Dr. Butler's disposition", an explanation which at least merits a smile of derision. The Archbishop's further intervention again failed to bring the matter to an end; and the controversy dragged on, until it died a natural death through exhaustion.

Plainly the charge was a fabrication from beginning to end, or at any rate the product of a fevered imagination. Bishop Butler seems to have had no contacts with Catholicism. It was the destiny of his great work to contribute to the inception, almost a century after its publication, of a movement in the direction of Catholicism; but like the bell that invites people to church, but never enters itself, its author, although he realized the need of a visible Church, never entered its communion. His eloquent words had consequences of which he never dreamed, either for himself, or for those who should chance to read them.

HENRY TRISTRAM, CONG. ORAT.

PALESTRINA—PRINCEPS MUSICAE

AT first sight it might seem merely a curious accident of musical history that a single half-century—roughly speaking, the latter part of the sixteenth—produced a unique treasure of music for the service of the Church, “a development of musical art” (to quote one commentator) “the aesthetic and liturgical perfection of which has never since been equalled”. This golden age of ecclesiastical music, as it has justly been termed, with Palestrina as its brightest ornament, and his great contemporaries Orlando di Lasso and Vittoria of but little less splendour, is one which, regarded purely as an artistic manifestation, has compelled the homage and admiration of musicians of all schools and ages. Richard Wagner speaks for them all in acclaiming its “sublimity, richness, and indescribable depth of expression”. Considered as music for the Church, the almost universal opinion is that nothing written before or since has attained so nearly to the liturgical ideal as this polyphonic art of the sixteenth-century masters.

Now that the decree *In motu proprio* has gradually brought back the music of Palestrina and his contemporaries once more into general use in the Church, many have been able to judge for themselves of these truths, and to realize what had been almost lost for so long. Those who, for example, have heard the marvellous *Improperia* sung in their impressive Good Friday setting, or have listened to the mystically splendid music of such a Mass as the *Assumpta est Maria* on a feast day, must have felt as Wagner did about this music, and have come under the spell of its remote, spiritual atmosphere. Inevitably the question must arise why no subsequent church music ever approached so closely to liturgical perfection. The answer lies in the fact that what seemed only an accidental circumstance was in reality the outcome of a combination of happenings, resulting in this isolated position of the Palestrinian art.

For centuries before his day men had striven to enrich the plain-song, to adorn it in the service of the liturgy; at first crudely adding voices singing an octave or a fifth

above or below the melody, then venturing into simple new melodies, which could be combined with the original one, making an effect more or less pleasing to the ear. Here was the beginning of that method defined as counterpoint (*punctum contra punctum*), each note of one melody matched against each note of another. By the dawn of the sixteenth century these experiments had already produced remarkable work—in the so-called Netherlands school of ecclesiastical music—of which the greatest figure was Josquin des Prés. The contrapuntal apparatus, the art of combining several melodies to sound simultaneously with good effect, had now reached a point at which there was only required a master hand to perfect it, to make out of this almost mathematically strict counterpoint a living art-form, capable of producing music of the greatest beauty, a means by which, from fragments of plain-song or melodies from other sources, were spun threads of tone whose exquisite convolutions were woven together into that tissue of sound known as polyphony.

Six years after Palestrina's death the first Italian *dramma per la musica* (in other words, opera) made its appearance. Great forces had been swiftly at work. Secular music, which had been nurtured almost entirely in the fold of the Church—had used its modes (or scales), its notation, its rhythms, and its accents—now left that fold, made its own modes (the ancestors of our modern major and minor scales) and its own technique of composition. It took ecclesiastical music with it, into this new field. One has only to listen to a Mass written about 1660 to realize what had happened, the tremendous alteration in style and in outlook. A few composers (the most notable of them Allegri) continued to work in the older manner, but the new forces were too powerful. By 1700 church music was definitely secularized.

It is true to say that the work of every great creative artist is to some extent the summing-up of an epoch. Palestrina must be placed among those masters destined to fulfil the scheme of musical historical necessity, whose work is to fructify and bring to its greatest perfection some already established form. Just as the symphony

culminated with Beethoven and the music-drama with Wagner, so did ecclesiastical polyphonic music with Palestrina. The very splendour of his work helped to bring this era to an end: there was no one of equal stature to succeed him, no one with either his artistic gifts or his "noble placidity of spirit".

So powerful was the influence of the new secular style that the older school soon began to be neglected by the Church. That view of art which could imagine a baroque *baldacchino* improved a Gothic apse naturally found music of the Palestrinian type uncouth, inexpressive, and wanting in humanity. Hardly anywhere, outside Rome, did it continue to be heard.

There is little to chronicle—and in any case, authentic information is scanty—about the life of this "peaceable, modest Italian", as a recent biographer terms him. The very date of his birth in the little town of Palestrina (twenty miles from Rome in the old Papal States), the name of which has been added to his own—Giovanni Pierluigi—is uncertain, but it was probably either 1524 or 1525. His name is found among the choirboys of St. Maria Maggiore a few years later, and doubtless like many other church musicians his early musical education was provided by that church. Except for a few years, as a young man at Palestrina Cathedral, his whole life was spent at Rome—his home spiritual and temporal. In spite of offers of good positions elsewhere he would never leave it. Like Bach, he was patronized by those in high places but kept to his modest ways of life. Like that composer also, he found domesticity essential to his art, and, like him, married twice. In turn he held musical offices in various Roman basilicas—St. Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran, and St. Peter's. No fewer than ten Popes gave the composer their patronage, and his friendship with St. Philip Neri, whose love of music and furtherance of it (assisted by Palestrina) in his newly founded oratory is so well known, can hardly fail to have helped the composer to consecrate his great artistic powers still more completely to the service of the Church.

The earlier biographers, led by the Italian writer

Abbé Baini (1828), were wont to chronicle a dramatic moment in Palestrina's life: how when music—other than plain-song—was in danger of complete banishment from the Church by decree of the Council of Trent, the composer came forward with three Masses, specially written to show a new, dignified, and suitable style for liturgical use; how one of these, the famous *Papae Marcelli*, was accepted by a committee of cardinals as fulfilling all their requirements, the said Mass being then solemnly sung before the Pope, and also approved by him.

Unfortunately recent research has shown that there is no foundation of fact for the story. The whole situation at this time, in the matter of church music, has been much exaggerated. It seems probable that the real position somewhat resembled one which, three and a half centuries later, called forth the *In motu proprio*. In each case there were certain abuses. There was the secular element, this taking the form, in Palestrina's day, of the use of melodies derived from popular songs associated with unedifying words, and there may be some truth in the assertion that the original words belonging to the tune were occasionally surreptitiously sung in church. Another point was the employment of too much musical elaboration, a third the confusion of text by undesirable repetitions and interpolations; Palestrina's earlier work, by the way, was not entirely free from some of these defects.

Nevertheless, all that seems to have actually happened was that two of the commission of eight cardinals entrusted with carrying out the various recommendations of the Tridentine Council—among them that the Church must "exclude all music tainted with sensual and impure elements, all secular forms and unedifying language"—sent for some of the Papal singers. The latter were asked to perform several Masses (or movements) from their repertoire, chiefly with a view to ascertaining whether the liturgical text was obscured or improperly added to. We do not even know if any of Palestrina's music was sung on this occasion, but we may be quite sure that the composer's influential patrons were

satisfied with the general suitability of his music for church use. Whatever of reform there was, its practical application consisted in weeding out the poorer and unsuitable sorts of music, thereby affording increased opportunity to Palestrina and the best of his contemporaries to continue their work.

A life mainly spent, as we have seen, in the routine work of the musical services of the Church provided Palestrina, as in the similar case of Bach, at once with the opportunity and the stimulus to create. The parallel between them is also seen in the amazing fertility of both. Palestrina's tremendous outpouring of Masses and motets is only matched by Bach's profusion of church cantatas, motets, chorale preludes, etc. In the case of each composer it will be seen that, in spite of its quantity, the music never falls below a high level of spiritual expression. It would seem, indeed, that both instinctively possessed a certain artistic standard where religious music was concerned.

The great complete edition of Palestrina's music undertaken by the publishing house of Breitkopf and Härtel and issued from 1862 to 1903, under the supervision of a musical committee, comprises thirty-three large volumes. It presents us with a stupendous series of works—ninety-four Masses, three hundred and fifty motets, thirty-five *Magnificats*, sixty-four hymns, forty-two *Lamentations*, the *Stabat Mater*, ten litanies, and many smaller liturgical pieces. Such an amount of music is colossal even if we spread it over the fifty years assumed as representing Palestrina's creative career. His first compositions may perhaps date from the appointment at Palestrina Cathedral in 1544, and from that time until very shortly before his death in 1594 his pen was continually at work.

The purely musical aspect of Palestrina's art is largely derived from a principle which has been charmingly summed up by another great composer, Debussy, who, although his own work was of an entirely different character to that of the old master, yet had an unbounded admiration for the latter. In one of those acute, penetrating essays (written under the pseudonym of Monsieur Croche) he speaks of: "that musical arabesque, or,

rather, that principle of ornament, which is the basis of all forms of art. (The word ornament has here nothing whatever to do with the meaning attached to it in the musical grammars.)" And he goes on to say: "The primitives, Palestrina, Vittoria, Orlando di Lasso, and others made use of this divine arabesque: they discovered the *principle* in the Gregorian chant: and they strengthened these delicate traceries by strong counterpoint. It is not the character of the melody that stirs us, but rather the tracing of a particular line, often indeed of several lines, whose meeting, whether by chance or design, makes the appeal. Through this conception of ornament the music acquires an almost mechanical precision of appeal."

Palestrina's music is essentially formal and decorative. It is as a wonderful worker in melodic line that he compels our admiration—those lines of tone converging, diverging, running parallel, echoing, imitating, at times elaborate, at others quite simple, almost coming to rest in homophonic passages where simple harmonic effects seem to foreshadow the later method of using great masses of harmonic colour, as did Handel. And although Palestrina's work stands unrivalled in its almost mathematical skill and ingenuity, yet the various academic devices of fugue, canon, imitation, etc., are all concealed under its atmosphere of spirituality and devotion. The secret of the true liturgical quality of his music is mainly due to two things. First, it has its roots in plain-song, that "sung prayer" as it has fittingly been defined, a definition which Palestrina, one feels sure, always had in mind. We have only to look at the titles of the majority of the Masses to realize this. Secondly, the liturgical need is always uppermost: the design of the music is directed solely and entirely to framing and enhancing the text by its scroll-like melodies (as they have been happily termed) in a way that reminds us of a decorated missal, and in the same way continually directing the worshipper to the meaning and significance of the words. Hence its utter impersonality, its quality of remoteness and aloofness, its completely selfless expression, and its repose—all intensifying the liturgical atmosphere. It

is this impersonal characteristic that caused Saint-Saëns, in one of his *Outspoken Essays*, to exclaim "during the whole of the sixteenth century there were produced admirable works entirely devoid of emotion. Their true purpose is thwarted when an attempt is made to render them expressive. Wherein does the *Kyrie* of the famous *Missa Papae Marcelli* express supplication? Here there is nothing else than form." The music, of course, was never intended by Palestrina to express the personal emotion of supplication, never meant to do more than continually direct the attention of the listener to the idea of supplication as set forth by the text. This is the true meaning of the word "expression" used by Wagner in the words quoted above, on Palestrina and his contemporaries.

Palestrina did, indeed, stabilize what might be termed a design of expression for the musical setting of the Common of the Mass, one that has since served as a general model for most composers. It is a scheme that derives directly and entirely from the liturgy—one that is inherent in the sacred text. Thus it will be noticed that in a general way the first *Kyrie* is usually a movement of a type that stresses the urgency and the anxiety of the cry for mercy: in the *Christe* the music will reflect the intimate nature of the more personal appeal to Our Lord, while the final *Kyrie* may generally be more tranquil than the first, in its assurance that the plea will be heard. The character of the *Gloria* will be mainly bright and animated, except for the *Qui Tollis*, and often simple and hymn-like in character as befits a song of praise. The *Credo* is more majestic and dignified, in accordance with the enunciation of dogma, with a special treatment of the central point of the text, the *Crucifixus*, which is often (especially in a Mass of more than four parts) allotted to a quartet of solo voices. In the *Sanctus* we may observe a design suggesting the praises of the heavenly host joined to that of the worshippers on earth. The movement, both up and down, of the voices, which is generally noticeable, may typify this and in addition suggest prayers and incense ascending to heaven. Sometimes the *Osanna* seems designed to give the impression of an

angelic choir. The music of the *Benedictus* will usually bear a tranquil meditative character, and here again we shall frequently find fewer voices employed, either by reducing the number of parts or employing *solī*. In the setting of the *Agnus Dei*, the music will be mystical and above all prayerful.

When we come to a detailed consideration of Palestrina's work we are at once struck by the fact that, in spite of its tremendous quantity, he has contrived to give an individuality to everything that he wrote, to evolve an almost endless variety from simple musical formulae. Each of the Masses has a quality distinct from all the others: they range from simple compositions in four parts (some of them within the means of the most modest of choirs) to elaborate works in five, six, and even eight parts. One of the most beautiful of the former class is the *Missa Brevis*. One enthusiastic commentator declares its *Kyrie* to be the finest ever written, probably on account of the exquisitely touching *Christe*, with its pleading motif of three descending notes, and the lovely tenor melody at the *eleison*. The *Gloria* has that simplicity which is often the hall-mark of genius—mostly passages with simple equal movement of the voices, resulting in impressive harmonies of poignant beauty in the *Qui Tollis*. After the fine *Sanctus* comes a delicate *Benedictus*, traced in three parts only, followed by an ethereal *Osanna* the effect of which has thus been described: "A large body of voices singing in the most delicate *pianissimo* presents us with the highest ideal of the song of the Heavenly Host that has yet been reached."

Of somewhat similar type to the *Missa Brevis* are the beautiful *Iste Confessor* (composed upon the melody of the plain-song hymn) and the favourite *Aeterna Munera Christi*. The popularity of the latter is well deserved. Its exquisite design fills us with admiration for a wonderful piece of workmanship. Here the "principle of the ornament" has been most ingeniously carried out; practically all the music is woven out of a simple motif, which we hear at the very outset: it is suitably varied to serve as theme for the succeeding movements. Decisive

and emphatic in the first *Kyrie*, it assumes various transformations until arriving at its final shape in the mystic devotional melody of the *Agnus Dei*. Such a scheme gives to the music a remarkable unity of expression, while still preserving the individuality of the various movements.

Then there are the great festal Masses. A magnificent example is the one (in six parts) for the Assumption (*Assumpta est Maria*), among the very finest written by Palestrina. The gladness and rejoicing of a festal day tinge all the music, splendid and elaborate in its design. The *Kyrie*, for example, is less emphatic, less anxious in its plea—prayer is mingled with joy. The music abounds in rich melodic contours, in sonorous cadences. The *Gloria* is a magnificent paean of praise, the *Credo* of splendid dignity: the *Sanctus* glowing with mystical beauty, the *Agnus Dei* of a rare rapture.

The Mass *Papae Marcelli* stands in a class by itself. A certain amount of glamour and even mystery attaches to it: we are not certain how it came by the name of that Pontiff who occupied the Holy See for a brief period of less than a month (in 1555), but it may have been written about this time. It is a work of magnificent proportions, remarkable for its dignity (which at times almost approaches austerity), its atmosphere of remoteness and aloofness, its simplicity of effect concealing the consummate art with which the music is written. The liturgical text is treated with great clarity, perhaps more so than in any other of the Masses, and this fact may possibly help to explain the title, for it is known that Pope Marcellus, a few days after his election, addressed the Papal singers (among them Palestrina) upon the necessity for preserving the integrity of the liturgical text.

The theme upon which it is largely written has itself an inherent dignity—especially as we hear it in the beginning of the *Kyrie* and the *Credo*. The use of six parts allows the voices to be continually grouped in different ways, following each other in reciting the text, and constantly giving to the ear fresh patterns in melodic combinations. Yet much of the music is comparatively

simple in style (often just note against note) although always impressive in effect. The *Credo* has a tremendous majesty and dignity: with its beautiful *Crucifixus* (for four solo voices) and those final rolling *Amens* it is one of the finest parts of the Mass. But, indeed, the whole bears the hall-mark of Palestrina's best work—the stately *Kyrie*, the *Christe*, where each voice entering seems to plead with greater earnestness, the wonderful *Qui Tollis* of the *Gloria*, the rich contours of the *Sanctus*, the devotional repose of the *Agnus Dei*, all providing some justification for one writer's assertion that this Mass is "a marvel whose like is scarcely met with once in a century".

The varied forms of which the liturgy of the Church makes use—psalms, hymns, tracts, sequences, etc., afforded Palestrina an equal opportunity for his creative powers. The music he has written in this field is in every way on a level with that of his Masses, which latter have been happily compared to symphonies, and the motets to the smaller instrumental forms, overtures, preludes, etc. In the motets we find the same extraordinary variety and range of musical expression, the same richness of polyphony and superb workmanship. Some are very simple little pieces in four parts, others are extremely elaborate compositions in eight parts. In some of them the music has an expressive quality which comes as near to an emotional feeling as Palestrina ever permitted himself. Thus in the magnificent *Super Flumina*, one of the very greatest, a splendid piece of four-part writing, we notice the pathetic drooping cadences (recalling those of the plain-song offertorium from which its theme is derived) and the almost poignant intensity of expression with which the voices recite the words "when we remembered thee, O Zion". It is said that this motet was written just after the death of his first wife, so that something of personal grief is reflected in the music. Another magnificent work in the same *genre* is the *Sicut Servus*, notable for its richness of effect and loveliness of the melodic outlines. This, too, is tinged with the same melancholy. Others that may be ranked with these two are *Surge Illuminare*, *Canite Tuba in Zion*,

Peccavi quid faciam, Peccantem me quotidie, the last-named remarkable for its expression of bitterness of spirit.

No survey of the motets would be complete without pointing to two special groups. First, those in honour of Our Lady—the *Salve Regina, Assumpta est Maria, Ave Regina Caelorum, Alma Redemptoris*, among others, all of which, it has been said, shine with a mystical radiance and splendour. This music of devotion to the Blessed Virgin culminates in the thirty-five settings of the *Magnificat* (one of which, an elaborate piece in eight parts, must be ranked among Palestrina's very greatest inspirations) and the *Stabat Mater*. The last named, in which two choirs are employed, with beautiful antiphonal effect, has been considered by many judges, Wagner among others, as Palestrina's greatest work. Wagner, on first becoming acquainted with the music, carried out a performance, at Dresden in 1848, which has since become historical. A memento of this production is the edition made by him for the occasion : it is supremely interesting in showing how one genius interprets the work of another, and has helped to make the *Stabat Mater* known in Germany, France, and England.

The second group referred to is that of the motets for Christmas. This includes such lovely things as the *Dies Sanctificatus* and *Hodie Christus natus est* : in the latter a fine effect is made by the repeated exclamation, *Noe, Noe*, an example of how Palestrina sometimes makes use of a method of simple pictorial realism, in this case suggesting the joyful cries of the populace acclaiming the Saviour's birth. Also the solemnities of Holy Week inspired Palestrina to music of supreme beauty. In addition to the *Improperia* for Good Friday, already mentioned, there are the more elaborate and magnificent *Lamentations* for the three offices of *Tenebrae*, written at the express wish of Pope Sixtus V. Not only the words of the Lessons but their titles, and even the Hebrew initials of the chapters, have been set to music. Evidently Palestrina was of one mind with that eighteenth-century German musician, Teleamnn, who held that a "proper composer" should be able to set a placard to music ! Even smaller liturgical forms were also enriched by

Palestrina's genius: there are the lovely *Litanies*, settings of the *Tantum Ergo*, *O Salutaris*, *Ave Maria*, etc., all of which have some touch of his supreme art. Indeed, the musical legacy which this great son of the Church bequeathed to her is a gift such as hardly any other artist has ever made.

HENRY COATES.

SIX MONTHS AT THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

SO much has been written on the subject of this famous monastery, the home for eight hundred years of one of the most ancient Orders of the Catholic Church, and the only one that has never needed reform, that the reader may be tempted to turn away impatiently from an article bearing the above title.

The facilities for observation of Carthusian life afforded to the present writer have, however, been so complete, and at the same time unique, that this short sketch of daily life at the Grande Chartreuse may have an interest that the cursory observations of passing travellers must necessarily lack.

A visit to the Carthusians' classic home offered a great English poet, unhappily no longer with us, an occasion for the penning of some of his most beautiful stanzas; but their value, apart from the melodious cadence of which Matthew Arnold possessed the secret, is purely personal and psychological. It is the poet's mind under the influence of his strange surroundings that arrests and fixes the reader's attention, and forms the subject matter of the poem. The aim of these few pages is very different, namely, to give as far as may be a faithful transcript of experience; they contain no attempt to pronounce on any of the social or moral questions involved in the theory of monasticism, but a plain record of things seen and heard.

In the first days of November 1888 I left England in order to enter the Noviciate at that venerable monastery, the Mother-house of the Carthusian Order. On the second day of my journey I was slowly mounting the narrow gorge that leads from the little village of St. Laurent du Pont to the Grande Chartreuse. The gaunt leafless beeches, *bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang*, lined the road; the snow lay thick on the mountain and the piercing cold was but a cheerless welcome from Nature. As we climbed, the cold grew keener and the snow deeper, the beeches became almost entirely superseded by pines, while a dense white mist filled the

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air and, congealing on our coats, frosted them over with a delicate crystal brine. The awful stillness, which like the Egyptian darkness could be felt in its tingling intensity, Nature lying motionless under her white grave-clothes, every feature of the scene, seemed to whisper, "*Memento mori.*" It was a fitting approach to the shrine of Death and Eternity.

At last the monastery, rendered visible at fifty yards distance by the mist, was reached.

The jangling tones of the great bell echoed through the vast building, and I was soon inside the old Norman door-way, surmounted by the crest* and motto of the Order. A cheery lay brother welcomed me heartily, and, shouldering my luggage, led me to the guests' quarters, where I was glad to find a blazing fire. The Father Coadjutor, who is charged with the entertainment of visitors, soon appeared, and made me feel thoroughly at home by his genial courtesy. After a chat and a plentiful "*maigre*" supper—as meat may not be served, even to visitors, within the walls of a Chartreuse—I was glad to get to bed. The following day, which was Sunday, my friend the lay brother conducted me through interminable courts and cloisters to the Superior's cell. A tall, grand-looking man of about sixty rose as I entered and welcomed me warmly, and after giving me some wise counsels on the arduous task that lay before me, accompanied me to the cell of the Novice Master, who was to be in the future my guide, philosopher, and friend. Don Julian, a keen-faced, intelligent-looking man, who retained as a recluse the enthusiasm which had distinguished him through many years of ministerial activity, was delighted to receive a new disciple, and after having embraced me on both cheeks, *more Gallico*, proposed, with the Reverend Father's full approval, to put me in my cell—*me mettre en cellule*—that very evening.

Accordingly, after Vespers, the ceremony of my introduction to the cloister was performed. Inasmuch as it

* A globe surmounted by a cross and seven stars, representing the vision of the first Carthusians vouchsafed to St. Hugh of Grenoble, who recognized in the seven stars St. Bruno and his six companions. The motto of the Order is *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis*—"The cross stands firm while the planet revolves".

will be novel to most of my readers, I will describe it in detail. Don Julian washed and kissed my feet, reciting the *Miserere*, and then shod me in the manner peculiar to the Order, i.e. in stockings of thick flannel, terminating in gaiters, over which were drawn flannel slippers, and finally a pair of square-toed, thick-soled shoes. Human ingenuity, by the end of the eleventh century, had not yet devised a garment that should be stocking and sock in one, and, conservative in this as in other points of greater importance, the Carthusians still follow the fashions of that far-off epoch. This survival in the modern Church of the old Eastern custom, familiar to readers of the Gospels, is full to the monastic mind of a holy and touching symbolism. Those who have read the discourses of St. Bernard to the monks of Clairvaux will remember the peculiar sanctity attached by that father to the monastery as such: the material building, once it was inhabited by the servants of the Almighty and consecrated to their use by the rites of the Church, became a shrine and a holy place. Hence the literal application of the divine command to Moses, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The pilgrim arrives from the world soiled and stained; before he is allowed to enter the holy place his feet are washed, the kiss of fraternity imprinted on them, and the *Miserere* is recited in order to signify the penitential meaning of the ceremony.

He does not put on again his own shoes, but is shod after the fashion of the servants of God in whose steps he is to follow. Like all the vestments now devoted to exclusively religious uses by the Catholic Church, the divided stocking of the Carthusian, today fraught with mystic meaning, was originally the ordinary garment of the world at large.

This ceremony concluded, the Novice Master conducted me to the cell I was to occupy. It was situated in the Great or Gothic Cloister which visitors to the Grande Chartreuse will call to mind as the only part of the thirteenth-century monastery still standing.

Passing through a heavy oaken door over which ran the

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inscription, *This is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven, blessed are they that dwell therein*, we found ourselves in a passage forty feet by twelve having a large cross painted at one end of it.

My guide explained to me that this was the *ambulacrum* and might serve for exercise so long as the weather should make garden work impossible, "Which will be for some time", he added, with a smiling glance through one of the two windows that lighted the passage at the state of my little garden, which was choked with snow. Then opening a door on the left with the words, "Here you will find rougher and therefore better work", he showed me the two ground-floor rooms, one a workshop containing carpenter's tools and a turning-lathe where I could amuse myself during the time allotted to manual labour and recreation, in making anything from an egg-cup to a table, and the other well stocked with wood which it would be my task to saw and cut into shape for my fire, a necessity in a region where the snow lies eight months a year. Then he led me up a small staircase to the other rooms, three in number, consisting of an ante-room, a living-room, and a tiny library with just room for bookcase, chair, and table. The ante-room was simply furnished with a few religious prints, a white stucco crucifix, and a large white statue of the Madonna, coloured objects of devotion being prohibited in the cells as contrary to the spirit of simplicity.

Lanspergius, a mediaeval Carthusian prior, well known to students of Christian mysticism as one of the claimants to the authorship of the *Imitation of Christ*, introduced into his own monastery the custom of saying a "Hail Mary" before this Madonna on entering the cell, "*pour saluer la maîtresse de la maison*", as Don Julian explained. The mistress of the house saluted, we went on into the inner room which forms the real home of the monk. This room, the *Sancta Sanctorum* of his hermitage, is consecrated to complete solitude; from five to seven hours are passed there daily in solitary prayer and study, and though by special permission visitors, notably the monks charged with the instruction of novices in singing and manual labour, may enter the *ambulacrum*, no step

save that of the recluse himself and the Superior ever crosses the threshold of this cell within a cell. The only exceptions are the infirmarian and the doctor in time of sickness, and the whole community when the novice is first enclosed, and also when the life-long renunciation of the hermit is consummated by the Angel of Death.

A plain crucifix and a few devotional pictures, together with plaster statuettes of the Madonna, St. Joseph, and St. Bruno, form its only ornaments. Its furniture is composed of a stall and prie-dieu where the divine office not said in choir is recited, a plain wooden bedstead, a small table where the solitary eats his frugal meals, a stove, and a few chairs. Here and in choir is passed the life of the Carthusian. If those walls could have spoken, what tales they might have told of the conflicts of the anchorites they had enclosed for centuries! For my cell was in the oldest part of the cloister, and only a few doors from the one occupied by a famous monk of the Grande Chartreuse, St. Hugh, whom Englishmen honour as the builder of Lincoln Cathedral and a champion of the liberties of the English Church when a forerunner of Henry VIII attempted to over-ride them.

The time that elapsed between entering the cloister and receiving the monastic habit was uneventful, being occupied in learning the details of Carthusian ritual, which is almost identical with that used in the Church of Lyons in the twelfth century, and very different from the practice of the Church of today.

Some ten days later I was summoned to the Chapter House to receive the monastic habit. After receiving the kiss of peace from all the monks, the Novice Master led me to the sanctuary, where I lay prostrate while the monks sang a particularly beautiful *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. The hymn at an end, the monks formed into a line which was brought to a close by the Reverend Father and myself, in order to conduct me in procession to my cell. The Psalms *In exitu Israel de Aegypto* and the *Miserere* were sung on the way. The door of my cell being reached and opened, the Reverend Father first sprinkled the threshold with holy water, saying, "Peace to this house", and then taking me by the hand led me upstairs, the com-

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munity following, to the prie-dieu in the inner room, which prie-dieu, together with the stall, forms what is called the oratorium. Here I knelt while the Prior continued to recite the prayers appointed by the ritual for the occasion. Finally he addressed me in the formula which admitted me to the privileges of a novice of the Order. "Don N., I place you in your cell and impose upon you solitude and the 'labours' of the Order for the remission of your sins. From time to time a monk will visit you to instruct you in those things of which a novice should not be ignorant." Upon this we all returned to church and sang Vespers.

From this time my monastic life began in real earnest. It would be needlessly tedious to the reader if I continued to describe in successive detail my life as a novice, and such a proceeding would obviously exceed the limits to which this paper must be confined. I shall, moreover, be able to thoroughly initiate him into the mysteries of monastic life by describing to him the occupations of, first, an ordinary or ferial day and night, the nocturnal labours of the Order being by no means the least important; secondly, an extraordinary or festival day and night, indicating in each case the differences according to the time of year. To begin, then, with a ferial day. The monk charged with waking the brethren rings the bell at the door of the cell between half past five and a quarter to six. The bell in question hangs over one's bed, and therefore can hardly fail to wake one. By half past six the church bell is ringing for Prime of the day, followed by Tierce of Our Lady, or as it is called in the poetic phraseology of the Carthusian liturgy, Tierce *de Beata*. These offices are recited in the oratorium, the same ceremonies, such as bowing, uncovering the head, kneeling, etc., being used as in choir.

The offices recited, the monk remains in prayer at his oratory, until the bell summons him at a quarter to seven to the choir for the conventual mass, which is preceded by a quarter of an hour's silent adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. After this mass, which is always sung, if the monk be a priest he goes to say his own mass, if not, he goes to serve someone else's, priest and server reciting

together at the foot of the altar Tierce of the day before the commencement of the Holy Sacrifice. If he be the server he recites, during mass, Sext *de Beata*; if the celebrant, he says that office after his thanksgiving. He returns to his cell at about eight-thirty, and spends the next half-hour in making his bed and tidying his cell. At nine he makes his meditation for half an hour, the rest of the time till ten being employed in manual labour. At ten, summoned thereto by the bell, he recites Sext of the day in his oratory; he then goes downstairs and fetches his dinner from the little cupboard, or *guichet* as it is technically called, on the left of the outer door. He now recites a lengthy grace and then proceeds to eat his meal with, as far as my own experience goes, a remarkably healthy and vigorous appetite. Carthusian regulations are far too wisely ordered to burn the candle at both ends, and the meal is copious and excellently cooked, consisting of soup, fish, eggs, vegetables, cheese, butter, and fruit, washed down by a bottle of pure red Burgundy. Dinner is succeeded by an hour and a half's recreation which could be spent very pleasantly in the summer in the garden, then half an hour's spiritual reading followed by study, generally of some commentary on Scripture, till two. At two, manual labour, and at two-thirty the bell sounds for Vespers *de Beata* in the oratory. At a quarter to three the solitary leaves his cell for the second and last time in the day to sing Vespers of the Great Office and Matins of the Dead in choir.

Returning to his hermitage about four, he studies for half an hour, and then eats his supper, consisting generally of an omelette and a little salad and fruit. After supper, half an hour's recreation, followed by half an hour's examination of conscience and spiritual reading called in the Order the "Recollection". At a quarter to six Compline both of the day and *de Beata*, recited in the oratory, and then at the pleasantest time of the day in the summer, to bed. Nor is it too early, for at a quarter to eleven he is again waked to recite Matins and Lauds *de Beata*; he spends the remaining time, till the great bell sounds, in silent prayer, and at a quarter to twelve goes to choir to sing Matins and Lauds of the night and

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Lauds of the Dead. Returning to his cell about a quarter past two, the Carthusian recites *Prime de Beata*, and again retires to his hard-earned repose till half past five. In the case of novices, a simply professed monk comes during the time allotted to manual labour in the morning to give instruction in the use of the lathe, etc., and during the recreation we went two or three times a week to the Novice Master's cell for a singing class. These little distractions were greatly prized at first, as also the daily visits to and from the Novice Master. The difference of regime in the winter consisted in the fact that dinner was an hour later and None was said before, the supper consisting of any fragments of dessert the monk liked to save from dinner. This was during the Fast of the Order, lasting from 14 September (the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross) till Ash Wednesday, when the Fast of the Church began, which involved the singing of Vespers in choir before the twelve-o'clock dinner, and a supper consisting of a small piece of bread and a glass of wine, *Frustulum panis ne potus noceat*, says the old statute.

A feast day involved greater changes; the whole of the divine office was sung in church, and the meals were taken in the refectory. During dinner a monk sang portions of Scripture, arranged in such a manner that the whole of the Bible was read through, either in church during the lessons of Matins, or in the refectory once a year. The night office on feast days was very much longer, the monks sometimes rising as early as ten and returning to their cells as late as a quarter to three.

"The world is crucified to me and I to the world", cried St. Paul, and the Carthusian re-echoes across the long ages with the same quiet confidence the Apostle's boast. For day after day passes and no change comes for the son of St. Bruno, who watches for the Dayspring alone, "a sparrow on the housetop". Today is followed by tomorrow, the precise fellow of today, and the variations in his life, afforded by the change of the season, the Church's calendar, or cloistral rule, recur so regularly as to be absorbed into the one cold, passionless stream of monastic monotony which carries him on to that great harbour by which all the days of his journeyings shall

at length be swallowed up—that Day bright with the Everlasting Light when there shall be no more time.

One, however, of these variations I have not yet alluded to, and as it forms a marked characteristic of the life, it must not be passed over. I will ask the reader to accompany me one fine Monday morning to the Chapelle des Morts at about eleven o'clock. Dinner has been served earlier than usual, for today the weekly walk or *spatium* is to be taken, a point of the rule the regular observance of which is felt, and justly, to be absolutely necessary to the due equilibrium of a healthy mind in a healthy body. The entire community is assembled, and Father Vicar, having previously invoked the Holy Spirit, is reading a few sentences from the *Imitation of Christ*.

The reading over, the monks go out in order of seniority. At the door they separate into two bands—the solemnly professed going with Father Vicar, the simply professed, who remain until they take their solemn vows, under the guardianship of the Novice Master with the novices. We walk on for two or three hundred yards in silence, until the Novice Master turns to the religious next him with the words, "*Laudetur Jesus Christus*", to which he receives the reply, "*In saecula saeculorum*". This is the signal for general conversation, in all cases, however, preceded by the above formula, with which a Carthusian always prefaces any remarks he may make at any time, even to a Superior.

The reader, if he be a man of the world, his mind stored with the news of two hemispheres contained in his daily paper, with the *on-dits* of his clubs, and the floating gossip of the *chronique scandaleuse*, political or otherwise, may question whether out of the meagre elements at their disposal Carthusians are able to construct any conversation at all. But there are many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in the philosophy that rules among light-hearted favourites of the gods, and among these things we may assuredly reckon a Carthusian recreation. Let us return to our novices who entered the forest that clothes the slopes of the mountain. They are chatting merrily, now of their progress at the turning-lathe, now of the mistakes in choir of the new Postulant, or

of the chances of his perseverance. (Postulants, as those disciples who have not yet received the monastic habit are called, not unnaturally form a never-failing topic of conversation.) But the Novice Master is calling, "Silence!" and a young monk mounts on a boulder and relates in simple language some events from the life of a saint. The impromptu sermon over, the orator, whose role is taken in weekly turn by each member of the noviciate, is thanked by all and the walk continues. Here some novices are hanging on the words of an old monk (for many enter the Order late in life) who was decorated for his valour in the war of '70. He is perhaps relating an incident of frequent occurrence, the rescue of the Blessed Sacrament from the heretical hands of the Prussian soldiery, or some piece of sharp hand-to-hand fighting in which he himself has taken part. Yonder some monks and novices, among whom we may notice the Novice Master enjoying himself as much as anyone, are laughing heartily over a story told by an old man who was for many years a village *curé* before he retired to the Chartreuse to prepare for death. It was a story he was fond of telling, and as it is a fair type of "good story" permitted and indeed highly appreciated *en Chartreuse*, the reader may pardon my inserting it. There was a village where both M. le Maire and the schoolmaster, the two most important personages in a French village, had obtained their offices mainly through their anti-clerical opinions. The *Prefêt* of the department, being engaged in filling up the lunacy statistics, had occasion to ask the Maire how many insane persons there were in his village. The Maire, whose qualifications for his post were comprised in one word, anti-clericalism, not knowing the meaning of the word *imbécile* went and asked the schoolmaster. That worthy replied: "*Imbécile* ? The folk who go to mass, of course." The good Maire accordingly repaired the next Sunday to the parish church and counted heads. He then wrote as follows to the *Prefêt* : "M. le *Prefêt*, out of a population of 500 we have 350 *imbéciles*, I do not include M. le *Curé* since it is his vocation." Others would talk of their studies, questions of date and authenticity being sometimes hotly

discussed. But while we have been listening to the monks' conversation, we have reached a tiny shrine of the Madonna known as "Notre Dame de la Forêt". Here we kneel down and pray a little, and then a happy inspiration occurring to one of the monks, he intones the *Ave Maris Stella*, which we all take up, singing it in parts with a pleasant effect. The little rock-hewn shrine, stained yellow-grey with moss and lichen, hung round with quaint ex-votos (little waxen limbs and small pictures representing miraculous escapes from danger), peeps through the snow which covers the hills like a white velvet pall; here and there pierce giant rocks, black as iron, looking in their weird deformity like the maleficent Genii of the place struck into impotent stone by the spell of Christian holiness. Through the branches of the black-plumed pines the wind croons a wailing requiem over the white-shrouded brethren, dead and buried past recall, though their pulses have not yet ceased to tingle.

We go a little farther and reach the crest of the hill, from which we look over a wide valley, in which we can detect through the shifting folds of the mist an occasional village. The Novice Master seems lost in thought; suddenly he turns to us and says, "My sons, there are souls in those villages we see at our feet who will be tempted today; let us say an Our Father and a Hail Mary that one mortal sin less may be committed there." We do so, and then turn homewards, arriving at the monastery in time for Vespers.

The reader has now a clear notion of the externals of Carthusian life. But what of the spirit that informs them? What are the inmost thoughts of these solitary men, "silent while years engrave the brow"? What is the motive of these fastings, these tears, these vigils? Is the Carthusian a blasé egotist who flies "no matter where out of the world" in search of a new sensation, or a cynic whose seclusion from mankind is the result of a hopeless pessimism? To these questions I will endeavour to reply shortly, relying on the principle that I have hitherto followed in this paper, that the facts themselves form their own best advocate.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the principles that

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have guided mystics of all creeds and ages; the Carthusian is a perfect type of mysticism within the fold of the Catholic Church. Adoration and love of the good God, good in Himself and good to His children; the marriage of the soul by voluntary privation to the Divine Ascetic of Golgotha in order to co-operate with Him in the task of saving humanity; constant intercession in union with the Mater Dolorosa for the follies and sins of mankind—these tasks make up the lifework of the Carthusian. At midnight, while men are plunged either in sleep or feverishly pursuing the pleasures of sin with their "infinite sadness", he wends his lonely way through the chill cloisters to the church, where he unites with his brethren in gravely modulated chant. Let us take our stand in the visitors' gallery, and listen for a moment to these songs of Zion. The monks have entered and taken their places, and are standing white and motionless in their stalls; the church is in darkness except for the faint glimmer of the sanctuary lamp. At length the Prior gives the signal, and through the silence of the night rises the pathetic everlasting cry of the children of men to their Father in Heaven, "O God, incline unto mine aid"; the deep-toned voice of the community continues the inspired words, "Lord, hasten to my help", and then profoundly bowing in lowly adoration, "Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost". And for two hours and more in alternate psalm and canticle these men of God will plead the cause of their brothers before the Throne of Infinite Mercy. Do you ask why this celibacy, why this self-sacrifice? What is seemly and right for the mass of men is not for those who have been caught up into the third heaven and there make intercession; the solemn duties of these high priests of humanity necessarily exclude the love of woman, the holy joys of paternity, and far more a life of unheroic though permitted comfort. To bear up under these stern conditions of life needs a clear, well-balanced mind, a spirit "touched to the finest issues", a stout, courageous heart, quite incompatible with the hysterical fanaticism ascribed to the typical monk by hostile romancers. It is an old and true saying that one half of the world knows

very little about the other ; let the sceptical reader accompany me into a neighbouring cell to my own and see for himself. There kneels in prayer an aged man who was once an illustrious general* of the Russian Empire. When in middle life he resigned the helmet for the cowl, so invaluable had been his services to his country that the Czar wrote him an autograph letter thanking him for them, and settling on him a handsome pension for life. His form is bent nearly double with years, but the Northern blue eyes flash as keenly as ever, while round the firm mouth plays a kindly half-humorous smile that shows that its wearer has gauged all human ambitions at their true value. Again, let us visit that other cell two doors farther on; over the door are inscribed the touching words from Holy Writ, "He shall give his beloved sleep." We ring, and a tall martial figure answers our summons. Our host this time was not many years ago an officer in the French Artillery; while he is courteously showing us over his tiny hermitage, let us glance at his story, which he himself would never tell us. At an unusually early age he passed first out of the Ecole Polytechnique, and obtained his commission in the Artillery. After a few years in the service he manifested an overpowering desire for solitude. He obtained leave, and retired to the Grande Chartreuse. His father, however, would not admit the reality of his son's vocation, and followed him to the monastery, where he showed so strong an objection to his becoming a religious that the Superior urged the would-be monk to respect for the time at least his father's wishes. He did so and returned to his regiment. In a year's time, during which he had obtained not only the cross of the Legion of Honour, but also his captaincy, an unprecedented step for so young an officer, and due only to his own merits, his father asked him whether his desire for monasticism was as strong as ever. On the young captain's replying in the affirmative the paternal veto was removed, and this time he was able to follow his vocation unopposed. He returned to the Chartreuse and laid his captain's commission and his cross on the table

* Since the above lines were written I have heard of the death of this great man. R.I.P.

before the Reverend Father, with these simple words : "I return to you, Father, and give to God these things that I have gained in the meantime." There is now no holier monk in the convent. One more picture of Carthusian life, and I have done. We are in the Sacristan's cell adjoining the church, and the old man who for some thirty years has filled the office most coveted by the monk (for the post of Sacristan involves the special guardianship of the Lord's Body) lies dying. The community has assembled to support the "athlete of Christ" in the throes of his final struggle. The last sacraments have been administered, and the face of the dying saint is lit up with faith and devotion, for One fairer than the sons of men has come into that lowly cottage, and has taken His servant by the hand to lead him through the dark river. One by one the monks approach the little bed and, leaning over, kiss the sunken cheek, not forgetting their messages for Paradise. At last all is over, and the great bell tolls for the office of the dead. On the morrow we bury him, committing his body, coffinless and clothed in his habit as he had lived, to the ground where lie so many generations of Carthusians ; and a strange supernatural joy thrills the hearts of the brethren at the thought that one so recently among them now stands in the Holy City, face to face with the King in His beauty. Many an invocation will go up to Don Eugène in the days that follow, though they will not be unmingled with prayers for his soul's repose, for the Church in her prudence warns us that the holiness of even the best of us is but dull and smirched in the radiance of the infinite Purity. So live and die the Carthusians, and if we do not sympathize with their aims we can at least pay their courage the tribute of our reverence. The ascetic type is not popular, nor is it likely to become dangerously so in the immediate future. To dream of angels in a materialistic age is not a passport to social success ; may it not, however, be remotely possible that the Carthusian may have chosen the better part which shall never be taken away from him ?

ALGAR THOROLD.

DOM BENEDICT WELD-BLUNDELL

IT is often the case that God's faithful servants are quite unknown to the world during their lifetime, and yet after their death interest in their lives and characters speedily grows. So it has been, to a great extent, with Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O.S.B., the subject of this sketch. Since his death in 1931, the facts concerning him have gradually been leaking out, and these manifestations of his holiness have begun to arouse not a little interest. Remembered by a few as a writer of books on prayer, he was in reality much more than this, for he was himself a living exemplar of what prayer can do for a soul, and his most potent and eloquent teaching was expressed, not in any of his lucidly written books, but in his own life and in the shining example that he set to all who came in contact with him.

Quite unknown to the majority of English Catholics in his lifetime, he is still almost entirely unknown, but after his death a corner of the curtain which veiled his remarkable interior life was raised by the publication of Miss Selby's monograph,* which gave a lifelike but all too brief sketch of this holy monk. The interest aroused in many circles by that pamphlet and the requests received for further details have seemed to render it desirable that something further should be told of Father Benedict, and it is hoped that a complete biography of him will in due course appear. Meanwhile certain outstanding facts of his life may be mentioned.

Born on 4 November, 1856, at Ince Blundell Hall, he was the fourth son of Thomas Weld-Blundell, and his mother was by birth a Vaughan of Courtfield. He was thus connected in one way or another with almost all the great Catholic families in the land, and it may be of interest to remark that his descent has been traced back unbrokenly to King Edward I of England, though

* *Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O.S.B. : A Memoir.* By Marguerite Selby. (Westminster Press, 1932.)

NOTE : In using the word "saintly", the author has no intention of anticipating any authoritative decision which may subsequently be announced by the Church. The word is here used in its "popular" and not in its technical sense.

for such things Father Benedict cared little or nothing. He was educated at Hodder, Beaumont, and Stonyhurst, but at first he showed no signs of a religious vocation, and it was not till after he had left school that his vocation was revealed to him. This came about in a remarkable manner, the details of which he has described himself in the manuscript sketch of his early life which he was fortunately persuaded in later life to write. It is worth recording here the peculiar circumstances of his vocation to the Benedictine Order, the first of the many striking supernatural graces which he was to receive during his life.

In May 1876, his cousin, Father Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B., was founding the new Benedictine monastery of Fort Augustus, and he happened to call at Ince Blundell Hall in the course of a begging tour of England on behalf of the monastery. There he spoke to Mrs. Weld-Blundell of his hopes and plans, in the presence of his young cousin, but with no idea that he would be interested, for he had till then shown no attraction to the monastic life. Let him describe in his own words what followed :

Just at that moment I again put the question to myself in a meditative sort of way : "I wonder whether this is what God wants of me ?" No sooner had the words passed through my mind than I suddenly felt as if a hand had seized me by the highest point of my soul, as a person might take another by the hair of his head, and I seemed to be drawn gently but quickly out of my body a short distance. My feeling at first was one of surprise, but on looking with my mental vision I saw that I was immersed in God, like a sponge in water ; God seemed to be round me like a globe of Being, and I was in the centre of It. Then I glanced down to see what had happened to my body, and I saw that it was sitting quite still about two feet below, with the book still resting on the knees.

Having made these observations, I turned my attention to God. Then the words seemed slowly to form themselves in my mind : "Yes, this is what I want you to do : offer yourself to him for this work." Then I experienced an extraordinary sense of liberty. I felt I was absolutely free to choose : either to do what God suggested, or to remain in the world ; there was no kind of pressure or persuasion exerted upon me. I then calmly

weighed the matter. I said to myself: "This means, on the one hand, giving up the world and all those pleasures and that liberty which I have been looking forward to ever since I was a child; and, on the other hand, it means embracing a life of which I know absolutely nothing, for I have not so much as seen a Benedictine Monastery in my life. I know at least it means a hard life, a life of mortification and self-denial, and one contrary to all my natural inclinations. Still, I have always wished to do what God wants of me, and the happiness of knowing and doing His will will make up for it." My mind was now made up: I would do what God asked. Then I answered Him, saying: "Yes, Thy will be done." A slight pause followed, as though God were taking note of my answer, and then slowly and gently I was lowered into my body, and I was once more my natural self, and Joe [Joseph Jerome Vaughan] was still talking to my mother.

I now began to ponder over this leap into the dark that I had taken, and the greatness of the sacrifice it meant to me, and the gratitude I owed to God for having spoken His Will so clearly, and the greatness of the privilege of being thus chosen by God. After a few moments had thus passed, some little drops of water seemed to gather at the highest point of my soul where the hand had taken hold of me, and then the drops ran down the sides of my soul (that part which had been drawn out of my body), and when the drops reached my body they dissolved, and immediately I was filled with an extraordinary joy and happiness such as I have never experienced before or since. So great was the effect on my body that I feared it would appear on my countenance and attract attention if I remained in the room, so I jumped up and went out by the french window which opened from the library into the garden, and walked up and down the path for half an hour till I was more composed.

The young man who made this courageous decision was but nineteen years old at the time, and a brilliant worldly future lay before him, but he did not hesitate to turn his back on it, and that same year he entered the noviciate of the English Benedictines at St. Michael's Priory, Belmont. He was the first monk to be solemnly professed for the new monastery at Fort Augustus. From the beginning of his religious life he showed that strong attraction to prayer which was to remain so marked a feature of his character throughout life: an attraction which became more and more marked as he grew older and as his union with God became closer, so that through-

out the latter half of his life he was accustomed, despite the numerous duties which he conscientiously performed, to spend some five hours daily in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Prayer was indeed the breath of life to his soul, and so it was out of the fullness of his heart that he produced the books on prayer with which his name is chiefly associated. While yet a novice he had determined not to do things by halves; he set out boldly to become, with God's help, a saint, and who shall say that he failed to reach his objective? An extract from the journal of his early religious life will best illustrate the spirit which animated the young monk:

I have resolved by the help of God to keep continually in mind that I have become a monk for this two-fold purpose: to save my soul and to become a saint, and to make saints of others; this to be done for the love of God. This is the end of my life. How, then, is it to be attained? By first sanctifying myself, before sanctifying others; secondly, by storing my mind with knowledge to teach and direct and bend others into the right road. There is but a short time to labour for the great reward. Thence it must be inferred that one must not spare oneself. Convince oneself of this, that there is not a moment to be lost; time is precious and short and the work is great. Try, then, to do everything swiftly, calmly, and with full consciousness and deliberation: and purely for God. Give no other motive time to creep in, but draw it out as soon as perceived. Do everything for God so that not the least action shall be wasted. For every action is wasted in proportion to its distance from union with God's Will. Do this and you will sanctify yourself. . . .

God knows that this is an impossible course for poor weak nature, but strength is perfected in weakness. I trust, then, that God will reside in me and be the principle of all I do. . . . What do I care for myself? I care only for Thee, my Lord. I will do great penance for small faults. If I do not become holy while I am young I shall never be a saint. I will pay great attention to the smallest things, and I will never ask the Superior to give me a reason for what he orders me to do. I must be an enemy to the world in everything. Let everything bitter be sweet, and everything sweet, bitter. Take heed of God, and God will take heed of thee.

Those were the courageous and practical sentiments

with which Benedict Weld-Blundell set out on his path towards God, and he maintained that spirit to the end of his life. He realized from the start the supreme importance of "purity of intention", performing, that is, every action solely in order to please God; for in entering the monastery he looked upon himself as beginning a life which he had not himself chosen and which had no attraction for him, but which God had chosen for him. Hence he asked himself constantly throughout each day what was it that God wished him to do next, and thereupon he set about doing it. Whether it was singing God's praises in choir, or sweeping a cloister, it was to be done solely for God and because it was God's will.

It is instructive, however, to find that this monk, life-long lover of mental prayer as he was, could never find profit in the set half-hour's daily meditation prescribed by the rule of the house. He tells us that he "found it the most difficult duty of the day, and never succeeded in employing it in a really satisfactory manner". This, no doubt, was due to the then prevalent, but very unsatisfactory, fashion of reading aloud a set meditation from which all had to make their mental prayer irrespective of their individual tastes and abilities. This is his description of what happened:

The meditation began by reading out three points for meditation from Challoner's *Book of Meditations*. Each point comprised ten or twelve lines, and when the whole had been read, the first point was repeated. After ten minutes had elapsed the reader turned to the second point, and we all sat down and some of us, I fear, slumbered. After another ten minutes we were roused by the reading of the third point, and we all knelt till the half hour was up. . . . What the rest of the Community made of this exercise, I cannot say, but Challoner failed to give me any material help for prayer; and to meditate in the technical sense was never within my power.

Fortunately this antiquated method of teaching to pray has now been abandoned almost everywhere; its chief result was only too likely to be the ingraining of a pronounced dislike of mental prayer in any form. But Benedict Weld-Blundell found his chief strength and

refreshment in the constant realization of the presence of God, that practice which has been so dear to all the saints, and which enables them to lift up their hearts continually to Him and to bask lovingly in His presence, thereby making their daily life a constant state of prayer. But he also contrived to find time each day (even as a novice) in which to make his own form of mental prayer, withdrawing his senses from all that could distract them, and concentrating his inward powers upon God within him; and this practice soon bore abundant fruit, for he began to find that his union with God was becoming continuous, whatever his outward occupations might be.

Gradually [he says], this concentration upon God became more manifest and effectual. My outward senses became less easily distracted, and my inward powers became more steadily concentrated towards the point within me, till one day God seemed to give a little call or whistle, which my senses and interior powers seemed to understand, for at once they gathered together and were swiftly drawn through the point, as through a small door, and were then enclosed in an inner chamber with God, and I became quite unconscious of anything that passed outside. This happened at short intervals, at first every second or third day, till I came to expect it, and gathered my powers more promptly and closely round the point to be ready when God should call me by His tiny whistle. At last by the early part of November* this recollection used to occur daily with ever increasing absorption; so that for the greater part of the Mass† I did not perceive what was passing around me.

About the middle of November, *after* one of these profound recollections, I observed that my will remained still united to God and, as it were, held in His hand. My intellect was no longer absorbed in God or tied up, but was quite free, so that I could direct my steps, govern my actions, converse with others, and attend to necessary business. But all the time my will was wholly united to God and seemed to be drawn up and out of me like a flaming column of love to God. When I attended to other matters, I did not perceive the condition of the will, and after a time, fearing that its union with God had been broken, I would turn my mind to it, and find that it was still stretching out unto God till it seemed to vanish in Him. During these days I became more than ever subject to God. I did not perform the least

* I.e. just over two months after the beginning of his noviciate.

† It was during the daily Mass that he made his private mental prayer.

deliberate act without first glancing to God to know whether He wished me to do it or not, and invariably God answered by giving an impulse to my will, directing me to act as He willed. My inferior nature was reduced to silence and made no suggestion or resistance. All desires, wishes, preferences seemed dead. . . .

After this state had continued a day or two, I perceived Our Blessed Lord at my side in His human nature. I could not see Him with my bodily eyes, but His Presence was clearly felt. He accompanied me everywhere and helped me to do all my actions with greater care and reverence. . . . While my will was in this state of union with God, it happened one morning that it was my turn to sweep the cloister, and when I was doing the portion used as the *Statio* under the little statue of Our Lady, I glanced mentally at my will to see that it was still held by God, and having breathed a sigh of love to Him, I suddenly perceived Him Whom I loved, a little above my head (not with my bodily eyes, but by my soul's vision). God appeared like flames of love, and so strong was the attraction of His love that after I had contemplated it for a second or two my soul could not resist it, but leaped up into God and was united with Him. How long this union lasted I cannot say, for the use of my senses was for the time suspended, but it seemed to be only a few moments. Then I began to perceive where I was, and found myself still standing in the *Statio* with my broom in my hand, as when I lost consciousness of my body. For a few moments I seemed a little dazed, like a person waking from a deep sleep; then I resumed my work and continued my sweeping.

No apology is needed for the length of this quotation from Father Benedict's manuscript (which, of course, was never intended for publication), for it is certain to interest many readers, and it is plain that he was a somewhat unusual type of novice. But in fact these unusual states of soul did not remain with him long, for a few months later God withdrew these graces and he was plunged into a very prolonged period of desolation. Indeed, the remainder of his manuscript is almost entirely devoted to what, in his humility, he terms his numerous infidelities to God, and the aridity which he in consequence for some years suffered.

There followed after his Profession a lifetime of work in God's service, but here I would only draw attention to the closing decade of his life. This period was entirely

devoted to a particular work which he had greatly at heart, and to which he seems to have been led by God in a remarkable manner: the establishment of a house of convalescence for sick priests. For some years he had felt a strong urge from God to seek out a particular soul in conjunction with whom he should begin a certain work for God, the nature of which was as yet hidden from him. He resisted this urge for a long time, for he knew of no one suitable for the purpose; but at length, as he was about to go to Lourdes on pilgrimage, he promised God that while there he would seek such a soul, and that if he found one he would at once set about the work. In 1913, then, he went to Lourdes, and on the way he was three times brought into touch with a certain young girl, Miss Marguerite Selby (also a member of the pilgrimage), without having in any way sought her acquaintance. Now the curious thing is that she had for many years felt herself moved by God to prepare herself for a special work for priests (without knowing its precise nature), and had also gone to Lourdes on this occasion in the hope of finding the help and close direction needed by her in that work. She now felt convinced that Father Benedict was the priest in question, and at the same time he realized that she was the soul for whom he was looking. Thus were these two brought together, and shortly afterwards they set about preparing for the work in question: the care of sick priests.

There is not space here in which to detail the full history of that work. Suffice it to say that Miss Selby went to Rome to secure the approval of the Holy Father, and in a private audience with Pius X she received his warm commendation and blessing on herself and on the work, as well as on all who should help it. Thereupon she returned to England, and being cordially welcomed by Archbishop Whiteside of Liverpool she began her work in his diocese at Southport. Very soon her undertaking had to contend with many and grave difficulties, and for some time its very existence was imperilled through the action of certain opponents of the work. This great trial, however, was the occasion of a remark-

able favour granted by God to Father Benedict. When he received the news of the crisis which had overtaken the work for priests he celebrated Mass for light as to the future of the undertaking, and during that Mass a striking miracle occurred. Having received the Precious Blood, he found that it had "consciously vivified", and at the same moment he was interiorly informed that he would find the answer to his fears in the Communion of the Mass. In due course he took the ablutions, carried the missal to the other side, and in great recollection turned the pages to the Communion, where, to his great comfort, he read these words: "Amen, Amen, I say to you, my friends, be not afraid of them that persecute you." When describing this incident Father Benedict said that at the same time he was caused to understand that these words meant: "I am permitting Satan to sift you as wheat; but I, in my time, will arise, and your persecutors will be scattered, for I am your *Protector*." It may here be remarked that the episode is the more remarkable by reason of the fact that when, several months later, he wished to refer again to that passage in the missal, he found to his amazement that in point of fact the Communion of the Mass in question contains no such words. From this he concluded that God must have caused him to see there the message which He wished to convey to him.

Naturally both he and his associate in the work were greatly encouraged by this testimony of God's love for them, and especially by the fact that He had called them His "friends", and henceforward they had a calm and firm assurance that nothing would interfere ultimately with the work. And so, indeed, it came about, for some two years later the obstacle was removed, Father Benedict was appointed by his Abbot permanent Chaplain to Miss Selby's home for sick priests, and thereupon it took on a new lease of life.

In 1920 this home moved from Southport to Trefriw (North Wales) in the diocese of Menevia, at the invitation of His Lordship Bishop Mostyn (now Archbishop of Cardiff), who kindly lent them a house there for the purpose; and it was there that Father Benedict lived

for the rest of his life, watching over the work for priests, and at the same time acting as parish priest to a small scattered flock. There, in spite of himself, he constantly attracted attention by his manifest holiness, and even strangers (including many Protestants) were impressed by him. Indeed, a striking proof of this sanctity was given by a remarkable incident which occurred while he was at Milford Haven as Chaplain to the community of nuns now at Talacre, just before he took up residence at Trefriw. One night an evil spirit visited him, as Father Benedict himself twice recorded. He relates that the evil spirit entered the room by means of the chimney, and that it took the form of a small but very powerful black figure about two feet high, with the face of a negro, and with two bright beams of light darting from its eyes. This creature rushed about the room and crouched in corners, and then tore its way through a thickly upholstered arm-chair, coming out on the other side, after which it went back to the far side of the room. All this time Father Benedict was standing with his back to the fire, and, confident in God's protection, he said to it: "You cannot hurt me." The creature fixed its gaze on him, and then suddenly made a rush directly at him, but as it got half-way across the room it was apparently struck a powerful blow by some invisible force, and fell back maimed. But it was not yet finished with. Again it made a similar fierce rush at him, and again it met the same fate, being sent reeling backwards; and then it took refuge behind a curtain where it remained until, about an hour later, Father Benedict left the room and calmly retired to bed for the night. He himself attached little importance to the incident, but he wrote an account of it in a letter, and afterwards at the special request of Miss Selby he wrote down a more detailed description of what had happened.

After some eight years at Trefriw, Father Benedict became anxious that the work should have a permanent home of its own (the house at Trefriw had only been lent), and accordingly search was made for such a place. Eventually, after much effort, the choice fell on a large house known as Madeley Court, in the pretty village

of Hemingford Grey, Huntingdonshire; and Father Benedict was quite certain that it was God's will that this house should be bought and that the work for sick priests should be carried on there. At the time there was no money whatever to pay for the house, but, secure in the knowledge that it was God's will (for in such matters she always trusted Father Benedict implicitly), Miss Selby courageously signed the deeds. And her faith was rewarded, for eventually the necessary sum was obtained through the death of a certain relation who had for years unjustly retained some of her money, and who in return for a loan from her to help him in a grave difficulty had been compelled to insure his life in her favour.

All along, this work for sick priests had been conducted amidst difficulties of the most formidable kind, and in the greatest poverty. But by it very many priests have been restored to health, whether physical or mental, and have been able to resume work in God's vineyard, impressed in an astonishing way by the sense of peace which reigns amid such a multitude of external obstacles. That fact is an abiding source of encouragement for the future.

In October 1929 Father Benedict fell gravely ill, and an operation revealed a malignant growth which could not be touched and which obviously would shortly prove fatal. He received the news quite calmly and even cheerfully, and prepared himself for the coming end of his exile upon earth which would bring about his more perfect union with his Creator for ever. Alluding to his coming death, he said on one occasion: "All my life I have let God lead me by the hand; I have been entering into Him and He into me for forty years daily. I have been waiting for this all my life; there is no reason to mourn." For hours together he was now wrapped in prayer. Before he died he desired to receive the blessing of his Abbot, and this favour was accorded to him, the Abbot of Fort Augustus journeying to Bexhill (where Father Benedict lay in Miss Selby's cottage) for the purpose. On Christmas night, 1930, he had said his last Mass, in a room in the cottage, and he foretold that he would not last longer than the Feast of St. Joseph.

But one final striking incident was to mark his last hours: two days before his death, which took place on 18 March, the Eve of the Feast of St. Joseph, as he lay on his deathbed, the shape of his face gradually changed in remarkable fashion. It slowly grew squarer, the lips appeared to thicken, and those by his bedside realized that they were looking at a face which to an astonishing degree resembled the Holy Face as shown on the veil of St. Veronica. He died at 10.20 in the evening, but some hours before his death his face gradually resumed its normal expression, save that his look of angelic purity was even more marked than usual. Both the doctor and the photographer who took a picture of him after death commented on the beauty and radiance of his appearance as he lay there. And outside, despite the late hour of the night, the birds suddenly broke into song, heard by all in the house, as though welcoming the passage of his holy soul to God.

At his own request Father Benedict's body was conveyed to Madeley Court, the scene of that work for sick priests which he had so much at heart, and to which he had devoted the last ten years of his life; and there in the gardens, beneath the shadow of a large crucifix, his body now lies at peace.

BASIL WHELAN, O.S.B.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

CHURCH AND STATE. Cambridge Summer School Lectures for 1935. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d.)

THE Cambridge Summer School lectures for 1935 had to do with the problems of Church and State. In his preface to the collection of papers which have now been issued in book form, Father Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. (who has been connected with the Summer Schools from the beginning), generously and graciously says that an important factor in the success of the 1935 school was the large part taken in the lecturing by distinguished laymen; and he records it as an outstanding and significant feature of the session that for the first time in the history of the school, nearly half of the burden of the lecturing has fallen upon the laity. It means, perhaps, that a beginning of Catholic Action is about to be made in England.

Of particular interest is the paper by Mr. John Armstrong, who figures (we think) for the first time in a group of Catholic scholars. The balance and the learning displayed in this essay must have delighted those who heard it, and will be in many ways a revelation to those who read it. On the first page a problem that has puzzled many receives its solution. We are told that the word "State" in its modern meaning owes its acceptance to the persistent use by Machiavelli and Guicciardini of the Italian word *stato* to designate the sovereign power of the territorial unit. And we are indebted to him for a happy citation from Richard Crashaw at the end. The learning of the papers in the historical section of the book is matched by an admirable essay by Mr. Outram Evennett of Trinity College, Cambridge, on "Authority and the Moral Order". One must acknowledge the distinction of these essays, and the reinforcement they bring to the intellectual status of Catholicism in this country. Of particular value in Mr. Outram Evennett's admirable essay on "Authority and the Moral Order" are the pages in which the practical difficulties that dogged the working-out of mediaeval

political ideas are plainly stated, and those other pages in which the infiltration in the post-Reformation period of "a more arbitrary and militaristic view of ecclesiastical authority" is boldly traced. The other essays in this section of the book are in capable hands. The essay on "The Totalitarian State" is naturally and almost inevitably handled by Mr. John Eppstein, though we think that some of his historical statements are ever so little hazardous.

The paper on the "Claims of the Church" is given by Father Alphonsus Bonnar, O.F.M., who with refreshing candour informs us, in a footnote, that the name of Father Julius Dos Santos ought rather to appear at the head of his paper. The essay on the "Rights of the Family" is from the orthodox pen of Dr. T. E. Flynn; and the paper on "Economics" provides yet another example of the exact learning of Father Lewis Watt, S.J. A paper on "Political Parties" by Mr. F. R. Hoare and one on a Catholic programme by Father Martindale introduce us to the actualities of the hour, and necessarily and properly excite the spirit of controversy. A pleasing feature of the book is the number of times in which the name of St. Thomas More occurs in the several essays and papers. One begins to feel that the great prophecy of Mr. G. K. Chesterton will be fulfilled: that the names of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher will grow more and more in the course of the centuries, and that they will be found to be the hinges on which the history of England will yet turn.

On the other hand it is strange in a series of essays on Church and State to find so little explicit reference to the monumental work of Dr. A. J. Carlyle, whose six volumes on *Medieval Political Theory in the West* have, as he has lately told us, grown out of an essay on the political theory of St. Thomas Aquinas which he wrote in the *Scottish Review* in January 1896. At the end of forty years of study, Dr. Carlyle has found that in the last analysis the problems of Church and State result from the developed sense of individual human personality which reached its fullness in the Christian faith.

There was no question of Church and State in the earlier times of the ancient world because religion was not something which belonged primarily to the individual, but to the group, the family, or the tribe or nation. Even among the Hebrews it was not until after the exile that it is possible to speak of an individual or personal religion. And among the Western peoples this is even more obvious. The religion of the Greeks, and even of the Romans, was not normally a personal thing.

To the dawning apprehension of the importance of personality, "a new force and impulse was given by Our Lord and His disciples". To them the soul of man has an individual relation with God, which goes beyond the control of Society. With this great change it became impossible for the moral and religious life to accept the authority of the political society in the matter of religion. "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye." The relation of the Christians to the Roman Empire was a practical exemplification of the significance of the new principle. They could not and would not obey the political ruler in matters of religion and conscience. In the centuries that followed, the spiritual life was embodied in the Church, and the Church recognized no spiritual authority in the State. The principle was formally stated by Pope Gelasius at the end of the fifth century, and has been reaffirmed by Pope Leo XIII—the principle, namely, that the Church and the State are two autonomous authorities, existing in human society, each supreme in its own sphere, and each obedient in the sphere of the other. In this view of the matter, the principle of the independence of the Church is only one form of demand for the freedom of human personality.

Of this important truth the very titles of the essays in this little book are sufficient proof.

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN.

THE LABOUR CONTRACT. By Professor B. F. Shields.
(Burns Oates & Washbourne. 5s.)

IN recent years a certain number of books have been published by Catholic authors seeking to relate the great Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI

to the actual conditions of life in the modern world. Among others we have had the valuable work by the Abbé Lallement of the Institut Catholique on *Principes Catholiques d'Action Civique*; we have had (in a French translation) the excellent volume of Herr Johannes Haessle on *Le Travail*; and now we have this little book by Professor Shields of University College, Dublin, on *The Labour Contract*. It is good to find an Irish participant in the European debate. In the years before the establishment in 1908 of the National University of Ireland, the Irish Bishops considered it their duty to forbid Irish students to frequent the Protestant University of Trinity and to forgo the benefits of a University education for the sake of the ideal (as it then was) of a Catholic University in Ireland. Many of those who made the sacrifice have waited through the years for evidence and for proof in the work of the graduates of the new National University that the sacrifice they made was worth while. Some evidence was found in the work of Father James O'Mahony on *The Desire of God in the Philosophy of St. Thomas*. This little volume by Professor Shields is in its way another *pièce justificative*.

The essential part of the book deals with the wage problem and the labour contract. The introductory chapters have to do with the Guild System, the Age of Individualism, and the Young Worker; and the later chapters have to do with the voluntary settlement of industrial disputes and State intervention in these matters. The treatment is thus general, and the book pretends to be no more than an introduction to the study of the problems that surround the wage contract. There is an admirable summary in a few pages of the work of the Christian Trade-Union Movement on the Continent. Like most of the thinkers and legislators of our time, Professor Shields appears to accept the existing situation and to assume that the propertyless condition of the workers is an indelible condition. To take an example, the social legislation of Great Britain seems to assume that there will always be two classes in the community, capitalists and workers; and it seems also

to assume that the wages which are paid to the workmen by their masters are and will permanently be insufficient to provide the workman with a full living wage in the sense in which the term is understood in Catholic Philosophy. On this assumption the effect and even intention of the statutes appears to some to be to establish the workmen in a permanent state of *dependence* on the local and the central authorities.

In his book on *L'Angleterre Nouvelle*, a French economist, M. Charles Bastide, of the École des Sciences Politiques et Économiques, has hazarded the opinion that the social legislation of Great Britain means on this basis "*la stérilisation politique des classes ouvrières anglaises*". And members of the Eugenics Society have introduced and made current the distinction between what is called the independent, and what is called the dependent citizen. Nowadays, it would seem that a considerable body of English middle-class opinion is opposed to the multiplication of *dependent* citizens, and is endeavouring to promote legislation which will, by means of birth-control clinics and legalized abortion and sterilization and euthanasia, reduce the number of these undesirable and (to their betters) onerous persons. These problems are not raised or discussed by Professor Shields, who writing in Ireland naturally and properly assumes that a series of such statutes would be administered in Ireland in a wholly different spirit from that which obtains in a non-Catholic community.

In his discussion of the basis for determining the minimum wage it is interesting to observe that the Papal Encyclicals show a certain development. Pope Leo XIII insisted mainly upon what one may call the family wage, that is to say, a wage sufficient to enable a man to maintain and educate his wife and children according to some standard of frugal comfort. Pope Pius XI considered that in fixing a just wage, attention should be paid to the needs of the worker and his family *and also* to the financial state of the particular business and the economic standards and welfare of the people of the country. The practical difficulties that surround the matter are indicated in the evidence of an expert

witness given before the Cave Committee on Trade Boards in Great Britain :

There are certain factors which are always in the mind of the Board when considering a rate. These factors may be summarized as follows : the cost of living index number ; the character and economic position of the industry ; the wages paid in other comparable trades ; the nature of the work and the degree of skill and experience required for its adequate performance ; the relation in which the class of workers concerned stands to other workers in the industry or to comparable workers in other industries ; the capacity of the industry to pay the rates proposed. These factors are, however, applied rather as tests of the adequacy or otherwise of the figures proposed, than as strict determinants. No definite principles have been adopted.

It is well that we should be reminded, by a study of realities, of the difficulties that surround the application of the Papal principles and that attach to the fixation of a living wage for fathers of families and of a living wage for unmarried women in industry, and to the introduction of a system of family allowances. The solution of these problems is by no means the easy and automatic matter that some have been apt to suppose. For his thoughtful and readable volume our thanks are due to Professor Shields, who rightly reminds us in his preface that no duty is more urgent than to return thanks.

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN.

THE REFORMATION, THE MASS AND THE PRIESTHOOD. A documented history with special reference to the question of Anglican Orders. Vol. 1 : *The Revolt from the Mediaeval Church*. By Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. (Louvain). (Longmans Green. 18s.)

It has long been known that Dr. Messenger was preparing a new and exhaustive work on the subject of Anglican Orders. Of that work the handsome volume before us is but the first instalment, to be followed by another, which should make an even wider appeal, which will deal with the Elizabethan settlement and the present state of the controversy. The present volume deals only

with the original revolt from the doctrines of the Mediaeval Church and takes the story down only to the death of Edward VI and the accession of Queen Mary.

Even this first instalment is really four separate books, on four distinct subjects.

Dr. Messenger is certainly determined that his treatment of the problem shall not lack thoroughness. He begins at the beginning by laying before us "the Scriptural and Patristic doctrine of the Eucharist and the Priesthood". In other words he shows that the Catholic doctrines of the Real Presence and of the Sacrifice of the Mass are not only taught in the Scripture and expounded in the pages of the Fathers, but are also enshrined in the Eucharistic services used by the early Church, and in the ordination rites by which men were ordained for the Christian priesthood. Here, of course, there is little scope for originality, but the treatment of the subjects involved, though necessarily compendious, is clear and thorough. He is not content with giving us the earliest rites, but goes on to consider the later developments of the Middle Ages, and to discuss the theology of the Mass and of Holy Order as taught by the Schoolmen. To do all this, as he does, in the short space of a hundred pages, without being sketchy and insufficient in his treatment, is really a remarkable achievement.

The most interesting section, because it underlies so much of later controversy, and the varying development of the theories of the ministry held in the different Protestant communities, is the one which deals with the relation of the episcopate to the priesthood, and the question, so much debated in the Middle Ages, whether the episcopate is a separate "Order" from the priesthood. "Many, if not most of the great scholastics held that the priesthood and the sacrament of holy order is complete and entire in the simple priest, and that what the episcopate confers is not precisely a sacramental *grace* or *order*, but merely an extension or complement of the powers given in sacramental ordination to the priesthood." Even so they taught that this extension existed by divine or at least by apostolic right, and that in consequence only a bishop can ordain. The matter was left so far

vague that development of the doctrine was possible in two directions, to the Catholic doctrine as held today, or, again, in the Protestant direction as taught by the Reformers that all priests are essentially possessed of the power of ordination, and that a presbyterian succession is valid. None of the scholastics would have granted this last, but their language did not always seem to exclude it, so that their works could be quoted in its support.

Having thus well and truly laid his foundations, Dr. Messenger goes on to consider the sayings and doings of the Reformers with regard to these two doctrines. They began with an attack on the Sacrifice of the Mass, and by degrees went on from that to a denial of any Presence at all in the Eucharist. Luther to the last maintained a Real Presence, though he denied Transubstantiation. Then the difficulty of maintaining the ministry when the bishops refused to ordain was dealt with by maintaining that every priest had the power to do so although in practice it had never been used since the times of the New Testament. On this point the Protestant theologians had the warm support of those German princes who had adopted the New Learning. The new doctrine increased their powers, for they could deal with bishops they had made themselves as they could not with bishops who had the support of the whole Church behind them. The earlier Protestant influence in England was almost entirely Lutheran; it became Calvinistic later on, and Dr. Messenger accordingly gives particular attention to the teaching of Luther, Melanchthon, and Bucer, the three theologians who were best known here. Incidentally he has occasion to correct the view lately put forth by the Abbé Constant and followed by Mr. Belloc, that Henry VIII was orthodox in his theology except where the Pope was concerned. Before one can say what Henry's views were one must know the exact date as well as the subject, for at one period he went very far in his support of Lutheranism, though he reacted towards Catholicism in his later years.

Dr. Messenger does not deal at any length with the question of Bishop Barlow, and here perhaps he is wise, for it is an interminable controversy and very

technical. But when he quotes Mr. Haddon as saying that *eight* consecrations are missing from Cranmer's Register and concludes from that that "the absence of documents from registers kept in this way has very little probative force", he ought to say who the eight bishops are. Are the documents missing because they were consecrated elsewhere? Clerk, Pate, and Goldwell were all consecrated at Rome. Knight and Bush were consecrated by Heath of York; Bonner by Gardiner of Winchester; Aldridge, Yngworth, and Hodgkin by Stokesley of London. Are any of these among the eight? If so, of course, their consecration would not be there. Gardiner's is the only one missing from Warham's Register. One cannot help suspecting fraud in that case. At that date it would have been a separate parchment, and easily abstracted. But its absence made a magnificent rejoinder to any who based their attack on Barlow solely on the absence of the record of consecration, for Gardiner consecrated both Bonner and Heath, and these two between them consecrated the whole of the Marian Hierarchy, including Pole himself. Incidentally, too, the whole Protestant Hierarchy of Ireland is affected, for if Loftus was ever consecrated, and his case is just as doubtful as Barlow's, it was by Curwen, and Curwen again, oddly enough, traced through Bonner and Gardiner to Warham.

Having dealt faithfully with Henry, Dr. Messenger goes on to consider the reign of Edward VI. There he is on ground which is more interesting but at the same time much better known, through the work of Gasquet and Bishop and his own admirable study on the Lutheran origin of the Edwardian Ordinal, which was published a year or two ago. He sums up the ultimate position thus: "At the end of the reign of Edward VI, we find the English Church, not only separated from the See of Rome and from those Churches which had remained faithful to it, but committed to Protestant formularies of faith, with a Protestant liturgy and ordination service, and with a number of Protestant ministers ordained by the new rite." We shall look forward to the second volume, which should be even more interesting and important.

A. S. BARNES.

THE ENGLISH BISHOPS AND THE REFORMATION, 1530-1560.
With a Table of Descent. By C. G. Mortimer
and S. C. Barber. (Burns Oates & Washbourne.
8s. 6d.)

THIS much smaller book has not, of course, either the learning or the completeness of Dr. Messenger's stately volume, but it is by no means without its own special value. Its scope is confined to "the Bishops of England and Wales, as a responsible body, in their official and corporate capacity", during a period of thirty years, which years comprise all the vital changes of the Reformation. The writers do well to emphasize two main points which it is essential to keep constantly before one in the study of this period. The first is the "most exaggerated conception of kingship which prevailed", carrying with it a claim not only on outward obedience but even on conscience. "However overstrained and unreasonable an attitude of mind such as this may appear now, it was then a fact and must be reckoned with." Neither Henry nor Elizabeth could have done what they did, had it not been for this idea of kingship, which obscured men's consciences and prevented them from opposing acts which otherwise would have been recognized at once as evil and wrong.

The second point which must be clearly understood is the distinction between the powers of jurisdiction and of Order in the office of a bishop. Our authors have realized this, but unfortunately have not fully understood the matter. They misquote the well-known dictum of Archbishop Warham, thus: "A bishop is not made by consecration only, but in the Consistory at Rome." What Warham actually said was something very different. "For a man is *not* made Bishop by consecration, but is pronounced so at Rome in Consistory; and he has no *jurisdiction* given him by consecration, but only the rights of his *Order*, namely consecrating of children, et caetera." That is, a bishop is made completely as regards jurisdiction as soon as his appointment is completed at Rome. He is actually bishop of his diocese from that moment. He wears bishop's dress, and rules his diocese with full powers in every respect. He cannot himself confirm or

ordain until he has been consecrated, but he can delegate authority to other bishops to do these things in his diocese. He can sit in Parliament if he has the King's summons, take his place in Synod, issue Pastorals and dispensations, appoint clergy to benefices, suspend evil-doers, and, in a word, do everything which belongs to his office as bishop of a diocese, except only that he cannot himself confirm children or ordain clergy, for those acts belong to the power of Order, and that he receives by consecration. The distinction is most important, and no one can understand what was being discussed in those years 1530-60, unless he fully grasps this distinction between the powers of jurisdiction and Order and the moment at which they are respectively conferred. Nowadays consecration follows so quickly after appointment that the distinction of powers is not always remembered, but in those days it might happen that a bishop remained unconsecrated for a long period; as for instance in the case of Bonner while he was away on Embassy. But he was bishop of his diocese all the time, and everything would have to be done in his name.

The second part of the book is given up to Tables of Descent, giving the line of descent and the consecrating bishop for every English bishop. This alone constitutes it a valuable book of reference. It is curious to note how a long tenure of an archbishopric tends to bring about a state of affairs in which almost every bishop in a country traces from one comparatively recent ancestor. Practically every English bishop in the sixteenth century traces from Warham, through either Cranmer or Heath or Bonner. Almost every English bishop today traces from Cardinal Bourne; Bishop McGrath of Menevia alone from Bishop Vaughan through Archbishop Mostyn. Archbishop Hinsley brings in a new and interesting line through Cardinals Merry del Val, Rampolla, Howard, Sacconi, to Pope Pius IX. In exactly the same way the whole Anglican Episcopate today derives from Archbishop Sumner (1828), the Scottish Episcopal Bishops from Bishop Gleig (1808), and the Irish Protestant line from Archbishop Lord John Beresford (1805). The book is a useful

and clear compendium of the facts for the years with which it deals. Its value would be increased by an index, which a book of this kind ought not to be without.

A. S. BARNES.

BISHOP CHALLONER. By Michael Trappes-Lomax.
(Longmans Green. 10s. 6d.)

THE colourful kaleidoscope of the Church's life may be likened to a fugue with successive victory and apparent defeat contrapuntally harmonized, an appeal to heroism its constantly recurring theme. Her unfailing ability to call forth the heroic in her sons is never more striking than in the grey days of the eighteenth century, when, after a fleeting glimpse of the sun under the last Stuart king, the Catholics of England crept back to the catacombs, there to dwell in darkness till the dawn of the Second Spring. In this period of gloom a solitary figure stands out as a beacon light calling courage to despondent souls: "Without commanding genius, striking originality or brilliance, Bishop Challoner was a spiritual hero to the Catholics of his generation, and all references to him in their literature are marked with a strange sense of reverence."

Born in 1691, but three years after the fall of England's last Catholic king, brought up in a family that hallowed the memory of martyrs, Richard Challoner was the embodiment of that spirit of hopeless but dogged endurance that was yet to see, eighty-seven years later, the first signs of relief that heralded Catholic Emancipation. It was fitting that so yeoman a figure should be educated at Douai, a college ardently English with the intensive patriotism so evident in exiles. There he remained as student, professor, and Vice-President for twenty-five years, till in 1730 he left for the London mission, where his zeal for souls with both written and spoken word confirmed his reputation as "one of ye brightest men that was ever bred in Douay College". Of the latter he seemed destined to be the President, when in 1739 Bishop Petre, loth to lose him from the

London district, obtained Challoner for his coadjutor with right of succession.

In June 1741, the new bishop set forth on a visitation of the ten counties that formed the vicariate—a heart-rending task, for, while the capital sheltered some 20,000 Catholics, the rest of the enormous district held a meagre 5000, and those not in the towns, from which the Faith had almost totally disappeared, but on the estates of the Catholic gentry, where it could be practised in comparative peace. The noble names of Howard, Petre, Teynham, Aston, Montagu, Caryll, Tichbourne, Eyston, and Stourton should therefore be for ever hallowed amongst us, for it was they who tended the torch of faith in the darkest days of our Catholic history.

For thirty-three years Bishop Challoner's headquarters were his tiny Holborn lodgings, whence he dispensed charity untold and himself went forth weekly to furtive confirmations, a sacrament he conferred 10,000 times in his forty years' episcopate. There, too, he somehow found time to compose his *Garden of the Soul*, his *Meditations*, his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, *Lives of British Saints*, and other works, as well as his translation of the *Introduction to a Devout Life* and a new edition of the Douai Bible. When one reflects that all this and more was the fruit of the leisure of a busy London missionary bishop whose jurisdiction extended to America and the West Indies, one is amazed at the concentration of mind and economy of time put into so colossal a task; even then it could never have been accomplished without that relentless driving force that controlled his whole energy, his burning zeal for souls and realization of their need for spiritual nourishment.

To a man of Challoner's holiness and single-hearted devotion to the apostolate it must have come hard to be embroiled in the rough-and-tumble of ecclesiastical politics, but his position required that he should play a leading part in the perennial dispute with the regular clergy as to their canonical status with regard to the vicars apostolic. It was a quarrel that had broken out spasmodically since the days of the Arch-priests a century and more before, and, provoking as it always did a bitter-

ness and a partisanship totally incompatible with the work of the mission, it was the source of untold harm to souls. It says much for Challoner as a man of peace that his trenchant criticism of the regulars and the decision he obtained against them still left him their friend, particularly of the Jesuits, to whom in their hour of trial twenty years later he showed the utmost kindness and consideration.

On the death of Bishop Petre in 1758, Challoner became Vicar Apostolic of the London district. His qualities of leadership had already been called upon when the Act passed by Parliament in 1753 against the scandal of clandestine marriages had placed Catholics in a quandary as to their attitude towards a law that required their marriages to be solemnized with full Anglican ritual. Challoner stood staunchly for the strict line that both priests and people should brave the penalties of the Law or, at the very least, that the Catholic ceremony should precede the Protestant, at which Catholics, though present perforce, should in no way behave as at a sacred rite. In the absence of a lead from Rome, however, the practice of Catholics remained diverse. Soon Challoner's flock were again harassed by the Law, in the shape of spasmodic attempts by common informers to revive anti-Papist statutes long since fallen into desuetude. But magistrates were comparatively kind, and the gradual change in public opinion was seen when in 1778 the first Catholic Relief Act was passed. To Challoner it was a blessing not unmixed with foreboding, for it had been procured by Catholic laymen who disdained to consult their bishops—a presage of future quarrels.

The last months of Challoner's life were saddened by the violent hatred shown in the Gordon Riots. Material damage done to Catholic property made an instant appeal to his purse: it was fitting that at such a moment he should die as he had lived—with the word *Charity* on his lips. That life, sturdily English in its dogged heroism, has now been retold by Mr. Michael Trappes-Lomax, who, making no pretence at originality, has based his biography on the two classic volumes of the late Canon Burton. These will always remain

indispensable to the student, but they are now out of print, and moreover in these hurried days a shorter work was required by the general reader. This is now offered in attractive form by Mr. Trappes-Lomax, whose abilities have already been seen in his *Pugin*, and who therefore shows considerable self-denial in limiting his fine writing to a work of condensation rather than of original research.

GORDON ALBION.

WASSMUSS. By Christopher Sykes. (Longmans Green, 10s. 6d.)

THIS book is excellent in so far as a deep and personal knowledge of Persia and its queer tribes and inhabitants is concerned. It has great value on account of its succinct and picturesque portrayal of the strange land of Iran. We fail, to see, however, how Wassmuss could in any way be compared to Lawrence of Arabia. Except for the fact that both men were engaged in exploiting Arabic tribesmen for the benefit of their respective Governments, there seems to be little parallel. Wassmuss has none of the clear-cut instantaneous decisiveness of the English leader, and it would appear that a muddle-headed indecision governed most of his actions. The pre-war training of both men was so dissimilar that it was not surprising that their actions in the field were so totally different.

After the war there was a greater parallel in that both were disgusted with the lack of faith shown by their Governments towards the irregular armies they had raised. The reactions of both men are very dissimilar. Lawrence made a clean break, Wassmuss followed what appears to be his natural bent and made confusion a thousand times more confused. Whatever his motives were, the tale of the manner in which he expended the money sent by his country does not make pretty reading, and it is no wonder that his erstwhile allies came to look upon him with suspicion and distrust. The book itself is excellently written, and we are left with the desire to see Mr. Christopher Sykes apply his talents to a more worthy subject. May we suggest either one of

those two little-known heroes of the Great War, Captain Shakespeare, who was murdered by the Wahabites in 1915, or Lindfield Soames, who held Kurdistan quiet (and did it without financial or military aid) for the whole period of the Great War, as the subject of his next book?

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

PALMERSTON. By Professor H. C. F. Bell. (Longmans Green. 30s.)

LORD PALMERSTON's biography has escaped the serious historian as yet, as well as the seeker for Victorian sensationalism. He has been fortunate to fall into the methodical hands of an American, Professor H. C. F. Bell, who has codified, if not immortalized, him in two most conscientious volumes. It is amazing how little posthumous notice has been taken of "Pam" in his own country. Must he lie for ever eclipsed behind the angry thunderstorm of Gladstone, and his bolts be forgotten in the lightning of Disraeli? We are told "he was born before the American constitution saw the light, yet survived the Civil War. He was a minister five years before Napoleon laid down his power to Fontainebleau, a minister for three years after Bismarck came into power at Berlin". He was probably the greatest and most typical Prime Minister Victoria ever had. Mr. Bell's method of approach is contained in an epigram: "A little history is a great corrective to impressions given by autobiographical material."

To this packed and manifold work only weeks of study and pages of quarterly articles could suffice to do justice. We are naturally most interested to read that Palmerston was "an early advocate of Catholic Emancipation, a student of the Irish question long before Gladstone". We know so little of Palmerston except through the glittering sketch of Philip Guedalla that his views on internal questions have been forgotten. His Foreign Policy was the all-in-all of his fame. He interfered everywhere in the name of aggressive British Liberalism. The rights of the least British citizen or of some struggling small nation were sufficient to bring the full weight of

British inquiry and protestation. He attacked tyrants rather as a terrier goes for rats. He played, Mr. Bell remarks, a game not only of the chessboard but of the professional football field.

From the Catholic point of view he must be regarded as enlightened for his times. "Catholic Emancipation had long lain near his heart." In the session of 1829, "after giving the Protestants the rather surprising information that William III came to England with peace and toleration on his lips, he let loose a torrent of emotional eloquence". Therein he showed a rare understanding of the Irish question, comparing the north and south of that country under the influence of the penal laws; a demoralized people in the south, a corrupted one in the north. The great test of British statesmanship was whether they could apply the same impartial indignation to the affairs of Ireland that they gave so freely to those of Sardinia and Poland under Austrian and Russian Imperialism. History probably repeats herself under many a guise. The infant struggles of Sardinia were regarded with the sympathy which has been recently extended to Abyssinia. Poland was encouraged and then bitterly disappointed in her resistance, for, as Palmerston said, "We cannot send an army to Poland, and the burning of the Russian fleet would be about as effectual as the burning of Moscow." The Polish envoys in London could only be served with unofficial regrets. Palmerston received back a little of his own from Swartzenburg when he protested fiercely and insolently against the Austrian behaviour in Milan. Swartzenburg replied: "Lord Palmerston is a little too much inclined to consider himself the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. For our part we are not in the least disposed to attribute to him in our own affairs the role of Providence. We never pressed on him our advice concerning the affairs of Ireland . . ."

With the revolutions of 1848 most of Palmerston's enemies abroad were taking refuge in England. The Metternichs were at Richmond. Metternich gave a dinner "for a Prussian Prince who had found it wise to leave Berlin. At the Prussian legation he pushed aside

the chair of honour with the remark : We must practise humility now. He did not know that he was to be William the First of the German Empire." Even England staged a revolution, which was about as blood-thirsty as the famous General Strike. Under Feargus O'Connor it collapsed, but it is pleasant to record that when his sister, Miss O'Connor, was afterwards stricken with poverty, Palmerston, finding himself unable to put her on the Pension List, saw that she was relieved. So does a perfectly Christian act of kindness glitter when all his Foreign Policies are passed to ash.

It is interesting to follow the development of the long-forgotten Minto Mission to the Vatican :

The Repealers had to be suppressed and in suppressing them he hoped to find an ally in the Vatican. As early as the autumn of 1846 he had made advances to the new Pope Pius IX, congratulating him on the introduction of administrative reforms and the building of railroads in the Papal States. In doing this he had been thinking of probable developments in Italy. . . . The proposal for actual negotiations seems to have come, however, from the Pope. Pius IX, uneasy over Austrian hostility to the moderate reforms he was introducing in his civil government, desired the moral support of Palmerston. . . . Pius turned in his anxiety to Bishop Wiseman, who had arrived at the Vatican to urge that England should have a regular Catholic hierarchy. The Bishop communicated with Palmerston through one of England's great Catholic peers, Lord Shrewsbury, and Palmerston was soon urging on Russell that a special envoy should be sent to Rome. That he caught eagerly at the Pope's suggestion was due to his increasing anxiety about Italy.

Lord Minto was sent, and as a result : "The Pope through the Congregation of the Faith reproved the Irish clergy for their political activities". But the exchange of diplomatic relations was doomed by the "stipulation that the Vatican should never accredit an ecclesiastic as its envoy to London".

Palmerston was an Irish landlord himself, and it is interesting to read Mr. Bell's careful summary of his feelings towards that unhappy country in the 'forties. He was the reverse in character of most of those English statesmen who have professed an interest and even a

championship in the Irish. "It is interesting to recall that Palmerston attacked the abuses prevalent in Ireland long before Gladstone. He took up the Irish cause, not merely at the bidding of his strong humanitarian instinct and intuitive sympathy with the under dog, but because his very practical views on government persuaded him that redress of some sort was desirable." Privately he vilified O'Connell, but "he must be reckoned with the minority who would gladly have righted some of Ireland's wrongs". He was deeply moved by the injustices of the Church Establishment and the system of land tenure. "His heart was moved by the misery of the swarming peasantry; his indignation was aroused by the cruelty of landowners who evicted them." And he answered the bigotry roused over the Maynooth question with stinging words. But he did nothing to ease Irish grievances, leaving Gladstone one day to put into practice all his liberal-minded theories.

In the history of the Oxford Movement, Palmerston played a part dear to the Low Church soul, for he appointed the nominees of Lord Shaftesbury as bishops. "In his opposition to the Puseyites Palmerston not only excluded them from all ecclesiastical patronage but went the length of urging Russell to protest at Rome against Cardinal Manning's appointment to Westminster. The quelling of theological discussion he accomplished quite simply by refusing to appoint theological clergymen to the bishoprics." It was a very happy and simple solution, administered with the same directness as his Foreign Policy. Though he conflicted very much with Queen Victoria, the day came when the Queen would remind Granville, a very weak Foreign Minister, that "Lord Palmerston with all his many faults had the honour and power of his country strongly at heart".

SHANE LESLIE.

ST. MAGNUS, EARL OF ORKNEY. By John Mooney, F.S.A.Scot. Pp. xiv + 324. (Kirkwall: W. R. Mackintosh, 1935. 10s. 6d.)

IN the month of May last, Mr. John Mooney, of Cromwell Cottage, Kirkwall, in the far Orkney Isles, received the

following letter from the office of the Cardinal Secretary of State of his Holiness Pope Pius XI.

Dear Mr. Mooney,

I have the pleasure of acknowledging receipt of the copy of your work, "St. Magnus—Earl of the Orkneys", which you offered recently to the Holy Father.

His Holiness has commanded me to tell you of his great interest in your careful and sympathetic study and to express to you his grateful appreciation for your deference and thoughtfulness in presenting the volume to him. It is his desire that this word of thanks be accompanied by the assurance of his prayers that divine favour may be yours in plenteous measure.

With sentiments of respect and esteem, I am, my dear Mr. Mooney,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

(Signed) E. CARD. PACELLI.

Mgr. (now Cardinal) Eugène Tisserant, pro-Prefect of the Vatican library, also wrote, acknowledging receipt of this handsome volume, presented to the library by the author: "It is really a most excellent contribution to the history of the Norse Saints."

It is of interest, and very fitting, to quote these testimonials from the highest church authorities to what is in truth a very remarkable work: all the more so, because it has been written, printed, and produced—one may say, very admirably produced—in the far-off Isles of Orkney by a distinguished and much respected son and citizen of the ancient burgh of Kirkwall. Mr. Mooney has spent nearly all his life in his native islands, has held many important offices there, and has come to be recognized, after his prolonged studies of the subject, as one of the foremost authorities on the Norse history of Orkney; and his reputation in this respect is not confined to Orkney, but is firmly established in Norway as well.

Mr. Mooney was therefore qualified, as hardly any other living man could be, to produce, as he has now done, what may be called an exhaustive study of the character, personality, and achievements of the hero of this fascinating volume. Profoundly versed as he is in Scandinavian literature, he has been able to deal vividly, graphically, and comprehensively with the twelfth-century

surroundings and atmosphere in which St. Magnus lived and died. Above all—and this is perhaps his most remarkable achievement, in view of the fact that he is not himself a Catholic—he has kept steadily in view, both (as is evident) in his preliminary studies, lasting through many years, and in the actual writing of his book, the fact that Magnus of Orkney was not only a scholar, a soldier, and a wise ruler of his people, but was first and foremost a great Christian and a great saint. Magnus was treacherously done to death in 1115; that he died a reputed saint is proved by the facts that he was canonized by Rome only twenty years after his death, and that the splendid cathedral at Kirkwall, which has immortalized his memory for seven centuries, was begun almost at the same time.

Mr. Mooney, a man (as his many friends know) possessed of singularly engaging and attractive qualities, somehow seems, as one of his critics has remarked, to have imparted and instilled some of those qualities into the hero of this fascinating biography. But what is of peculiar interest to all Catholics who read his book (and we hope that there will be many) is that he has really written it—though he himself would probably never apply such a phrase to his work—on the strictly hagiographical principle familiar to all readers of Catholic biographies. Some of his reviewers have been inclined to carp a little at the matter-of-fact way in which he apparently accepts without demur or question the stories of miraculous incidents such as we are all accustomed to seek and to find in the lives of God's saints. Mr. Mooney has, one may be sure, investigated all these stories with admirable impartiality, and with no antecedent prejudice, such as a Catholic writer would naturally have, in favour of those supernatural proofs of God's abundant grace working in him, which made Magnus a saint as well as a soldier, and gave him for centuries a secure place in the veneration of his Catholic countrymen. In our opinion, and it must be the opinion of all Catholics versed in the history of the lives of the saints of God in every age, by far the most remarkable feature of this remarkable book is the way in which its author, himself external to the Church, which is the fruitful

Mother of Saints, has yet, by his prolonged, careful, and impartial study of what was really the secret of St. Magnus's greatness, namely the greatness of his faith and the fervour of his piety, been able to produce a biography of such exceptional merit, and one which has well deserved, if one may humbly say so, the meed of praise which has been bestowed upon it by the Father of Christendom.

✠ D. O. HUNTER-BLAIR, ABBOT.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. Aloysius Roche. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 3s. 6d.)

SAINTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. By Rev. G. J. MacGillivray. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 6s.)

THE *Bedside Book of Saints* of the Rev. Aloysius Roche has attained a considerable degree of well-deserved popularity, and he has now followed it up with a book that should be no less successful. Everybody knows the old-fashioned sort of saint's biography that consisted to a considerable extent of a series of short treatises on the virtues with more or less reference to their part in the life on hand: "The Charity of Our Saint", "The Humility of Our Saint", "The Politeness of Our Saint", and so on. Father Roche has had the good idea of writing directly about saintly qualities, illustrated from the lives of the blessed and with no camouflage of biography. So his chapters deal with the virtues which make up the splendour not only of the saints but of every sincere and struggling Christian, with unselfishness, asceticism (which should rather be called austerity), energy, detachment, and the rest. Those who have read Father Roche's previous books will not need to be told that his writing is simple and clear, his argument illustrated and helped by many and varied allusions, to Carlyle and Walt Whitman, to Jewish prayers and to the Liturgy of St. Basil, to Peter Pan and the Good Companions.

Probably many readers, moved by curiosity, will turn first to the chapter called "The Diet of the Saints". They will probably also be disappointed, for it seems to be simply special pleading for "food-reform". There is really no reason to suppose that the saints had (or

have) "advanced theories about dietary", and every reason to suppose that in general they followed the evangelical precept of eating and drinking that which was put before them. And it is rather surprising that Father Roche should speak well of the Gyrovagi, of whose "wretched life", writes St. Benedict in the Holy Rule, "it is better to say nothing than to speak". In the course of an excellent final chapter on "The Remembrance of the Saints", Father Roche writes well of their example: "Advice after all is rather like taxation; we do not care for too much of it, especially when it is direct; but example is a sort of indirect advice which appeals to the imitative faculty that is so strong in most people."

Saints You Ought to Know is the result of an idea that came to Father G. J. MacGillivray years ago when a candidate for Confirmation was gruelled for the name of a saint to take. It is a compendious account, prefaced by a well-written chapter on devotion to the saints, of a number of them (sixty-one in all) whose names are well known in this country. Separate chapters are given to Our Lady, St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph, St. Thomas Becket, and St. Teresa of Lisieux, and the others are divided into categories—the Apostles, early martyrs, monks and friars, the sixteenth century, the English martyrs, modern times, and so on. The English martyrs treated are More and Fisher and BB. Thomas Woodhouse, Cuthbert Mayne, Edmund Campion, Swithin Wells, and Margaret Clitherow. All the accounts are easily and smoothly written, bringing out the salient characteristics of the saint, and encouraging the reader to further interest. It is, however, a pity that more is not made of the married life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose happiness was testified to by her wailing cry when she heard of her husband's death: "The world is dead for me, and all that was delightful in it!"

A question is raised by this book of Father MacGillivray (and, indeed, by Father Roche's, though less obviously): should stories of the saints whose authenticity has been seriously impaired or even quite demolished by critical

research be retold in popular works as if they were certainly true? Father MacGillivray refers to the matter in his preface, in terms which smack somewhat of unnecessary defiance; critical hagiographers are not "scornful of tradition", nor do they reject all that is not vouched for by contemporary documents. "I am content", he goes on, "to give the traditions about the early saints which have nourished the devotion of Christians throughout the ages." By all means. But this reviewer strongly urges that when the truth of such a tradition has been seriously called in question common honesty requires that the writer should say so, as much in "popular" books as in any others: devotion cannot suffer through too much objective truth. In point of fact, Father MacGillivray has given this warning in some cases, e.g. St. Christopher, but not in others, e.g. SS. Agnes, Agatha, Philomena, Nicholas, Winefride. Since Father MacGillivray appeals to the Divine Office it may be pointed out that the English supplement says nothing about Winefride's restoration to life, and in any case the fathers of the Vatican Council agreed that the historical lessons in the Office were in need of stringent revision. The legend that St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, was a Briton arose from confusion with Elen Luyddog, the Manx wife of the Emperor Magnus Maximus and mother of *his* son Constantine.

DONALD ATTWATER.

A CLOISTERED COMPANY: Essays on Monastic Life. By Henry Chester Mann. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 6s.)

IN asking me to offer the readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW some valuation of this book, the Editor has unwittingly asked me not merely to open but to tear open my heart. Fifty years' wedlock with cloistered life have brought such a peace and joy into my soul that the pages of *A Cloistered Company*, which its readers will take to be over-coloured, are but "sad grey" to me. Again, only a few hours ago, a group of the brethren of the Blackfriars, who gave Simon de Montfort the model of the first Parliament,

gathered together in the common-room of St. Dominic's freely to elect their own Prior. Unworthy President as I was of this survival of thirteenth-century legislation, I could not help thinking—whether men agree or disagree with my thinking—that between the modern world and the destruction of freedom, there stand alone the freedom-based instincts and functions of the monastic bodies. Whether rightly or wrongly, I keep saying to myself as I walk homewards from this or that battle-front of the Church: "If the religious Orders cannot or will not save civilization, then civilization cannot or will not be saved."

All this I write about that "Cloistered Company" whose fellowship I am unworthy to share. But I write it only in order that I may write those other heart-rending things which this invitation lays on me as a duty. The author of *A Cloistered Company*, like the author of *The Monks of the West*, has given us an ideal picture which, I am the first to admit, falls short of the ideal. But there is a picture of the real Monasticism which is now so imperative to know that its lineaments should not be traced only by its enemies. This real Monasticism suggested its problem to me when studying the life of my diocesan patron, St. Malachy. In his devotion to the Cistercian ideals brought in by St. Bernard (who afterwards wrote his life), St. Malachy introduced a colony of French and Irish Cistercians into Ireland. Not long after their coming differences of opinion between the Irish and French groups led to the return home of the French. Monastic differences of opinion are common and human enough not to interest the historian. But this difference of opinion between the French Cistercians, with their traditions of vast monastic buildings, and the Irish monks with the traditions of the wattle-walled, thatched cells of Nendram, Bangor, Clanmacnoise, is so fundamental that only by a miracle has it escaped the notice or judgement of our historians.

If Monasticism fell, it fell mainly from having overlooked the challenge of Nazareth poverty. And if it is once more to revive—in order to outflank approaching chaos—not the vast architecture of Citeaux, nor La

Grande Chartreuse, nor Riveaux, nor Fountains—but Nazareth must be its ideal. Two fragments from the author's Introduction seemed to me weighty with a wisdom beyond that of history-taught intelligence: "In the Church Universal it is perhaps *in the Foreign Mission field that Monasticism is most visibly flowering afresh*. . . . Could [the World] but see and understand the vision given by *men who find a full, tranquil life in providing for bodily needs with the labour of their own hands*" (pp. xi, xii).

FR. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

THE GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST, AND MONEY. By John Maynard Keynes. (Macmillan. 5s.)

THIS book is a primary study of the forces which determine changes in the scale of output and employment as a whole, and is by implication an attempt to determine the technique which would cause unemployment to disappear. The problem is, broadly speaking, to determine the ratio of investment to general employment which will itself produce the maximum of secondary employment in its train. This ratio obviously varies with a community's propensity to consume (in itself, as Mr. Keynes points out, a variable at different degrees of earning). Where the consumption rate is high, fluctuations in investment will cause high employment fluctuation. Where it is low the employment fluctuations will be slight. It seems legitimate to infer that though the optimum ratio of investment to general employment can never, owing to the action of numerous variables, be definitely fixed, an approximation might nevertheless be arrived at by trial and error.

But, says Mr. Keynes, it would not be difficult to increase the stock of capital up to a point where the return from capital instruments would cover little more than their wastage, with some margin to cover risk and judgement, which leads Mr. Keynes to foresee "the euthanasia of the rentier". It appears to follow from this that if investment is to be maintained at the optimum level a large part of it will of necessity have to be for use

and not for profit, and that we shall have not only largely to forgo our right of leaving our savings liquid, but also to content ourselves for the most part with collectively applying them to the creation of the actual real wealth which we ourselves wish to enjoy.

Such investment "for use" would clearly be our most profitable policy, for though investment for profit must, in the long run, prove little more than an idle dream, yet any investment is preferable socially to no investment, and Mr. Keynes clearly shows that the present order is maintained at a faint semblance of efficiency largely by activities which are in themselves utterly futile, e.g. "by the form of digging holes in the ground known as gold-mining which adds nothing whatever to the real wealth of the world". Mr. Keynes might have added the practice of creating wealth and giving it away to the foreigner under the fiction of a loan, which as often as not was never repaid either as to principal or interest. It is unfortunate that since this national munificence, amounting almost to the following of a counsel of perfection, was wholly involuntary, there is no corresponding credit entry in the books of the Recording Angel. Yet this childish device did at least help to maintain such precarious well-being as the working class enjoyed before the slump.

As an alternative, however, Mr. Keynes points out that "if the Treasury were to fill old bottles with bank-notes, bury them at suitable depths in disused coalmines, and leave it to private enterprise on well-tried principles of *laissez-faire* to dig the notes up again, there need be no more unemployment". From his conviction that investment, if left in private hands, is never in the long run likely to be either adequate in extent, or, in the main, socially useful, Mr. Keynes concludes that an increased degree of Government direction is inevitable. Yet though the area of the Manchester system must thus be limited, there is no need, the author maintains, to dispose of it but merely to indicate the environment which it requires to give full economic satisfaction.

But with the rentier in the lethal chamber and the *entrepreneur* for the most part in the workhouse, it is

difficult to see what semblance the residuum will bear to the world of Manchester, for the whole balance of motive will have been disturbed. Yet even if Mr. Keynes is right and industrial capitalism, as we now know it, can be made to function by a partial and limited denial of its own first principles, it is interesting to speculate whether the reviving force of Christian tradition will not disrupt a mechanism at long last brought precariously into balance. Will it, we may ask, leave unquestioned Mr. Keynes' conviction that the present order based on *laissez-faire* "does not seriously misemploy the factors of production now in use", when the productive work of the world is done by a fraction of the employed population, while the rest are engaged in that subsidized huckstering of which the unlovely pandemonium of competitive advertising is so significant an example? Will it not say that, in the traditional human sense, such activity is not work at all but waste, and seek a solution in an order perhaps less perfectly equilibrated, but more in accord with the needs and dignity of human nature?

J. L. BENVENISTI.

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